

## AN EXIT FROM UTAH

*"This is the place." B. Young, 1847*

My knot, my clot, my Utah,  
Good gouty wrinkled nurse  
Turned dear disease, insufferable  
Sweet scurf, my bloat, my fever,  
You're all the pain I am.  
And I'll prescribe our health:

Take roads, take all these pesky  
Limbs, wrenched or lopped off,  
Take valleys, our gawking wounds,  
And string them, stretch them, love,  
Splay them out here on the long  
Salt rack toward Nevada.

The bleach, the healing eye  
That sears, the poisonous sweet  
Action of this wind will rinse  
Our oily blood, will conspire  
Against my kissing face  
To sting the light into me:

At ninety miles an hour  
The blood's old coils  
And convoluted pains of heart  
And head unwind, stretching  
Clean as chrome on the long  
Salt rack toward Nevada;

Under me the quick engine,  
Steady like prayer, is purring  
To this vacancy of wind, the land  
Resolved to space and speed,  
"This is the place," the slicing  
Light, the atomizing seas  
Of liquid sage, "This  
Is the place; this is the place."