

Sent:

Monday, May 5, 2008 10:01 PM

Subject:

Postcard

So we get to our snooty Durango hotel and sit by the river. That's great. Then I want a cup of coffee. What the heck is this? The Wolfgang Puck coffee system? His coffee is tepid and insipid and we are piss-id. We bring our own coffee on vacation (Deep Peruvian Forest Blend, this trip), and filters that fit Mr. Coffee. Of course it's all incompatible with Wolfgang Puck. Then Sheila wants a cold drink. Like where's the fridge, dude? To make a long story longer, went to Wal-Mart, spent less than 20 bucks and brought back Mr. Coffee and a Styrofoam cooler. Now Doubletree is just as good as Holiday Inn Express.



Off to Mesa Verde.

Wild horses live in the park now, they escaped the Utes in the 2000 forest fire. The government can't decide between letting them roam (but they'll eat the young vegetation in the burned areas) or rounding them up (violating on their civil rights). Yes, this is the government you pay for.



We renewed our acquaintance with Petroglyph Trail.



An old friend of Sheila's shows up.



The day is perfect, sunny, in the 60's.



We find the petroglyphs. This one is Whipping Kachina. There's a long explanation for Whipping Kachina, you just won't find it here.



A picnic lunch tops off a perfect morning. A Spotted Towhee visits.



Now it's Sheila's turn to drive and she takes us down from the mesa – it's only 20 miles of hairpin turns and unguarded falloffs – I have no concerns – maybe I'll just close my eyes – I drift off...

I open my eyes.
Oh my God!
We died!
The tunnel!
The White Light!
No! I'm not ready!
Take me back!



Oh. *That* tunnel.



D&S