

Joseph Smith, Sr., Dreams of His Namesake

Michael Hicks

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And the boy, the milky angel said,
will be like the wild rain
that shatters the crops and spins the brittle stalks
end upon end.

The crescents of his eyes
will scythe the slanted hay,
sever and heap,
sever and heap,
and the trunks of his arms
heave the nations over his back.

With a book he will hoe the earth,
break the stiff stone cities.
Each page will sift the debris of continents
while kings plant their coins in his steps
and rake his fields with their crowns.

And the farmer spoke into the night cloud,
When shall these things be?

When the sun's petals close
and the moon sags like a plum against the hills
and the stars drop like seeds
into the black soil of the universe.