I can't help but notice

the scenery of mountain ranges that shimmer in your eyes that remind me of the types of images one would see on the cover page of some travel magazine taken from the state of Colorado in early October

or on a stamped postcard written in fancy handwriting from one heartbeat to another stating that they just had to be there because the camera's shutter forgot to flash when the integrity of the photograph finally decided to appear.

I, sitting next to you, can only chuckle comfortably whenever our gazes meet realizing that explorers like Norgay and Hillary never had to climb Everest to see the peak of the entire world.

^{*}This poem first appeared in *Indigent A La Carte*.