

Gorge

The dry night air in Santa Fe woke me.
Your low rumbled breathing like the trembling
bridge near Taos spanning the gorge. We walked
across clutching the rail that vibrated
with the weight of passing cars,
questioning the sense in our feet to stay
planted, not to spring free or try to fly.
I snapped your proud picture at the center,
the background black canyon walls face
each other endlessly. Six hundred
feet down the rapids of the Rio Grande
sparkled and teased, calling, echoing up.
They were magnetic, glistening, lively
stars you wanted to touch for a moment.
We joked about our acrophobic friend.
How would Etta like the view from up here?
But we both felt the same way and sighed,
safely enclosed in our red rental car.
Then sped across the plain toward the mountains.

Sandy Meade 1997