

The Prophet

Spencer W. Kimball

Miles of airlight surround the vale of morning,
And earth as it turns its mountains easterly
Carries sills of dawn into mists of dayspring,
Or is he a text for the day, an explanation
That articulates its edges like menckenese?
Sun alights like a filament over his hand,
Having floated from celestial aeries somewhere
In memory's blue above a glossing twilight.
With a shepherd's diligence he delivers vision
In every conference as the matter of fact it is
And turns it into lamb's wool for sheltering,
Warm in snow or rain, to be worn unconsciously
As a habit or condition of spirit to mind
Its place, not only as covering, but as comfort
For sensing the will of heavenly wind across
Wavering hedge and heather of eternal Zion.
And not a sound from him but the evocation
Of a tremor of sun in his voice invoicing hues
That sheet and murmur God's will as it rises
Into song to be a testament through the portals
Of inspiration. Here meadows of warming words
Flourish the sun in them as breezes smooth
To melody. Messianic is he and of pure intent,
Who goes unerringly among mankind, who think
Him godly fine.

—Clinton F. Larson