

## Backpacking through Heartbreak

September 2016

I don't want to close my eyes

Of what will I dream tonight?

the thousands millions billions of stars spilled along and from the milky way?

I stared at the sky river before finding tent shelter, snug in my sleeping bag.

Or the sing song of old souls coming through in the creaks and croaks and bending harrumphing melancholy stretching of these snags and tired old firs?

They call them Widowmakers, you know. As if they act only to end lives -

and only ones that are of a pair.

Or the secret life of crawdads in this summer sun warmed mountain lake?

Or how huckleberry have their own rainbow of

juiciness, shades of red or purple or blueness, size and skin thickness?

How sweetly they stain fingers and lips.

Or real coffee? And chocolate bars?

Or him, again.

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Last night I woke up from a dream but I couldn't remember which, because I was hungry as hell, and I hurt.

I expected back leg foot pain to report my overpacked bag or the long mountain miles

I guess maybe my back was talking.

But mostly it was those inside aches, still, wound through my chest.

The dreams don't stay but I wake with their pain.

It happened again, today, when I tried to nap in the sun.

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