

# HAGIOGRAPHY

*Leonard Tourney*

Her songs — those that I remember —  
Were of the flight and winter crossing,  
The wagons and sick children,  
Of death, burial, and leaving  
One husband, till the Universal Easter,  
Lodged in the prairie's numb crust;  
And of herself sick and bearing  
The burden of premature age,  
Waiting expectantly in the womb  
Of the great laboring wagon  
Through whose ripped canvas  
She occasionally saw the articulate stars.