

## **Make Believe**

### **"A Song About Camping"**

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the tremolo of insects cuts the canyon's furrowed brow  
cloud armada swarms in morning  
through the night it kept a good eye on me  
clocks in morning cliff morning cloud  
everyone i've ever seen naked, I remember all at once  
how any woman dared how do me  
strokes in naked ache and buzz  
the clouds come whisper in my ear  
the angels each play an angle  
the angels circle back to say  
"keep an eye out for the clouds today"  
the clouds are only the front lines for UFO field patrol  
but what I don't let the angels know is I'm in cahoots  
with the UFOs  
ever since the mothership headquarter's sun confided  
in me: I am one  
the rivers constant exhale while cliffs cut blacker  
against black  
fade into flared salmon meat landscape  
when the big siren in the sky arrives  
and I see the river's flow the opposite way  
then I'd been hearing it all night

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