

Emma Smith Speaks Her Piece

I asked you not to go
But someone got there first
With other words
As they so often do;
So now I speak my piece.

Please, forgive
A wife's proclivity for last words
And fond distrust of those
Who dream
Without sleeping.

Please know
Of all my pains
None is more exquisite than
That inflicted by
This understanding: the only
Reward God gives a true prophet
Is the vision.

In the end
Nothing of this world
Was yours to keep,
Not even the mantle.

And please know, too,
That I was less jealous
Of other handmaidens
Than I was of
Other voices.

—Thomas Asplund

Thomas Asplund, formerly a member of the faculty of law, Queens University, Kingston, Ontario, Canada, has passed away. Final preparation of this poem for publication was made by the editors.