

Road Trip

It's too early in the morning  
For snakes,  
It's too cold,  
We hoped.  
We looked at each other for reassurance  
As our breath frosted over.

On an impulse my brother  
And I drove across the state.  
Its highest point we repeated  
To each other.

Walking thru the cactus and  
Thorn scrub taking photos  
In the cool high plains.  
The sun preparing to cook  
Away the dew.

We just felt like  
Getting away,  
Two aging brothers.

BB