

# Warren Travels With His Father

*Michael R. Collings*

in the  
dense Montana heat, the BLM vehicle musty  
and smelling of oil, sweat, and age.

Warren  
skips school for those two days—two days  
alone with Dad, staying in old, decaying

motels  
where floors feel slick with thin linoleum and windows  
glow behind crepe-paper drapes and

single  
burner kitchenettes transform outdated army  
C-rations into exotic feasts and

lumpy  
bedframes support old-fashioned  
metal springs that squawk when

Warren's  
eighty pounds and Dad's one-eighty  
shift. At dawn, they load the truck,

hunker  
down against an early chill, and set out for  
the boondocks, Dad to hunt elusive

bench marks  
and pace off invisible section lines, Warren to watch  
and etch each sifting outline in

his mind, and store them to relive once they two again  
return and reassume their separate lives.