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Stepping out on Lake Ontario in Mid November

Bryan Mahoney St. John Fisher University

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Stepping out on Lake Ontario in Mid November

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Mahoney: Stepping out on Lake Ontario in Mid November

Stepping out on Lake Ontario in Mid November

As my cold gaze mimics the temperature of the fog-laden ice pond, I relax; sit, stare watch the midnight black earth crumble and soften beneath my heel, the burnt wood smell slithers over the ground behind me, creeping up my back, covering my head ears eyes nose

Early morning energy invades, burns my lungs, heavy breathing gets slower as I watch the smaller puffs of breath join their brethren over the pond. I ask myself, "Where have all the boats gone?" I look for the ice shanties that bespeckle the surface of the mushy blue waters like kernels from a pepper shaker. They have all left me alone with a small seagull at my side looking up at me as if to ask me, "Where have all the boats gone?" The sky, melting away its look of the inside of an eggshell, returns my blank gaze, beckoning me to go and forget this cold and lifeless dream of ice.

--Bryan Mahoney