Old Language

Dawn Baker Brimley

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

Recommended Citation

Brimley, Dawn Baker (1995) "Old Language," BYU Studies Quarterly: Vol. 35 : Iss. 1 , Article 9. Available at: https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol35/iss1/9

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.
Old Language

We canyoned in early, on wheels, and now have little time, we think; but sandstone pulses red on all sides and the town, the business of the town, trails off like a lost thought.

Here is a place of memory. A small boat streams and arrows us in deep where sacred datura seeps on the shoulders of the water and a salamander like an icon bronzes in orange clay, orange light.

At last the boat hushes, slows and brushes cathedral walls of the Anasazi and the Fremont, one of which spirited seven figures here, imagined them large, draped them sparely, hammered or blooded them into life, floated or angled them in mystery.

We have a few hours here. Box elder trees tendril the walls, hanging like unspoken words; an old wind breathes on the water. Light flares high on the paintings, the sun of another near-nighttime, another arrival back and inward on the river, in the slickrock, in the heart of all that is changed but must not change in this land that glides us through our deepest dreams.

—Dawn Baker Brimley

Dawn Baker Brimley won second place in the BYU Studies Poetry Contest.