

## Evelyn Birch

### Photograph of Illegal Campfire

Sand sawed wood stabbed into dunes  
pitched up as a tent without the fly  
stark in the flash, and so are our faces  
Sarah's covered hers though, of course.

My smile is only at my mouth  
his attention on the burning of stars, or driftwood.  
Cold sand as our seats.

Yes, this was before  
when rashes washed away  
when Sarah could at least try  
to eat marshmallows melted over campfire.

Was it before  
fresh air goosebumps?  
Before debt to cover toss-ready textbooks  
and fractured frustrations of empty pens  
interrupting the progress of procrastinated paragraphs  
when only eyelashes made eyes water.

There were sticks over me, earlier that afternoon  
arching like the ribs of ship wreck  
my skin aching from sunlight and salt  
A frame of sanctuary without protection.