

camping: night three

Cliff Taylor

sitting on the ground beside a campfire
big enough to light up the whole world.
sobbing out a story I haven't really told
anyone. she puts her hand on my ankle.
if I were writing this she wouldn't have
a lawyer boyfriend waiting for her back
in Oregon. if I were writing this we'd
transition into a relationship that'd be
as perfect as this night feels – at least
for awhile. our other friend asleep in the
car. buffalo up in the hills behind us.
the campfire cooking down like a clock
that's about to stop.

