
Laura D. Card

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Homesteading

I spring from our dugout door,
shovel blade raised,
    Thrust
to sever fangs from coils;
    Leap
Two feet further
to snatch infant Lydia in
quaking aspen arms
from Payson dust,
    then stagger
into our one chair.

Last night a mouse
ran cross my face,
    then James’.

Not one week since
four-year-old Moroni
presented a tarantula
on a juniper branch.

    James shook
green scorpions from his
boot this morning
before plowing,
    not the first.

There was not such
in all green England
where we owned naught.

    Here we own
    faith
and 160 acres.
Writing Lesson, 1874, Great Basin
No Paper

Charcoal twigs
scrape across small palms—
letters
copied from torn scraps
of Deseret News
pasted with flour and water
onto slabs of wood.

The Garden of Sarah DeArmon Pea Rich

The call goes out to England,
“Bring seeds of snowball
and potato,
celery and hedgerow,
plum,
as seems you good.”

“We have
5,000 peach seedlings
ready to set out.”

Yet not one rose,
until she coaxed
Californian cuttings
into bud.

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