

## High-Ridge Road

---

*Edward Byrne*

In night-chill, trickle of moonlight still evident  
as the ashen sky awoke over the Wasatch,  
I drove the high-ridge road that circles the city,  
the small pools of light downtown, the dark yards beyond.

Stopping above the Capitol Building, whose dome  
glowed like a spaceship in some science-fiction film,  
I stood and looked down as far as I could to where  
late winter snows again burdened the southern range.

In a moment I'd rehearsed many times before,  
I thought the cold a refuge, thought the white shoots of  
my breath as explicit as the unreachable  
past, and thought friends and lovers I no longer know  
once lived here.