

“Sleeping in Sleeping Bags”

by Christopher Rodgers

Tie: 2014 Prize for Poetry

I've lit more campfires than I can count.

(I've never lit one with you)

I've climbed trees; dead, rotting trees.

Skipping rocks and laying out creek

soaked socks to dry, but I've never waded in

the water with (you) my hands in the air,

hooting and hollering at the stars.

I wish each day had been ours.

(as well)

(light candles and stare at the flames)

Black dots blot out your face.