THOMAS F. ROGERS

Limbs

. . . For Christ plays in ten thousand places, Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his To the Father through the features of men's faces. —Gerard Manley Hopkins

With her weak left hand Rachel measured the mandrakes For Jacob's tea.

But we must pass over, From point of pain to point of pain, From frail left to mighty right wing.

Each with her deception: Mother Sarah loosed Ishmael, Mother Rebekah Esau, Mother Rachael her sister's sons.

> But for us there is no loosening. The pain must penetrate, enter the palm, Break through to open sky. No dalliance. No half measures.

Later the Children Went a whoring after strange gods And kings.

> For us no such carefree ostentation. We raise the hand in greeting, But no one sees the hidden scar.

The schoolmaster instructed them How to walk and where to turn And on what days.

THOMAS F. ROGERS, professor of Russian at Brigham Young University, is also well known as a playwright in the Mormon community, the author of Reunion and Huebener.

But for us no prodding, no penalty prescribea Only the double sureness As, welding arms at points of pain, We bring each other forward

Till, standing in the mist, Wrestling, like Jacob his angel, With cut, disjointed knee, We fall and . . .

By the ram's horn The walls of Jericho were leveled And never again the same.

> . . . face the One And, brought to embrace, Find the words and calmly smile.

Because we did not please that world too much with us But in our constant reaching, our strangeness and solitude, Took his path. . .

A crooked path made straight.

. . .and bore his pain.

Now, linked together, sealed, A seemless garment, Clasped by those who love us, No longer strangers,

We bear his many names— Counselor, Prince of Peace, Brother, Son, Omniscient Father, Author of fathomless Light and Love—

"And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, Or, to return from following after thee: For whither thou goest I will go."

And find both him and them Our natural Home.