

## Durango Nights

My lungs fill with an intoxicative energy,  
And I gaze over the Rim.  
Goosebumps crawl up my neck.  
I breathe in the cold, dry zephyr.  
I could sit here forever.

Smelling the pine, I feel free.  
My soul is cleansed with excitement.  
The sun creeps downward,  
And the sky paints its picture amongst the mountains.  
Sitting alone, I am surrounded.

I hear the train coming in.  
Throwing my head back, I sigh.  
The grass feels like silk under my fingertips.  
The deer move in unison behind me,  
And the sky darkens suddenly.

Goodnight, Durango.

-Meredith Hoffmann