



Glimpse Into Elysium

By A. M. Gallivan

Photography by Frank Weston

It seems somehow fitting that this lake, half a stones-throw larger than Walden Pond, has no name. Its eternal tranquility defies such a modern conceit. Perched near timberline, high in the Rocky Mountains above Crested Butte, the land around it drops away steeply on three sides within a hundred yards of its shore. Seems like a strange place for a lake, doesn't it, at the high point of the land? So high, in fact, that when the water becomes mirror-smooth, it looks as if the lake has disappeared and you're looking through a portal into an inverted land below—a crystal clear view of a beautifully serene land, where the clouds float below you and the trees grow down. Looking into that infinite reflection, I can't help but wonder what it would be like to be on the other side. Could I slide through to the other side of that silvery surface like Alice did? What would the world look like then? Would peace and tranquility be the norm there where speed and stress is the norm here? Is there a calmer, more peaceful me in that alternate universe, looking into this side wondering the same thing? Am I seeing the lake or is it seeing me?



Frank Weston Images
Distinctive Photography of the American West

The mighty Rio Grande that ultimately forms the famed border between Texas and Mexico has its beginnings in the lofty peaks of the San Juan Mountains of southern Colorado. Flowing down out of the mountains, it pours out across the San Luis Valley near Alamosa where it has cut a steep-walled canyon into the volcanic rocks below Flat Top Mesa.