What they left out of the Michelin Guide...

is that Crystal Waters Campground is the only Christian campground in West fucking Virginia, its little chapel on a lake—staring down at the waters in appalled silence, doors locked, windows painted black—guarded by swans who snapped at my ankles as I tried the door, vicious as queens sensing doubt of the religion they guarded so zealously.

Later that night, frightened
by the surplus of locks
on the outside of the bathroom door,
I made my sister stand guard outside
so no one would lock the queer in
as she peed.

It was barely first light when we set out, shivering and half-asleep, the swans still gathered in a white mass at the foot of the chapel.