

Holy Places

I watch the sunset from the corner
of Country Mill and Western Drive
and note how rooflines echo Frary Peak
on Antelope Island—bent pyramids
black against the sky and rimmed
with light like glowing magma.

These homes are little mountains of the Lord,
hollows filled with congregants
who follow daily ritual—eat, sleep,
breathe, read, pray, succor, sacrifice,
speak key words from memory
again and again and again,

and when one forgets, another whispers
cues into inclined ear, restoring the rhythm.
All are connected by lines of light,
tethered to a central point
so as day draws down and wraps
shadow around and between them,

they are not alone. God, who knows
what grows or crumbles within,
holds all loose threads in hand
and pulls them taut, thrums them
like the strings of an instrument
to fill His temples with music.

—Merrijane Rice

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