

**Sent:** 2004-09-17 - 22:00  
**Subject:** Postcard

Hello. Today began with sunrise over the mountains. The air was cool and clear. The traffic hadn't started to pick up yet and we walked across the street to the Dragonfly for breakfast. A waitress was bragging to a customer that the Dragonfly had won a prize for having the fifth best granola west of the Mississippi. We ordered an avocado omelet. Yeah, it was that kind of place. The four bikers who had been dogging our steps in the plaza yesterday were already there. The younger guy was wearing a skull and bones doo-rag. The older guy and his momma simply wore the faces of premature age. They didn't like the food. Yeah, Taos was that kind of place. We left.

On to Taos Pueblo. The Taos are one of nineteen different Pueblo tribes. They survived the Spanish and the American government. We'll see if they can survive the American tourist.



As you guessed, the bikers were there too. Well, you probably didn't guess. We left.

Actual hidden camera photo:



As we drove, the elevation changed from high desert to mountain and back. Yellow infused the scenery. At higher altitude, the aspens and cottonwoods were beginning to change; in the desert, the road was bordered with rabbitbrush and snakeweed, often mixed with purple desert aster. Our compliments to the landscaper.



We took a little detour to the Rio Grande gorge. The long road bridge had sidewalks and little viewing balconies. As we walked out, the bridge rippled with the vehicular traffic. A woman stood a third of the way across, speaking back toward the end of the bridge: "Russell - it's OK - it's not as bad as you think". Russell, all 6' 4" of him, was frozen to the rail about 12 feet onto the bridge. He didn't answer. He didn't move.



As we drove away, two motorcycles pulled in...

We ate in Cimmaron, NM, made a quick, nostalgic visit to Philmont Ranch, and put the pedal to the metal. I can't say we didn't look back. On one level, there is so much to be missed from this trip. On another, we were looking for the bikers.

Back in Kansas, US 50 between Garden City and Dodge City:



Now, if we can only find that World's Biggest Ball of String...

D&S

