

After the Trek

Now they are memories
like silver threads in a gliding tapestry
how wondrous feeling and smelling the sea breeze
the aromas and excitement of the market
the cool magnificence of the mountains
in late autumn on the brink of winter.

These travels and their newness
still dance in my head
but even now my gut clinches
remembering the intensity
focus and preparations
of each day.

It's the other dark side of the coin
sadly ashamedly evoking shame
to even mention it
a blotch in the snow
on the marvelous trek north.

But write it I must.
Does it take courage
to be pitiful in public?
But maybe that's what poets do
undressing in front of everyone
is the stuff of nightmares
but here I am doing just that.

On the other hand...

How sweet the peace
and routines
back home
sitting calmly writing
looking out on the back yard
the tallow trees coloring
preparing to shed a variegated carpet below.

Maybe it took travel
to help me appreciate
the beauty of
these serene moments
at home.

Author's Note: Written two days after our return from a glorious ten day trip from Texas to Vancouver and Whistler, British Columbia.