

IN MY MIND'S EYE

Mark Bennion—Department of English

Look, the pioneers
stagger down Parley Street,
holding their children's faces
against the husks of their bodies,
stroking faith
into cheeks of innocence and cold,
the hunkered manes of horses
shoulder
over the collar
of Mississippi ice, and everyone
crossing, no matter who he is
or what she might become,
will temporarily go unknown.
This moment,
all that I consider
or ever hope for,
circles back to that leaving:
the wet loss and heavy
plod, the savage mud through Iowa,
and the waiting, the waiting
for spring to take them
to the valley of salt
they barely knew existed.
To remember the bones and china
given along the journey,
I must look again at the history
I've come to know
and steady for the watchman's voice,
this voice that pierces the past
and blesses my own.