

As with Everything in Turkey, Our Trip to Cappadocia Was Loosely Organized and Not Explained

An indication of the hotel would be this:
I spread towels on the dresser
before putting out our things.

It was hot but we wandered dutifully
behind Ibrahim as he explained the ruins.
We were bombarded by peddlers trying to sell us wallets.

None of us really knew what to look for
and it is obvious that we didn't get the most
from the trip. I bought a string of strangely shaped

amber beads which I have since been told
by an expert are really "quite special." We changed
to an Old World hotel frequented by

Winston Churchill. It was apparent to us—
after we didn't get served in the main dining room—
that we were not their favorite customers.

Just as I fell asleep, I heard Sam exclaim
that he had not loaded the camera correctly.
All the pictures we took

were now never taken. All we had left
was a flower given to me by a little girl
to whom I gave candy.

We are not sure if the trip was worth it.
But we would never have known
if we had not gone.

—lines from a travel journal, 1974