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Yosemite

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Yosemite

We forgot about the bear
warning signs as we sat on our rock
and cut open the smoked salmon.
The mountains numbed our common sense.
Hypnotized by sweet starlight,
we could taste our solitude
in the autumn air. The secret to life
moved closer to us in the deep forest
darkness each time our chapped lips
touched the bottle. When the Yosemite
fog began to breathe down our necks, we
crawled back to our hiding spot
singing love songs off tune
like drunk Alaskan fishermen.
The night was mere blackness. Unaware of the
eyes peering, blinking, staring around us,
we told stories in spinning circles.

– Morgan Roper '94



– *Untitled*, Carrie Horner '97