

# Embroideries

*Joyce Ellen Davis*

In this small room  
the bishop sits like God  
Himself  
broad farmer face upon  
a red neck shining out of his  
collar like Moses' face  
at Sinai  
red ears burning  
like the bush

he asks  
in his farmer's voice  
if I am pure  
a princess in Zion

Oh how the fires of Sinai  
consume the world's unblemished  
lambs firstlings  
without spot or broken  
bone  
My illuminated blemishes are  
new embroideries  
evident as Hawthorne's Prynne's  
a hyaline film emerging  
on my breast

another room  
another ceiling shadowed curtains open  
your eyes your hands in the hard dark  
your mouth breathing on mine  
Andy Williams crooning *moon river*  
from a portable radio  
your eyes your hands your mouth  
*wherever you're going*  
the voice sings  
wherever you're going  
wherever where ever

I burn under the bishop's  
farmer eyes  
with prised fires fierce  
as Sinai's.

---

*JOYCE ELLEN DAVIS, a graduate in theater arts from the University of Utah, won the Utah Arts Council's first publication grant with her novel Chrysalis. Married and the mother of five sons, she confesses to "a passion for books, Bach, nachos, and Marvin (not necessarily in that order)."*