4-1-2000


Laura D. Card

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/re

BYU ScholarsArchive Citation


This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the All Journals at BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Religious Educator: Perspectives on the Restored Gospel by an authorized editor of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact scholarsarchive@byu.edu, ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu.
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.

Laura D. Card