

## **Camping**

I lie down with the stars  
implacable earth hard beneath me  
keeping shadows for company  
holding silent conversations with indistinctions  
belaying fear of the not so noiseless alien outside  
the whispered constancy of a passing river pierced by shuffles cracks and howls

time compressed and stretched like the mottled fabric of my worn pack  
and I died a thousand times before the listless moon rolled across my starry patch  
dreaming dreams unburdened by lights and walls  
tasting air crisp as a knife edge with every easy breath  
alone in the company of raw creation