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Shupac Lake

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Shupac Lake

Cover Page Footnote

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Shupac Lake

Alongside the aging and dilapidated cottage

Sat a gentleman

Wedged uncomfortably into a lawn chair

His temporary home for the summer

His life was structured

Around the simple meals he prepared

Tuesday and Thursday: Canned Ravioli

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday: Two Fried Eggs

The weekends were a blur

Of bottled beer and barbecue potato chips

While listening intently each evening

To radio broadcasts of "Detroit Tiger Baseball"

The cottage featured a screened-in porch

Where he sat at a folding card table

Covered with red plaid oilcloth

And read the local newspaper

The lake lacked much distinction

Other than its great depth of

Brackish water and a disconcertingly silty soil

With the consistency of lumpy mashed potatoes

His travels consisted of bi-weekly trips into town
To the grocery store, barbershop, and hardware
To acquire the necessary items to fortify his existence
And exchange obligatory nods with neighbors

Reminiscing about his long and unsteady work life
Brought forward acrimonious memories
Painfully encased in quips of all sorts of jobs
Where no one would have found contentment

The only visitors he saw with regularity
Were the platoons of field mice
Entering and exiting cottage number seven
His temporary home for the summer

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