

Alexander Supertramp

For Chris McCandless. Inspired by the Jon Krakauer book, "Into the Wild."

August
comes from Latin
and means a thing
is marked by majestic dignity
and grandeur
but

"AUGUST?"

In the end,
I stunk.

That's what the moose hunters said
after they crossed the torrent of the Teklanika
to camp in their lodge
and approached my abandoned bus
on the edge of the Alaskan bush
and came upon my note
asking someone
to

“, PLEASE REMAIN TO SAVE ME.”

None of them wanted to reach
through the back window
and climb the wheel wells filled with fireweed
to get close to my jerry-built bunk
touch the empty leather of my starved skin
no one wanted to take me out of the blue womb
of my sleeping bag
back to the real world.

Their voices
made me remember
the nights filled with
swainsonine
the days without game on the Stampede Trail
that lingered before
the bounty of squirrel
and porcupine, how my
breastbone resembled the *ca-out, ca-out*
little legs of
ptarmigan

"August 13th"

"August 14"

"August 15"

"18th"

when the cold stars were like berries “....Holy Food.”
graffitied above the trees
and potato seeded questions hung in my dry mouth
unable to metabolize
(the *forests, forage, for?*)
My last words on a page of *Taras Bulba*, a paper for my mea culpa,
how I want a Coca Cola poured upon my *tabula rasa*
and then to cry “ALL HAIL THE PHANTOM BEAR,”

the glucose of desire
and the placid sea of the deserts I crossed
were rebuilt
grain by grain in my journal,
and postcards,
the stories to other tramps I met along
the way, moved my pen
just like the tip of my oars
in the ocean alive again
on the shore I walked
upon with
itchy feet,
the nights reminded me of why
I highlighted passages “S.O.S”
in mass market paperbacks
and worshipped fictions of untamed wilderness
I thought I could harness.
 “TOO WEAK TO WALK OUT,”

There are those who still call me
Alexander Supertramp
when they hear how I left my family in Virginia
as a fierce meadowlark , WHOSE HOME IS THE ROAD....
saw the last frontier
and hitchhiked out West.
But you can call me
Chris –
just Chris,
because “I HAVE HAD A HAPPY LIFE
AND THANK THE LORD”

That’s how the hunters
found me near Denali,
as a thin boy with a college
education who once loved
his used Datsun, filled it with rice and the laws
of nature. This is how it should be
when you give away everything else of yourself
and are as honest with others
as possible, when you choose to continue

to move about and look for answers
to find what you can
in all of the

“Beautiful Blueberries”

in the world.