

Fire in Winter

Randall L. Hall

Being, perhaps, the first upon the town
This winter morning
I find the snow lies undisturbed, in holiness.

I watch the slow smoke
Rising from the early morning fires.
I see my breath
That drifts in disappearing clouds upon the air.

Soon the sun will kindle tiny fires in the frost,
Brilliant little prisms flaming in the light.

The sun itself
Will burn the sky around it
To a paler blue.

And all day long
The patient fire of the rushes
Rusting in the winter sun
Will smolder in the snow.

How richly embered—
All this fire on a winter's day
That, like the deep-flamed fire of the Holy Ghost,
Burns warmly in the whiteness of this world.

Randall L. Hall is a curriculum writer for the LDS Church Education System, Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. This poem was published in a volume of poems entitled *Mosaic*, for which he was named Poet of the Year for Utah in 1979 by the Utah State Poetry Society.