**Postcard: *Greetings from Lake Superior***

Patricia Killelea

They say this mouth of the river is hungriest

but nothing here is safe to eat. According

to the guidelines, according to the sheen.

They say, too, you can feel *convergence*

come sunset— how everything finds

its way into the lake, eventually.

You & I found our way here, didn't we?

And maybe it's just the light, but from this shore

the smelt look like they're shedding scales

one by one. They scatter toxic trails leading

back to us, but no one owns up to the shine.

 I know you believe in the goodness

 of this world, but me: I'm not so sure.

 That's why I'm reaching out.

 You keep turning the postcard over in your hand,

 but you can't seem to find the right angle.

 The one that shows you the way things really are.

Downstream, children splash in the stamp sands.

Cut toes on the slag. And upstream, forever

chemicals that never break down

are dividing the waters in two,

 into here is the darkness we can see

 & here is the darkness we can't.

Still, I'm glad you came. I've been wanting

to show you this place for some time.

Families walking at dusk along the inland sea.

The first shooting stars with tails of glowing ore.

Waves we still love, the poison we can't stop calling home.

Someone tries to take a picture, but there's not enough light.

Someone says it's getting late, and it is.

 I'm sorry, but there's no hero in this story.

 No one arrives to save the day.

 There is no day to save,

 only the night

 which saves itself.