

## Setting Up Camp

Incongruity  
is the word — as if the hard plastic feet

of this five-dollar camp chair  
were settling into moon dust

or knocking against the rough mineral earth of the ocean floor.  
As I decline

into a sitting position, my stiff human body  
cradled in polyester — a petroleum product

nearly as ubiquitous as the complex lifeforms  
that surrendered coherence to merge into thick black sludge —

I am in nature, in a state of elation,  
blood pumping in tandem

with water coursing over shiny gray rocks,  
where sockeye salmon

struggle upstream toward climax and dissolution  
pushed on by electric impulses

I can never fully grasp.  
I imagine myself as a man

greater than I am —  
like Muir ambling through

the Sierras, living out his happy youth  
in a ramshackle lean-to, pinpricks of starlight spilling in —

or Berry planting a knotty coil of tangled roots deep  
in Kentucky soil, a man outside of time,

scribbling in a notebook with dirt-crusting fingers.  
It is so easy

to imagine  
as I crack open a beer and tear into a package of hotdogs.