

Focus

It's Day 5 —
so far, we've had four sets of motel keys
my travel-sized toothpaste is nearly empty
as is the gas tank...
again.

Javelina pick at prickly pears in spite of prickles.
Saguaro cacti grow to test patience.
180 degrees of peaks outline earth's heartbeat.
Shadows of clouds float across the border:
no passport
required.

Our ascendance is rocky
Driving forward
behinds levitate off seats.
After 40 unpaved miles
we stop
emerge
hear
gravel rearranging underfoot
car door metal rub rubber
marring the quiet — like graffiti on garage doors.

It takes four frames to shoot this canvas of mountains.
In the last shot,
you are leaning on the hood —
even with sunglasses
you are squinting.