

## Looking at a Utah Road Map

It is pinched now, like any epic brought to line and page.  
Pressed like flowers in a book is the land. The stingy pines,  
The dry mountains, the creeks, the desperate sage  
Are marks and scratches in a map with interstates and highway signs.  
One-quarter inch equals each mile of blessed Zion wide—  
Of love and hate between sons and brothers; of hope and dread;  
Of charity and sin, trusting time's vast capacity to hide  
In ink and ledgers; waiting there for the anxious pilgrim to read  
The secret signs and markings—the promises of a promised land  
    Vernal, Fairview, Pleasant Grove.  
    Richfield, Fruitland, Bountiful;  
    Eden, Garland, Sunnyside.  
And hear hidden music to soothe hurt hope  
    Tooele, Payson, Kamas;  
    Manti, Parowan.  
There, too, the tales of will and power told by men  
Who chose to mark the map  
    Heber, Murray, Hyrum, Hinckley.  
    Woodruff and Brigham City.  
But somewhere near the edge of myths, reminders  
Small of second sons and lost prayers still linger  
    Sandy, Thistle and Hurricane. Sulphurdale, Salina,  
    Faust and Thermo. Muddy Creek and Dirty Devil.

—Thomas Asplund