

Mountain Turn-out: Week After My Father's Funeral

Dixie Partridge

In the ghost-smoke of eight thousand feet,
the road back looks deserted.
Below me, a hawk rises,
wings throbbing stillness, and I watch
until it turns into nothing I can see—
so much lit sky
the eyes water and sting.
Some days, things hurt more: birds vanishing,
mountains of pine turned thatch
by distance, the leave-taking we want,
wonder over, regret.

For miles I have felt like a child,
powerless and guilty.
I want to see a field
black with soil, just plowed
and glistening; my father's back
sweat-soaked, and his sorrel team.
If it rained now, I would stay out
until my skin was rinsed and shining.

On the northwest rim, a lowering sun
gilds the tree line,
the sky agulf of amber glass ...
such saturated brilliance
I want to shatter it with a stone,
sink long into some sweet, dark acreage.