

Flies

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Before getting a screen door installed in my little casita, I had frequent visitations from flies. Like me, they appear to be directionally challenged in that they easily find their way in, but seem unable to find their way back home. Opening other doors in hopes that two exits, a choice of routes out, did not seem to help. I am not talking about one or two fly guests, but all their friends, relatives and distant acquaintances.

I think of this as I set out on a walk through the trails leading from the casita. It is so beautiful here with the high pines and the junipers, the hills and valleys. I really want to have bright orange surveyors tape in my pocket to tie around a tree or bush every few yards. But I don't think that is a good idea. The trails here are very discretely marked with infrequent little rock cairns. For those who are very savvy in the woods they are clear indications of where to go and where one has been. But for me, they are little piles of rocks that look like many other little piles of rocks. One of the great attractions of New Mexico are the rock formations, both large and small. There are a lot of rocks.

At least there will not be a giant hand vacuum that appears out of nowhere and sucks me up, as I ended up doing with the flies in the casita. At least I hope that doesn't happen.