



4-1-1983

Stranger

Donnell Hunter

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq>

 Part of the [Mormon Studies Commons](#), and the [Religious Education Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hunter, Donnell (1983) "Stranger," *BYU Studies Quarterly*. Vol. 23 : Iss. 2 , Article 7.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol23/iss2/7>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in *BYU Studies Quarterly* by an authorized editor of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact scholarsarchive@byu.edu, ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu.

Stranger

When the stranger came, asked
for bread, I said *Welcome*, told
the women bring linen, meat, fresh
melons, the finest dates, figs torn
from the valley floor. I knew
the tales: the widow's son, the old
man who touched her cruse of oil.

But the stranger ate in silence.
More Wine! I called the pantry
maid, *The best we always save
for last.* My guest pushed his plate
away, tugged at his tie, slipped back
into shoes beneath his chair, stood
up to leave. *Don't go!* I touched
his sleeve, held tight. *Stay the night.
Desert sands blow cold, pack hard
as stone.* He wrestled free. I reached
out again. *Wait! You forgot my name.*
He turned, face to face, his eyes
flames. My thigh burned hollow.
Too late. Alone, I listened to the wind.

—Donnell Hunter