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Those Mountains

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Those Mountains

Move-In Day. We drive an hour on Interstate 70 from Silt
to Grand Junction, Colorado,
your charcoal Blazer and my Saturn both swollen with blue
and purple bins.

Inside Tolman Hall, the damp cement condenses over
our sandaled feet. You
unlock the door; the gray air makes me cough a little. Florescence
sputters, we blink as I slide between the Murphy bed and
metal wardrobe. I hear you reading the list of damages: "Small tear
on chair, pin holes
in wall..." and I exit to a concrete balcony, gripping
a spinach-colored railing.

I look down on Mesa State campus, its sidewalks
spiderwebbing over
the green grass oasis, but I am drawn to the tan horizon,
those desert mountains,
and then I am at the bottom of the colossal, barren Mount Garfield,
looking up.
You are still reading. "Are you ready?" I interrupt.
My toes are sticking through the railing.

I wasn't talking about unpacking, like you thought. I meant
those mountains. Were you ready to let them sever us
like cracks between continents, and we
without ropes to climb them?