

White Birds

Randall L. Hall

My eyes slowly arc the humps of hills
Drawing right to left,
Alighting on a freshly reddened barn,
Strong-boarded resting place for birds.
Three white birds then lift themselves
From the redness deep as that born in the eyes of tears
Into a sky of three shades blue.
Three white birds flutter up
Then glide across the arcs and humps of hills.

My heart flies three white birds inward
With tokens of regret upon their wings
More slender and more delicate than doves,
With thin, sad voices stretching farther
Than the upward eyes of prophets.
Their cries are haunting phantoms
Their cries are pain.

Yet gradually, with weary spans of wings,
These birds persist past pain,
Until, scorching suddenly the remnant tokens of regret,
They move like three white suns that flame out clean!

and glory to the Father,
reverence to the Son,
with gratitude unto the Holy Ghost

Who flow eternally in quorum
Who flow eternally in rounds
Like three white birds
Rising.

Randall L. Hall is a curriculum writer for the LDS Church Education System, Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. This poem was published in a volume of poems entitled *Mosaic*, for which he was named Poet of the Year for Utah in 1979 by the Utah State Poetry Society.