

Clocks Have Not Stopped

Earth still pirouettes around the sun.
Big Dipper still points north.
Mother, you taught
as if each of us were the only one,
left us north, south, east, west
but hid your compass in a dot-to-dot sky.
Left us stunned but still hiking, searching
early mornings for nautilus shells.

—Norma S. Bowkett

*This poem won first place in the BYU Studies
2009 poetry contest.*