



A Raining Memory

By Marilyn Zelke-Windau

Was it Wren or Oriole?

No, it was Lark—the favorite cabin
at Forest Beach Family Camp,
New Buffalo, Michigan.

The warm side,

not the polio water side, of the lake.

A week of sand dune slide mountains,

lanyards, ferns pressed

into plate-shallow plaster,

enameled copper with melted glass globs

for paint on palette-shaped pins,

slide-out Cokes from the red, lift top cooler,

exhausted campers to bunk beds.

“Top! I get the top tonight!”

Closer to the open-beamed ceiling

of warm weather wood,

I cozied into cotton covers

waking at once to plinkplink,

plink on roof planks,

a running rhythm of rain,

a percussion of safety soothe to slumber.