

High Sierra Dream

I am lying upon a granite precipice
peering out of my sleeping bag
seeing the silhouettes of high, craggy toothed peaks
set against an infinite dark mat of gravity
directing brilliant diamonds in a Keplerian ballet.
My mind searches for sounds of the nocturnal forest,
the dull roars accented with sharp trickles
of fast flowing creeks carving stone,
the clicks and rustling of some scrounging critter
occasionally dampened by the rushing exhales
from the mountain through the trees and canyon below.
I roll on my side wishing to peer over the cliff's edge
and find myself staring at the laminate bedroom floor,
the air conditioning unit whirs in the background
as my phone glows in the darkness...

I lean back against my mattress to stare at the ceiling
longing to go back home.

~ Rusty Alois