

Dawn Camping

STEVEN PROULX

Night slithers off into the horizon
a canvas of ancient pastels in its wake
air is virgin
ground marks no tread
trailer doors are locked
tents zippered down
and I
soak up the best light
with a mug of simplicity and a box of donuts
feet resting on the fireplace
where glowing embers died off in the night
waiting to be born again.