Poetry 155

Reason Stares

Emily Harris Adams

Brigham is boiling inside at the audacity of the prophet who said that God was once a man.

Eliza sits and thinks of the greatness of it all: the potential of man.

That men are children of God, and like true heirs of their Father, they will become all that He is.

Brigham grasps desperate fingers around his still-new faith, a faith made suddenly slippery with doubt.

The faith that has been her sustenance through the miles and marches, the violence and violations to mind and body, swells within her, healing the doubts that came riding on the heels of the mobs.

If God was a man, then, but to Brigham this thought is almost too horrible to think, then man could become a God. If God was once a man, then man could become a God. Her smile has not faded when suddenly, her jaw drops as reason leads her to the inevitable conclusion.

No, the thought makes reason stare. For Brigham has seen no man who could ever be a God.

Truth is reason,
Truth Eternal tells her:

If King Follet had not died, if Joseph Smith had not spoken at King's funeral, Lorenzo's little couplet would not have come back to haunt Brigham. And Brigham knows this will indeed be a haunting wrestle with mind and soul to make himself believe.

That woman can become a God too.