New Mexico

John Lambert*
The Tooth of Time
John Lambert

Altitude unfurled the earth beneath my feet, revealing the simple truth that I was not much larger than the carmine-colored beetles bleeding from the stones of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

No matter, I had traded stature for understanding, and was content to sit and gaze at the wall of water moving inexorably towards me along the spine of the ridge; yearning to be soaked to the core, skin craving the rain’s sweet touch—the only baptism that matters.

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The sky rained tangerine sunset on my last night in the canyon, as the sun sank into the bowl the North Ponil had fashioned to receive my farewell.