

Far West

It's hard to imagine five thousand Saints in this place
Where wind whips sloping hills and fallow fields.

All that's left are four temple cornerstones embedded
In the middle of nowhere, like the opposite of tombs.

Could this really have been Church headquarters
For two years, like a missionary come and gone?

If I said *desolate*, you wouldn't think of the spot
Where tithing was revealed or where Sidney Rigdon

Delivered his famous Fourth of July oration. No,
The Restoration clearly moved on from this place,

Much farther west, unfurling across plains and
Mountains to terrains and truths only prophets could

Envision. Perhaps that's a metaphor: what was once
Far away is no longer distant. God works that way,

Coaxing us beyond the boundaries of the known.
We think *globe*, He thinks *galaxy*. His dreams are

Grander than our dreams. Not the Midwest, Far
West, or even West Coast, but worlds without number.

Don't be myopic, the four stones sing in silent harmony.
Immortality is a prairie on a continent called Eternity.

—Isaac James Richards