

The Mormon Missionaries

Who knows what day
they keep as the Sabbath?
You can see them almost any day
come dusty down the middle
of the streets,
as if they were afraid
of gates and sidewalks.
In their Brutus haircuts,
clean white shirts and ties,
they seem to give the lie
to their gentle Bibles,
tucked in their stern arms.
I have seen them march so
through towns where their
Gabriel-scented tongues were strange,
clipping names to their boards,
intransigent as sirens.
They know no questions
that were not formed
in the tongues of prophets.
They know no death
that has not been redeemed
in Jesus' flesh.
They are certain as the still movement
of birds' wings caught in God's air.
Ah, if we,
searching for that undiscovered point,
could stand as steady as these witnesses,
as chosen as they,
as lost as we.