

KELLY
DAWSON

Wyoming

I'M AN EXPLORER of the great indoors. If anyone was prepared to stay inside during a global pandemic, it was me. But I also crave adventure, and I cherish what it means to wonder and to try.

I have cerebral palsy, which might explain the irony of being a wanderlusting homebody. As a child, I scraped my knees out in a world not built for me and learned that home didn't have as many restrictions. But my mom wanted me to have an after-school activity, so she found a horseback-riding team made up of nondisabled and disabled children. Being outside, high up, moving at a blur-inducing pace was thrilling. I've never forgotten that sense of freedom. Now, after months spent indoors as a high-risk individual, riding is what I imagine doing most.

I picture meandering through Wyoming's Grand Teton National Park on a four-day excursion, stopping only to camp under the stars. I'd be wearing jeans, a shift from my current uniform of sweatpants, and my legs would curve over the sides of a horse navigating rocks and streams. I'd listen to the sounds of birds overhead as a crisp breeze sends the scent of wildflowers through the air, and I'd breathe it in while admiring the park's namesake mountains scraping at the sky. Mostly, I'd relish a setting where time doesn't pass painfully slowly or incomprehensibly fast. Those peaks and valleys are just there, as they have been for more than 15,000 years, unmoved by human chaos.

I used to prioritized livelier destinations—ones with crowds moving through busy streets and markets and museums and concert halls. Maybe a horseback trip isn't a new idea, but it feels like the most restorative. I want a slow place to get me back up to speed. Luckily, Grand Teton National Park promises a wide-open adventure, but with plenty of sitting.

Kelly Dawson is a writer and editor based in Los Angeles.