



BRUCE W. JORGENSEN

## Near an Abandoned Canal Bridge in Southern Utah

Infinite distance: old conceit.  
These hills bound sight, define the length  
Our fathers, innocent of defeat,  
Might seed their strength.  
This was their range. The field  
In drouth rescinds what yield

They thought, and vision meets  
Viability's barren edge.  
The westward scarp casts avid night;  
Waking, the chastened will regards  
The juniper in dark  
Procession on the ridge.