

Walking Home from School

Cold black asphalt
hits each step
as I stretch upward,
away from sunset
to mountains alternating
shadows and light
among pines.

Each day the same,
or part of one long day
leading home above
the Salt Lake Temple.

It's late.

From our chimney rises
a streak of gray smoke,
a string from which our home
suspends in darkness.

My mother moves rhythmically
against the blurred window
in our kitchen,
baking wheat bread.

Her hand reaching up,
wiping away steam,
frees light from the window,
to speak again
in our street.

—William Powley