

## Mountain Goats, The

### "Wild Sage"

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I leave the house as soon as it gets light outside  
like a prisoner breaking out of jail.  
and I steal down to business 15-501  
like I had a bounty hunter on my tail.  
and somebody stops to pick me up,  
but he drops me off just down the block.  
and along the highway where the empty sprints  
breathed,  
wild sage growing in the weeds.

walked down the soft shoulder and I count my steps.  
heading vaguely eastward, sun in my eyes.  
and I lose my footing and I skin my hands, breaking my  
fall.  
and I laugh to myself and look up at the skies  
and then I think I hear angels in my ears  
like marbles being thrown against a mirror.  
and along the highway, where unlucky stray dogs  
bleed,  
wild sage growing in the weeds.

and some days I don't miss my family.  
and some days I do.  
and some days I think I'd feel better if I tried harder.  
most days I know it's not true.

I lay down right where I fell, cold grass in my face.  
and I hear the traffic like the rhythm of the tides.  
and I stare at the scrape on the heel of my hand,  
till it doesn't sting so much,  
and until the blood's dried.  
and when somebodyone asks if I'm ok, I don't know  
what to say.  
and along the highway, from cast-off, innumerable  
seeds,  
wild sage growing in the weeds.

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