

Woke up looking at the foliage. Write our name on the rocks opposite camp as a breadcrumb trail in the event our ships will pass through this way again. Reminder that we got this far. That we saw the yellow in the trees. That it hurt. That it healed. My name feels foreign in my mouth. The entire distance of this trek in my vernacular is a canyon. The language lives somewhere under my tongue and over the crests and peaks of the cliffs. It gapes at the sounds once known. Remembers the ones close to the teeth. My hand shakes as it writes. There's a gorge that cuts through me. In it stuffed different Picasso portraits. Crumpled sketches. His early works bleed out of me. I try to write my name. The idea of diving into musty trash to find names for new discoveries on a new continent is — wait I found it. I write it steady. It's not a new continent after all, an old familiar landscape, one in my mind's eye, a premonition, a promise, a prayer. I found more walls within me. They are much higher. But, we don't attempt to measure them. We let them stand. They're a part of the ground.