My Friend Bob By Mountain Graves

I scavenged through all your books, pulling out plane ticket after plane ticket. It was as if they were used as bookmarks on your journey throughout America. The were books on western culture Mexican cowboys and Louis L'Amour. Who were you, Bob? Better yet where were you going? The estate sale where I had collected the tickets was crowded with people. I was not very interested in buying all of the books in your library. I was more interested in the plane tickets that you used as bookmarks. My wife and I swiftly went through each book, pulling out ticket after ticket and stuffing them into our coat pockets, making sure no one saw us. Eventually I had a nice bundle of tickets, and we left the sale with the mystery of Bob.

The tickets are as follows:

Bob Passmore boarding pass from Dallas FT Worth to Boston flight American Airlines 07MAY810p seat 13B.

Bob from Colorado Springs to Dallas FT Worth American Airlines 07MAY432p seat 24B

Bob from San Francisco to Philadelphia US Airways 05MAY950p 29D

Bob from Denver to Boston United Airways seat 20D boarding 4:30 pm July 5

Bob from Dallas Forth Worth to Denver American Airlines 02Feb 425p seat 14B

Bob from St. Louis to San Jose American Airlines 642p 16B.

Bob from San Jose CA, to Boston American Airlines 07MAY 14C.

Bob from Missoula to Denver Frontier 0835p 16B Carry On.

Bob from Orlando to Houston 8:45am depart 14D.

As I read over the collected tickets, I couldn't help but feel connected to you Bob. Where did you go? What were you doing? Who are you? I couldn't help but think over and over after all these trips, why the carry on from Missoula to Denver? You never needed one before... ugh look at me, fixated on a plane ticket. As if this piece of paper had some sort of religious pull on my soul. Like you were Jim Jones, and I was your loyal pupil waiting to drink the Kool-Aid from a disposable cup. Why did you have the stupid carry on?

Time passed and the ticket stubs went into a manila-colored envelope to rest on a bookshelf for several years before I ever had the courage to write this and realize that you had stayed in my mind all those years. I'll never know who you were or what you were up to all those years. From the looks of your house at the estate sale, you were well off and lived a very cushioned life. You were a businessman of some sort. What did you sell? How lonely am I to sit here to write of a person who will never know me? I must accept that. But I do know one thing; I have these moments with you. I have a piece of you my dear friend.

Tucked away on a shelf in my home is an envelope of your adventures. I own a piece of your life that only I will see and get to hold close. How comforting. I will keep you safe, even in my old age. And when I have my estate sale maybe someone will find your plane tickets and assume you were me. Then, I will live on in an envelope, on someone else's shelf, to sadly be remembered as the man who only had one carry on...









