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The Prophet

Clinton F. Larson

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The Prophet

Spencer W. Kimball

Miles of airlight surround the vale of morning,
 And earth as it turns its mountains easterly
 Carries sills of dawn into mists of dayspring,
 Or is he a text for the day, an explanation
 That articulates its edges like mencknese?
 Sun alights like a filament over his hand,
 Having floated from celestial aeries somewhere
 In memory's blue above a glossing twilight.
 With a shepherd's diligence he delivers vision
 In every conference as the matter of fact it is
 And turns it into lamb's wool for sheltering,
 Warm in snow or rain, to be worn unconsciously
 As a habit or condition of spirit to mind
 Its place, not only as covering, but as comfort
 For sensing the will of heavenly wind across
 Wavering hedge and heather of eternal Zion.
 And not a sound from him but the evocation
 Of a tremor of sun in his voice invoicing hues
 That sheet and murmur God's will as it rises
 Into song to be a testament through the portals
 Of inspiration. Here meadows of warming words
 Flourish the sun in them as breezes smooth
 To melody. Messianic is he and of pure intent,
 Who goes unerringly among mankind, who think
 Him godly fine.

—Clinton F. Larson

Clinton F. Larson is a professor of English and poet in residence at Brigham Young University.