



7-1-1999

# From This Ground

Dixie Partridge

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## Recommended Citation

Partridge, Dixie (1999) "From This Ground," *BYU Studies Quarterly*: Vol. 38 : Iss. 3 , Article 11.

Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol38/iss3/11>

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## From This Ground

A visible wind slow-rivers down slopes  
of Rattlesnake Mountain,  
purples the ridge at the silt edge of sun.  
Horse Heaven Hills green into wheatfield  
and orchard, and the Interstate between  
glints back sides of semis, headlights wicking on . . .  
a long and moving constellation.

My lives split directions from this ground.  
From mountains back in Wyoming  
my daughters have salvaged wagon wheels,  
slats of barn wood waiting to be handed down  
branded with their grandfather's iron:  
*diamond-four*, no longer in use.  
And suddenly our children are states away  
into college and next lives.

A hawk startles into dive . . . rises . . .  
something dark and small taloned  
over scents of sage, clumps of phlox  
holding last rays like fluorescence.  
As sky's distant dust blossoms into twilight,  
an old farm building to the east  
comes visible, collapsing in on itself  
like a permanent exhale.

What's changing around me  
seems not of arrival, but leave taking.  
For a moment between light and dark  
it lets me recall something more  
than I know, moves me  
unwary toward altered borders.

—Dixie Partridge