The Journey to Colorado

Nat Chittamai
NEVER A PALE PLACE
Arianna McDonald

Don’t move until you witness
African sky and sunset-yellow plains with
Its wild and unique horses with their
Yin-yang stripes, racing with every gallop until
They’ve reached the long-awaited waters.

Rotate.

Don’t blink until you feel the beating
of drums in your chest and watched
The passing of Rio’s multicolored birds
Dancing down the street, sparkling with
Every sway and step.

Rotate.

Don’t close your eyes and miss
A historical place where you are
Swimming with the salts of a
Sea that you can’t drown in, even though
Death has placed his name on its title.

THE JOURNEY TO COLORADO
Nat Chittamai

Rotate.

Don’t lose track of the present and forget
Standing on the edge of a cliff in Wales
Atop a cold beach, viewing the waters meet
Their opposite, with the pastel field of
Flowers in awe with you.

Pause.

The clouds had cutouts specifically
Designed for the moon’s shape as they
Passed through, allowing as much light
To shine in the night as possible.
Live a life worth remembering.