

The Night That Went Down In History

By Karen Gersonde

It was a cold, dreary, foggy night,
To the best that I remember.
The fog was thick, the fog horn bellowed,
It was eerie for November.

As we left my grandmother's house
Near the lake in Bay View,
One had the very odd feeling
That something was askew.

The saturating mist shrouded our car
And the street lights were barely visible.
Driving home was rather scary
And creepy and downright miserable.

Something was not right out on the lakes
that night,
Something was terribly amiss,
An evil wind was stirring about,
An evil you could not dismiss.

Little did I know that from my Milwaukee
port of call,
That further north, way up north,
Lake Superior was stirring a squall.

It was not until the following day,
That the radio and news did herald,
That on that dark and stormy night,
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.