

What Her Missionary Son's Letter Didn't Say

Rain hangs in the air.
Even my underwear feels wet.

I listen to the tapping fingertips
of the bodies of bugs hitting netting
at night. Gray water. Bare floors.

My companion is
around.

The people
are more real
than anyone I've ever met—
than you, maybe,
in that long-ago world.

My companion won't sing.
This is the rainy season.

—Darlene Young

This poem tied for first place in the 2021 Clinton F. Larson Poetry Contest, sponsored by BYU Studies.