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## Sage Junction

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## Sage Junction

We drive the two-lane highway  
 after a downpour, black storm moving easterly,  
 sun slanting into whole spectrums of gray  
 edged sterling in light through rain.  
 The downhill road toward Idaho glints  
 like a long trout, and from Wyoming  
 the highway steams faintly where a semi,  
 streak of silver, speeds through  
 with its shaft of wind.

I open windows to the tremble and breathe  
 deeply: the durable gears of memory lean  
 with my father's truck taking the curve;  
 then the downshift to winter peril the school year  
 a whole family died on this route  
 linking rival basketball teams.  
 We gather speed in the wet desert northward,  
 fragrances arcing through time:  
 I leave for school and Grandmother  
 hands me bread fried in butter,  
 sprinkled with sugar . . . in a scent of sage  
 white curtains of her kitchen  
 rise like a loaf.

—Dixie Partridge