

# *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.