Accountable Emily

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Accountable Emily

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A muggy Sunday, windows opened onto the pine grove. The congregation awaits soothing winds to wring moisture from their locks. Accountable Emily, age eight, Dreams of Gothic spires and silver domes, Disregards the glossy white tiles with chipped corners. She has learned of manna, Passover, the plates golden In black earth, mysterious elevator shafts. Sabbath. A Hebrew word. Emily presses the embossed organ pipes On a navy blue hymnbook, wonders If the water will be warm, imagines Drowning. Buried in white baptismal clothes, Her feet fading purple, pain-earned ringlets smashed In wet strands against her neck. Then remembrance of the Gift, The Comforter, the Holy Ghost. Will I be a saint? she whispers. Her mother nods, Emily sighs, her name is called.

Helen Walker Jones is a poet living in Salt Lake City.