

An Overdue Elegy for Camp Walhonding

No more will we hike through the Whispering Pines
Or canoe in the Mohican River
Now only empty tables and benches
In a once bustling chatterly mess hall
The pool now drained and full of decaying leaves
The wood and metal lifeguard throne weak and rusty
Pond where we also used to swim now stagnant and moss covered
The flag pole still stands tall
But no longer bears the camp's colors nor American flag
Now just a grassy meadow where tents once stood
And remnants of cabins collapsed and decaying
Camp songs cadences and laughter from young girls are now silenced
Anxiously waiting for letters from home at the mail office
Now just a memory of a ghost town
That will live on forever in my mind

—Whitney K. Taylor