

ID

West of the divide it's a bit wetter and a bit drier.
Salmon, there must have been those fish in this river at some point,
Or they mistook 'em for steelhead, anyways people still are dressed
In neoprene to fish 'em and their pink flesh in this
Mystery thin silver state folded between the papers.
Four eagles flying, if that's not auspicious and more than a daliance;
Flying at the 45th, halfway between the equator and pole,
Where Lewis and Clark entrailed, where Sacagawea was born,
Here, where everyone thinks of "My Own Private..." and the infinite
Rolling plains of gold wheat-heads bowing, of potatoes,
But really it's untouched valleys of glacial scale.
It feels good to pray over someone, maybe a bit too evangelically good—
Only maybe; they who "live by faith" at least, or say the words at least;
Say they heard "The Lord" tell them to do such and such or move to so and so.
I've always wondered if that wasn't just their conscience or monologue,
Regardless, it's probably holy.
"To you he only speaks in dreams and signs, BUT to HIM..."
Hemingway killed himself here. Lived here a long time as well,
(Why Sun Valley of all the west?) It's fitting in many ways:
It's money but not Aspen, it's almost as far western you can go,
Its past the Bighorns, it's fitting,
There's slight sickness and lots of mountains...
Killed himself here even more than lived here though,
It's teleological.
"I didn't know there were mountains!"
Boise's a big city now though, and closer on the plain.
Who knows what's happening there
It's a big city now, lots of latinos surely.
It's nice and a giant potato hangs down in front of the capitol on new years,
And dildos get thrown to the audience at one of the bars once a month.
Who knows (Lord?), I recommend Craters of the Moon
And those North lake towns with close mountains
And French names—lake or reservoir's the same—
And Ruby Ridge and that beautiful still of his wife
And those other stills of his old white pickup sprayed painted
With "Yahweh" he took to those holy-skinhead meetups...
He seemed a reasonable guy; there's s'posed to be lots of racists here,
Whatever that means in America.
Here, you feel your on the edge of something
In Salmon, and getting there,
In these mountains they come straight uninterrupted all the way down from Canada,
From Banff, from Alaska even:
Even one big topographic blade of granite snow
And woods piercing uninterrupted through the continent—

You can feel it— And they're wet with cold dew, they're pristine.
2/3 of the state, yeah, are mountains.
It's skinny like a trumpet but it gets bigger, plenty big
Just the same, the blast of the long apocalypse.
I saw 100 miles valleys with less than 2 structures
And some perfect 1/2 mile sprinklers to pasture
Under the watch of many wide Matterhorns.
I saw beauty I am not sure I had seen,
Like the high mountain plateau seas of NM,
When you know you're on top of the world
Surrounded by flat scrub and the crown's peaks...
When you know.
A dairy cow in high desert plains, Mormons, Mormons,
Heaven's Gate's shadowed train station,
Here in this small town the Church of Christ is the towns cathedral
(with the brick a little less regal);
Bigger even than the few grain-stores, the church of LDS.
They take wagons around these parts and pull from here
To Wyoming and Utah across these basin towns:
On their trail Brigham took... to remember.
Over the horizon the Teton tips sit and watch like 4 gargantuan ravens—
You can fly to the sea, see over Boise and the Snake Plain all the way to it,
You can't see or feel it, but it's close for The States, still far.
You, Idaho, of all, seem to know yourself the least, a beautiful-strange—;
A confluence, a potential, a Lost Trail, a real mystery.