

# Horizon Ridge

When I feel as alone as any of us do  
there is a way past the glowing ash  
that signals the end, a way past  
sparing the kindle the trouble of warmth.

Let's go—  
since you feel it, too;  
in the petal-crushed purple of the sky  
against the Black Mountains  
with all that remains,  
the burden of life balanced  
on undiscovered ruins, the secret  
beginning, the mysterious end.  
The same things cost more now.  
We may be met with trials  
like those we witness via satellite.  
Death will come  
but first we lay to rest  
the lies by omission.  
Here together  
tear this bread with me.  
Let's pour black coffee, tell the story  
of the last wire transfer before the lines  
were cut; now the hesitant take a step forward;  
or the single hour the faucet ran  
and we were awake to fill our bottles;  
though, it's not running now.  
In the morning  
while it's still morning—  
I need you to remind me again.

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