

### **Colorado Revisited:1973**

You promise you will remember this sunset,  
fueled by a red-orange orb that feeds your heart  
with the fire of first love in a car  
on a road somewhere in Colorado.

It doesn't take much remembering:  
how good the cold beer tastes,  
how the music blasts,  
how one hand holds the steering wheel  
and the other my inner thigh.

We speak a language of new words  
sweeter than the Oreos  
we said we wouldn't buy.  
I chew on arroyo, mesa, and butte  
while you feast on te amo ,  
thrice said, as if the words would  
fly out the window and disappear.

The bird, almost eye-to eye with you,  
whose navigation system errs,  
rides down a vortex of air,  
a thud enters its body, claims its wings,  
right in front of us: the living and the dead.

Years later, that same sun  
continues to kick start night  
changes the way you look at things,  
like the finest sandpaper raises  
the grains in wood  
to speak in another tongue.