

Worth 1k --- Volume 1



September 15th through 21st, 2006
Utah, Idaho, Oregon, California

A collection of poetry instead of pictures by
Teel McClanahan III



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Phoenix

First Edition

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for love, lost,
I live anyway

9-15-06

Rest Area, 1/2hr S. of Moab

eyes tired to closing
take the first safe stop you find
rest until the sun

blackest night, its cold & dark,
dangerous obfuscation

Rest Area, $\frac{1}{2}$ hr S. of Moab

DATE
7-15-86

eyes tired to closing
take the first safe stop you find
rest until the sun

blackest night, its cold & dark,
dangerous ob fuscation

9-16-06

Park Avenue, Arches, UT

boulders, barely balanced,
vertical shafts and sheets
of stone
green freckles dapple below

a steep staircase of silt
and stone
leads me down,
between
sky scraping cairns,
smooth curves of stone
creating a channel of cold

air
beneath

a fragile sliver of silver,
the moon,
suspended in a bath of perfect blue,
sky
surrounded by stone.

Park Avenue, Arches UT DATE 9-16-06

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9-16-06

Park Avenue, Arches, UT

Hiking

(
fifty French faces following
)

I round a corner of rock
and am cut off
by a train
one hundred feet tall
rocketing majestically
'round the other side of the bend
--- well, rocketing . . .

as fast as
rocks
can rocket.

I do not wait,
or make it wait for me,
this railroad crossing will take too long.
I turn around.
(The French forge forward.)

DATE
Park Avenue, Arches

DATE
9-16-86

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fifty French ~~tourists~~^{faces} following
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this railroad crossing will take too long.
I turn around.
(The French forge forward.)

9-16-06

Park Avenue, Arches, UT

Out of breath. Thin air.
Ascending stairs in reverse;
returning exhausts.

TTAG

Park Avenue, Arches

DATE

8-16-86

Out of breath. Thin air.

Ascending stairs in reverse;
returning exhausts.

9-16-06

Balanced Rock, Arches, UT

Wide, paved paths protect

--- too many tourists,
too much erosion ---

The sign says:

Caution
congested
area

I cough,

lungs still sore from my
too-steep ascent upstairs,

but I think they mean

the traffic,

and the French

too close
behind me.

Balanced Rock, Arches

DATE
9-16-86

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too much erosion —

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and the French

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behind me.

9-17-06

Downtown, Salt Lake City, UT

ironic to say,
but I think the mormons have
more parking than God.

Downtown, Salt Lake City, UT

| |
|---------|
| DATE |
| 9-17-06 |

ironic to say,
but I think the mormons have
more parking than God.

9-17-06

@75mph, 84W, mile marker 365+, UT

Black cows

Black cows, heads down

Black cows, heads down,
decorate green fields

Black cows, heads down,
decorate green fields;
corn in rows nearby

Black cows, heads down,
decorate green fields;
corn in rows nearby.
Horses graze across the way

Black cows, heads down,
decorate green fields;
corn in rows nearby.
Horses graze across the way,
I smile as I go by.

Horses graze across the way,
I smile as I go by.

DATE
9.17.06

@75mph, 84W, mi 365+, YT

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9-17-06

Shoshone Falls, ID

Perfect timing.

Somewhere between

Sunset

and

the sun moving lower than

the canyon walls.

A rush, a roar, a rumble,

water tumbles,

slips,

gushes down steep rock

faces

turn

to see it

Collects, pools,

falls, pools again,

falls so much farther

before

flowing

on down the

canyon,

a river again.

Shoshone Falls, ID

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9-17-86

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Falls, pools again,

Falls so much farther
before

Flowing
on down the
canyon, a river again.

9-17-06

Shoshone Falls, ID

running through the
 grass
 from one overlook
to another,
 I feel like
 a child:
overflowing
 with glee,
 exuberant
 to see
 and feel
 this new
experience,
 this old,
 familiar
experience(
the waterfall,
 the grass
 underfoot)
and to smile.

Shoshone Falls, ID

DATE
9-17-06

running through the

grass

from one over look

to another,

I feel like

a child:

overflowing

with glee,

exuberant

to see

and feel

this new

experience,

this old,

familiar

experience (

the waterfall,

the grass

under foot)

and to smile.

9-18-06

Portland, OR

In Utah
driving was difficult
 (and scary)
because the drivers
were inconsiderate.
Almost worse than
drivers in Kentucky,
but not as consistent.

In
 Portland
 it's
 the
roads,
 more than the
 drivers,
 that are
 driving
 me
 crazy.

Portland, OR

DATE

9-18-06

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About the Author and the Worth 1k project

Teel is a lifelong resident of Arizona, and like most lifelong residents of Arizona, he longs to visit faraway places. Places with exotic things like weather, and trees. This book represents the sole record of such an excursion that Teel made during the week of his 28th birthday. Instead of snapping photographs, Teel carried around a notebook and wrote poetry to try to capture a more personal record of what he was experiencing as he drove around the American countryside. This is the first volume of what Teel hopes will be an ongoing project; a revolution of the mind to realize that a few words may be able to capture a place and time and feeling in a way most flat, still images never can.

You can find out more about him, and find his other poetry, his short fiction and his novels, at Modern Evil:

<http://www.modernevil.com>

Or email him: teel@modernevil.com