

## **Ode to Parkwest Swan Song**

Oh, Collin and Marisa,  
your magic brings us here!  
Sweet memory-pressed pages  
of trips throughout the years.

This race of totems trip southwest,  
another fine beginning.  
Ravens, Redtails, Roadrunners...  
a swan song Parkwest's winning.

We come from points both east and west,  
the north and south as well.  
And this time, some fly jets or ride,  
some driving...fast as hell!

Redtails, Ravens, who's on first?  
This group stuff seems confusing.  
We reconnect with yellow sheets;  
No comrades we'll be losing!

Day 1 and 2 in Denver;  
hotel was once a bank.  
Amidst historic art and vaults,  
Renaissance Marriott to thank.

Day 1: We tour the Capitol, with George our trusty guide.  
We climb the stairs to see the view, Rotunda views outside.  
Our first of many dinners, Marisa's counting noses.  
With cameos and drivers, she's using fingers...toe-es!

Day 2: it's time for briefings.  
breakfasts always are the best.  
First, Beto gifts gals Paraguay shirts;  
then jackets from Parkwest.

Marisa shares the days events,  
a walking Denver tour.  
Her well-thought Parkwest video show  
bring smiles and tears, for sure.

Then Collin, calm as always,  
briefs, informs and cues.  
Our pilots steady, gather facts,  
With flights assigned; no feuds.

This "two-day stops" itinerary,  
the copilots say "horray!"  
A marriage-saving strategy,  
great planning, Mrs. Fay!

We hop on/hop off the city bus,  
there's suits, backpacks and hippies.  
Our first stop, Rockmount Ranchwear:  
hats, belts, scarves, jewelry...yippie!

Oh look, the Tattered Cover book store;  
hey, where's my credit card?  
There's ice cream at Union Station,  
and browsing railroad yard.

It's early bedtime, early rise,  
day three dawns cool; low ceilings.  
The totems scatter: buses, cars,  
we've got that wheels-up feeling.

Our Parkwest luck is holding;  
the clouds are breaking fast.  
We load the planes and turn them south;  
goodbye Denver, CO...at last!

The views enroute are stunning;  
ravines run full with gold.  
Sand dunes, Pikes Peak, stark mesas,  
huge mountain sights unfold.

Smooth flight, the totems chatter,  
Redtails flight is first to land,  
The Raven flight is close behind,  
with Roadrunners near, on land.

The skies are clear at Cortez;  
already it feels hot.  
Goodbye layers, hello shorts,  
and sunscreen...use a lot!

Lunch with comrades, load the bus,  
With Kathy, in good hands.  
As visitors at the Center,  
we learn of native lands.

Far View check-in, take a nap,  
Grab a drink and dinner.  
Early bedtime yields good sleep.  
Lush dreams when air is thinner!

We walk the path to breakfast,  
Then a.m....p.m. tours.  
The brave ones take the Palace climb,  
My knees aren't sore, are yours?

We learn of Pueblo dwellings,  
Guide Ashley makes them live.  
Juniper, mistletoe and sage,  
Such lessons nature gives!

Two briefings on the Terrace,  
Far View with guests is hopping.  
No Coors, Merlot or Malbec?  
With Parkwest, there's no stopping.

We carry on, an early bus,  
Kathy's Tony/Mike has stories.  
A boxed lunch stop in Cortez,  
Parkwest hungry? Hey, no worries.

Then off again, these totem flights,  
The Capitol Reef next stop.  
Monument Valley, Powell Glen,  
We're hoping weather's hot!

Richfield landing, load the bus.  
Wayne Wonderland; It's easy!  
Roadrunners check-in via text.  
Marisa' breathing easy.

Raven pickup: Wonderland,  
Severe clear skies are stunning.  
Visitor Center, Watermark,  
Gifford's for pie? We're running!

Check-in Capitol Reef Resort  
With magical patio views.  
Water-carved sandstones, statuesque,  
'gainst skies of azure blue.

It's Sunday here in Utah.  
Another day of sun.  
Rest, read, hot tub and llamas,  
Suburban's, jeeps, hikes, fun!

Cold morning; bus with briefing,  
The baggage load seems lighter.  
Marisa's happy, Collin, too.  
Totem flights are getting tighter.

The ice at Wonderland's no joke,  
Some airplanes protest starting.  
With sun and ingenuity,  
Soon Wonderland's departing!

Let's meet for lunch...Sedona,  
Who has more fun than us?  
Our next stop then, Death Valley,  
96 degrees or bust.

Another flawless flight ensues,  
Parched landscape rises fast.  
Snow capped mountains, desert views,  
Lowest Death Valley at last!

The Inn at Death Valley beckons  
Historic Oasis room.  
Cocktails and dinner; friends to share,  
Parkwest relations bloom.

Elusive Jeeps leave early,  
Those left behind relax.  
The pool, the spa, the desert sun.  
Embrace last day to max!

As sand runs through our hour glass,  
Parkwest, please reconsider,  
Denial seems our finest friend;  
Final farewells are so bitter!

Our love and thanks Marisa,  
And Collin, you're so fine!  
You've given us experiences  
That stand the test of time.

The friendships made, the things we've learned,  
the places we have flown.  
All cast a lasting legacy,  
of Fays, that's solid gold.

Please keep our contacts handy,  
We'd love a Swan Song 2.  
We promise we'd pack lighter,  
follow every single cue.

We wouldn't whine; make odd requests,  
Or lose our yellow sheets.  
We'd be on time and not get lost,  
or violate your briefs.

So raise a glass to Parkwest,  
Our love to you today!  
We never will forget our times  
with Collin and Marisa Fay!!!

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*Sharon (and Stan) Dardis*  
*October 2019*