



1-1-1988

# Emmaus

Cara M. Bullinger

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## Recommended Citation

Bullinger, Cara M. (1988) "Emmaus," *BYU Studies Quarterly*: Vol. 28 : Iss. 1 , Article 6.  
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol28/iss1/6>

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## Emmaus

Cleopas, it was he who stirred  
The dying coals to flame.  
Did his words not burn within you  
As they always did and (now we know)  
Always will? Shadows of our grief  
Veiled him from our sight, but his words  
Glowed in the oncoming night, and we forgot  
The dark, the wild dogs barking in the sunset.  
His presence was like the wind he described  
To Nicodemus; it touches one as though  
It were a brother. We know where  
He came from, but oh, Cleopas,  
Where does he wander now?  
Through fields of evening light turning  
Rows of grain beyond these brown hills  
Dry of rain? See there, in that tree flaming  
With the evening's last light, a dove cries  
Softly by the road we take.

—Cara M. Bullinger