

Midori's Eyes

And he [Morianton] did do justice unto the people, but not unto himself because of his many whoredoms. . . .

And it came to pass that Morianton built up many cities, and the people became exceedingly rich under his reign, both in buildings, and in gold and silver, and in raising grain, and in flocks, and herds. . . .

And Morianton did live to an exceedingly great age. . . .

Ether 10:11-13

It is an evening for old men such as I—
Warm and languorous, scented with blossoms.
The waning sunlight is adrift with gold
And perfumed oils linger on my skin.
Birds of stunning colors float unrestrained upon the breezes
Like drifting ornaments of ease.

It is an evening rich with memories and longing
For I have been a warrior, and a king and builder,
A lover of the people
And Midori's eyes.

From this wide porch above the city
I see the rising grain in white fields of abundance,
The flocks and herds grow fat upon the pleasant hills.
The fading sun illuminates the gold and silver
We have placed upon our buildings to delight the eyes.
There is dance and music for the heart,
And the sweet, alluring memory of fair Midori.

It was her touch and beckoning
That drew me first toward illicit burnings
Those who followed were beguiling shadows
Fading in the still unequaled and consuming fire of Midori's eyes.

Yet, perhaps it is the memory of her eyes,
That brings a shadow of uneasiness
So intertwined with flickerings of my approaching death.

—Randall L. Hall