

# *Camping*

Maurice Harmon

I remember  
Turning to a forest park  
Where the evening sun  
Sends shafts of light between trees

I erect a tent  
Haul out ice-box, lantern, stove  
Settle down  
Listen to wind shooting leaves

I move closer to a stream  
Make fire between stones  
Settle down  
Attend riddling water

I see that fire  
The sheen of light  
Smoke turns  
I am nowhere to be seen

I sit here  
Remembering  
A bead of ink  
Listening