Windy Day at Kabekona
Thomas R. Smith
Only a picture window stands between us and the full force of
gusts that lift the branches of the red pine. Draft under the cabin door
rolls the rug resolutely into a tube despite our attempts to lay it flat.

Foot-high waves spume across the lake; near shore the color of the
long, gleaming swells softens to a milky jade, warmer looking than it
is, almost southern. But the drift of this world is northerly; lawn
chairs are hurled into woodpiles, propellers of outboard motors scrape
against stones. The door bangs loosely in its sill. Jackpines groan as
if they could snap and fall.

There is something in all this fury that makes the day oceanic:
We're near at any moment being swamped, drowned, pinned by
wreckage. In the cloudless sky, the sun gleefully conducts the turbu-
ulence as though it were Wagnerian opera. A gull white as our idea of
angels hovers above the shore for a moment—fully awake—fighting
the wind before being torn from its place.