

Salt Lake City- Goodbye

Friday. 9:30 P.M. First week in June.

The weather has been hot and it suddenly turned cool making a pleasant change. The baking afternoon sun had converted the apartment into an oven. Rain is predicted for the whole weekend and snow at the higher altitudes. I will sleep under a blanket tonight.

Black clouds roll in from the Pacific in platoons. Each platoon takes about an hour to pass. During that time the winds gust and rattle the iron window frames. Then the sky clears and the next platoon of clouds comes into position.

There are only two seasons here: the cold and somewhat wet season and the hot and dry season. The cherry blossoms and the lilacs are long gone, but we haven't yet moved into the hot and dry.

The sky has green and purple streaks issuing from

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behind black curtains. There is a bit of red where the sun has set. There are flashes of distant lightning.

The city lights below me are now ablaze. I see the towers of The Temple. The State Capital is pale yellow. Ravel's Quartet in F Major is playing on the radio. Planes are landing and taking off. Soon I will be on one of them.

Goodbye Salt Lake. Goodbye West. You are beautiful but I can't live with you.

I have seen marvellous things. When asked I will tell about them.

You will find many lovers.