

# Nauvoo

Twilight on the water, and in the west the hallows  
Of a newer England, where wisteria blooms  
As suddenly as spring. Swallows rouse the sun  
To the flickering of shadows, and an ending.  
Joseph lay across the shadow of Ephraim and the fallow  
Light of the river. Sorrow ranged in the whispering  
Of townsmen who walked nearby to encumber the silence  
Of death, to raise it in a memory of light far west  
As the memory of sun. The temple stone was sun  
In the glory of remembrance, when Michael came  
In the fantasy of truth to remember Eden.  
Eden was here, before the bright martyrdom,  
When Joseph fell from a window in his suffering  
And dying. Nauvoo is kept in silence  
Now; the dismal streets fold into shadows,  
Where memory disappears. But what remains  
Is the western trail, where he will be taken  
In the descendency of his older brother  
To rise into the shadows of the sun, into the veils  
Of tomorrow. Remember tomorrow, he might say,  
As the stone reflects the permanence of belief.  
The sun is later there, settling far west,  
Remembering them, in the descendency of time,  
In Nauvoo again, streets of legend once again,  
And temples that reach further back in memory,  
Into old belief made new again, in Zurich  
And the East, in Germany and Palestine,  
In Zion once again: Nauvoo.

— Clinton F. Larson