Above Albuquerque

At night
From a few thousand feet
Ho-hum suburbs
Are glittering jewels
Dancing before my eyes
In yellows, golds, and greens
As the plane banks left
Preparing for landing.

The Voice of the Mountain

At ten thousand plus feet
Atop a mountain,
With my camera and myself
and a few dozen others, just snapping away.

I hear a voice say
Hey, Stop
Look around you, not through the lens.
Are you here for pictures to show your friends?
Or are you here to experience the mountain?

Road Trip

Who needs coffee when you wake up to desert cold?
Who needs a book when you can watch the red mesas in the sun?
Who has time to take pictures when this landscape so desolate is constantly changing?

Have you ever seen the sun and the moon shine together?
Have you ever seen the mountains?
Have you ever seen them glow purple?

Have you ever seen the red tinged
New Mexican highway
Flying by at 75 mph
On a road trip to AZ?