

We Chose to Hike

A Life-snippet

only half-way up
the bus is there already
Inca sun's burning

blisters start to bleed
no one thought to bring water
our legs are rubber

bounding far ahead
Quechua jog with backpacks
coca in their cheeks

we rest on boulders
the ruins still not in sight
how bad could this get?

our plight requires grit
straining to rise to our feet
no choice, must slog on

Setting: Machu Picchu, Peru, August 1995



Photo by daughter Su: Sean at our destination (we were a party of three)

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