

CAMPING

ROBERT WYNNE

There is an indentation
in the riverbank
from the cup that held
your caramel colored coffee.
The curved face molded
moist earth around it
before folding crimson and yellow
flowers with its weight,
slipping into the current.

I hear the murmur of your chest
rising and falling
under the shiny blue canopy
we bought for this trip,
and I search the ground
with my eyes
for any other ornament
of last night.

My instinct is to run,
to follow the falcon
that floats toward the tallest tree.
But there is no refuge;
leaves swirl down, trees rot,
and candles extinguish themselves.

The knot in my stomach
separates frayed ends
which yearn for each other,
silk-like flame spreading out
from the cluster of cord
to two identical wicks.
Thin white thread
spins itself into ash.