

Miriam Manglani

Camping

We ate fried babka, s'mores, eggs with salsa —
cooked in the thinnest of pans
with a propane blow torch
under shedding pines and drenching sun.

We got high from swimming
in bone cold water
after a day in the heat,
caught the running river in our hair.

We felt night's dark face
blanket our eyes before sleep
and drowned wide-eyed in cricket thrum.