

Fondest Dream

(For Bruce R. McConkie)

Although body invaded: carnivorous cells,
spirit, still slick clean,
hoisted flesh to the pulpit.

I saw electricity arrange itself
to your image:
face, death-drawn, unadjustable
by the twist of a knob,
and words
that drained out mechanical;
but lost nothing in the translation.

Your message: atonement;
when with every reason
to have thought fall
the cruelest of seasons,
disguising decay behind color;
or, beneath linen's cover, surrendered
until wasted cold.

But each morning, dressed;
you, stretched out like Lazarus,
waiting for a public moment
to say: I have known faith . . .
and still believe;
with tears
that might have been for many reasons,
but none so lasting
as to wet Heaven's feet.

—R. Blain Andrus