The Mantle

Dennis Smith

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

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol12/iss3/9

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.
The Mantle

A Poem and a Sculpture

By

Dennis Smith*

*Dennis Smith is a Mormon artist, born and reared in Alpine, Utah. He has studied at Brigham Young University and the Royal Academy of Art in Copenhagen.
The Mantle

Box-found khaki
hanging in my hands;
empty jacket
of my mother’s little brother.

Cold metal emblems
fastened still to the collar
by little brass pinchers.
There is lint and sand
on the pocket bottoms.
And blood-red bars
sewn on the sleeve.

Grown-up uncle,
where have you gone?
For at grandpa’s
down by the stagnant frog pond,
the swing hangs silent
which you built.

And suddenly
I feel the fear
which comes at night
when the doors are closed,
and I can hear the muffled
grownup voicing,
and cannot understand—
knowing only the black corners,
and afraid.