

## Bronze Rubbing

In Warwick, a blonde knelt solemnly on stone,  
Took a crayon from her purse, unrolled a scroll  
Of paper over a bronze plaque as if a soul  
Were ready there, in its gravure, to atone  
For centuries of pious languor and the drone  
Of centuries of liturgy over it. The shoal  
Of heaven rose in leafing gold almost whole  
For fact and intimation as she seemed to hone  
Edge and demarcation for slightest bas relief.  
It is surprising how the soul, in its latency,  
Will rise to meet a godly art of golden leaf  
That appears in disciplines of golden tendency.  
Dusty, dull, the lowly bronze was immortality  
As much as then achieved, and time an immorality

If it should dull much more. See medieval young  
Cluster at a grave of stone, weeping for a friend  
Of light, that he passed away so simply, his end  
Not thought of, that he was so quickly sung  
To sleep when he, blanching into death, wrung  
A twist of sacramental cloth that could not lend  
Relief, being musty dry and less with which to fend  
For being worn from old devotions. God, who hung  
As if in samite, would know that loss and prize  
The ritual. What springs then from this gravure  
But gold and effigy? And as the spirit tries  
The centuries, it keeps its latency of lustre.  
See in the rubbing on the wall how the lure  
Of spirit moves as leafing suns there cluster,  
  
Haloing, beyond the pale of dimming time.

—Clinton F. Larson

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