

Biography

When I was a boy, and the glory of the Lord
burned blue and bright as day,
when angels swam in the plasma of my eyes,
stood in clear pools like children,
unsandaled, joyful in their bellies,
when I was a young man, and the glory of the Lord
snapped above me like the sails of a ship,
and angels buzzed like gnats above my head,
hummed sweet wax down the whorls of my ears
to keep me in a straight course,
when I was a man, and the glory of the Lord
paled like cold fire west-fallen behind cloud,
when angels blew from my shoulder and face
the veil of ash that fell,
when I slept,
when I'd have doubted,
when they lifted my lids to visions,
when I grew old, and died, and the glory of the Lord
spread wide and gold as leaves,
Angels bore me lightly away,
And I became a boy, blue and bright as day.

—Lon R. Young

This poem won second place in the BYU Studies 2011 poetry contest.