**Lake Michigan Night**

B. Tyler Lee

Somewhere you are standing on a hill of sand and dune grass, a place you have climbed despite your inadequate boots and mother’s hips, a place to watch the sun slide itself down over the water and past the city. Later, you’ll descend in the half-dark as the moon clambers for space among the wintry sticks of the trees, its cold marrow rising just enough to follow you the whole way home, where you will bathe the baby, the one who survived, and sing him into his fleece pajamas and sleep. His nightlight will project a spray of false stars across his ceiling, and he’ll babble in the glow. You’ll kiss his lashes and his nose and his small hands as they quiet themselves for the evening.

But for now, you perch high above the lake, too far up to hear the water lap against the shore. No one knows you are here. And you take comfort in the fact that if you were to fall, if you tumbled down the ravine away from the sunset and into the roots that jut from the sand like your husband’s fingers from the sheets, like the lips you can no longer bear, no one would discover your body for days. Perhaps weeks. And the wiry beast who lives within you could stir and rise, leaving your legs and breasts and eyes for the carrion birds, and take its place on the leeward side of a passing sailboat, gliding out and away forever under the lake’s black sky, its very real constellation of loss.