Poem for Thomas Morgan (after attending a temple session)

Randall L. Hall

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Poem for Thomas Morgan  
(after attending a temple session)

Since this morning, Thomas Morgan, 
When I stood and spoke your words 
I have been wondering about your children 
In the quiet, gentle dusk—

Did you hold them on your knee?

Did pleasure kindle in your wife 
To hear you speak her name, unplanned?

What subtle tuggings were the sweetest to your soul? 
What baubles lingered longest in your hand?

Did you chill with joy 
When light and water glowed and tangled in your sight?

How often did you pause to see the fields of grain 
Bend lovely in the wind 
Or watch small birds in tufted flight?

Ah, Thomas Morgan, 
I have been wondering

What did you see, or sense, or say 
When I stood in white and spoke for you today?

—Randall L. Hall

Randall L. Hall is a poet living in Orem, Utah.