

Notes on Camp

The boys' cabins are named for Indian Tribes,
ours for suffragettes. On the rifle range, we lie

in sniper position and shoot watermelons.
Every year it's the same. Archery, canoeing,

model rocketry, and one Cheyenne who claims
he's frenched an Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The Homesick Girls are in their bunks
in Susan B. Anthony, sniffing, writing pink

letters. Please come get us. We hate it here.
At the Camp Show I sing all the vowels

in Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star. After lights out,
the Apaches and Alice Pauls meet on the dock

and wait for Turtleman to walk out of the lake
covered in algae, his ghost shoes squishing.

In the Lucy Burns bathroom, we crowd around
the mirror and chant Bloody Mary forty times.

They say if you pretend to cradle her baby,
you'll see it dead in your arms, but the séance

never works. It won't work next year either.
That's camp. If everything changed, I wouldn't

come back. Each night the Homesick Girls shine
flashlights under the covers and scribble

pleas in that weird glow. But no one's coming
for them, not even Turtleman. No one ever does.

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