

## David Wilcox "Western Ridge"

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This is where the trail just disappears  
This is where their story ends  
No one knows where they went from here  
But I remember when they drank a toast  
To the route that no one else had tried

Working up along the western ridge  
Where the watershed divides  
Way up there, they found their  
Place in the sky

Around the fire, we told the tales  
Of how they'd cut it close before  
And wandered lost after the avalanche  
But stumbled back to camp at dawn

But now it's much too long to hold the hope  
The glacier ice can echo deep  
I thought, I felt a tug along the rope  
And it pulled me from my sleep

Working up along the western ridge  
Where the watershed divides  
Way up there, they found their  
Place in the sky

The air is clear and the ice is blue  
You can see from down below  
That curling up over the eastern side  
Is a silent plume of snow

Working up along the western ridge  
Where the watershed divides  
Way up there, they found their  
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