**Utah Ride**

*January 5, 2015*

I Was Just Thumbing Cross Country To Old Frisco Town.

No Coat. No Hat. No Gloves.

Twenty Below.

Hadn't Eaten In A Week.

Rough Roe To Hoe.

Outside Of Salt Lake.

I Thumbed A One Eyed Stranger Down.

Some How When He Looked Me In The Eye.

I Heard That Old North Plains Wind Whisper.

Cry. Boy. Don't Take That Utah Ride.

When That One Eyed Wraith Said Climb Inside.

I Heard His Dark Fates Voice Speak.

To A Fools Fool Such As I.

He Said Boy. If You Can Drive.

You Got A Long Haul Frisco Ride.

Just Keep The Throttle Down. Let's Roll. Let's Fly.

I Am Going To Crash. Catch Some Sleep.

Just Wake Me At Last Exit Before The Line.

I Should Have Listened To That North Plains Wind Whisper.

My Own Voice Of Fear Inside.

But I Was Starving. Freezing. Had To Have A Ride.

Or Probably Right Then Up And Died.

I Had The Chills So Bad I Couldn't Talk.

Tongue Too Cold To Speak.

Ears Were Froze. Face And Nose.

Couldn't Feel My Hands Fingers Toes.

Could Barely Walk. Ran Her Hard For Three Hundred Miles.

Wild. Flat Out. Wide Open Fast. One Eyed Stranger Woke.

In A Cold Dead Voice Spoke. Boy. You're Doing Fine.

Ten Miles Ahead.

Right Before The Line.

There's A Country Remote Dark Half Lit Welco Old Truck Stop.

Pull Her Over For Some Gas.

Pull Her Into The Outside Lane.

Pointed Out. Motor Running. Tank Is Empty.

I Am Short Of Cash.

Don't Look Back. As He Got Out.

I Heard Him Laugh.

Mormon Hicks.

Won't Need No Mask.

Sixty Seconds. Not Much More.

He Was Out Of The Car.

In And Out That Truck Stop Door.

Heard Three Shots. Maybe Four.

Left Three Kicking. Dying. Mormons. Lying.

On A Blood Splashed Floor.

Head Shots With A Forty Four.

Don't Cause Much Pain.

He Said. Beat It. Punch It. I Got It All.

Cleaned Out The Payroll Stash.

No One Had Time To Squawk.

No Time To Make A Call.

No One To ID You Or Me Or Talk.

Such Is Fate. Interstate.

We Really Had No Place To Go.

Troopers Grabbed Us In An Hour Or So.

Said Boy. We Got It All On Video.

You Were The Wheel Man.

Don't Lie. We Know.

You Both Planned It From The Start.

Trial Took About Three Days.

Hanging Jury. Hanging Judge.

Public Pretender Defender.

Mormon All. Conviction Time.

Didn't Care Nor Mind What I Had To Say.

Non Mormon Mormon Killer Justice Ways.

Didn't Do No Good To Pray.

Sheriff. D.A. Judge. Jury. Smiled.

First The Verdict. Judgment.

Then The Trial. Condemned From The Start.

When Three Mormons Dead.

Mormon Justice Got No Heart.

Judge Said Son Don't Plead With Me.

Don't Beg. Moan. Whine.

You Just Got To Die.

You Ain't No Mormon Friend Of Mine.

If Possible. I Would Tell Them To Kill You At Least Three Times.

For Each Of Those Dead Mormon Three.

Wish I Could. As It Is We'll Just Kill You Once.

Put You Out Of Your Misery.

Just Call It Good.

When You Killed In Utah.

You Should Have Known We Would.

You Just Picked The Wrong State And God.

We Have A Practiced Firing Squad.

You Can't Ask For More.

We Will Let You Meet Your Utah Fate.

Cuff You To Our Fine Mormon Stake.

They Will Hit Your Marked Heart Bullseye.

Just Like We Did Gilmore.

So I Am Just Lying. Thinking. Waiting.

For My Last Utah Sun To Rise.

Collect My Mormon Justice Prize.

Beneath A Dark Blood Red Utah Moon.

Know For Sure. For Sure.

At Dawn I Am Done. Over. Finished. Doomed.

At Dawn I Die.

Listen To That Cold North Plains Wind Whisper.

Cry. To Such A Fool As I.

Tried. Tried. Tried. To Tell You Boy.

Don't Take That Utah Ride.