

All My Silent Midnight Hours

Lisa Bolin Hawkins

Things just get worse.
Which heavenly linoleum stripe
Leads to universal Emergency?
The resident angel could scour my soul.
I'll settle for a strong narcotic —
A few centuries of oblivion might be
 just what the doctor ordered.
Wake me when Judgment Day is over;
 the suspense is killing me.
By creating me eternal, you left me no escape.
So which way to intensive care
For a premature queen and priestess
With a testimony of all of it but herself?

LISA BOLIN HAWKINS has published poetry in Exponent II, Ensign, and Sunstone, and is working on a play and two picture books. She and her husband, Alan, have two children.



SPENCER W. KIMBALL, 1895-1985