**Blue Sky Highway**

~ Wind River Indian Reservation

Carol L. Deering

Driving south to Ethete, you come to a long,

open curve where the land, like a jaw,

drops in awe, and even in summer

when the road is dry,

but chiefly in winter

with packed snow and ice,

causes you brief disquiet

as you tap the brake. You feel lifted

straight to the sky, towards the huge, solid presence

of the breathtaking mountains, blue

and snow-swirled, luring and lofting you

across the abyss, through the whispers

of blood and fire gone by. You could fly,

look down, and drop. But

you tighten your grip and do not.

You trace the wild curve, then

roll down the road, stunned

and humbled,

and gratefully whole.

 *for Scott Momaday*