

Recollections from an Ex

Karen Marguerite Moloney

*mused in several voices
to the tune of tinkling cymbals*

It wasn't like she didn't blend right in.
In fact, based on the type of clothes she wore,
People always figured she was from Salt Lake.
Her skirts were long enough, that's for sure.

(Those missionaries may remember her
As the girl who wore the shortest skirts,
But that was before Apostle Whozit went
To Long Beach Stake and told them to repent.

Since then her wardrobe's never been the same.
She knew the Church had standards — but she claimed
Until his talk she'd simply never dreamed
That modesty was measured by the inch.)

Then, too, she's not exactly tan and blond,
And she really does know lots about the gospel,
Thanks I guess to all those months of meetings
When she tried to prove it wrong. Face it.

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There she was, wanting twenty kids and a farm
In Heber Valley. So it wasn't that.
And I must admit she had her share of charm.
Really — it was all so much more . . . subtle.

I think of Granddad, how we worked all summer
Side by side under Paragonah sun.
That's where *I* learned the gospel. A year
Busy at BYU just can't compare.

After all, it wasn't me who pointed out
The closest thing she had to anyone
Who crossed the plains was her father:
Left Illinois, *Chicago*, for Balboa Beach

A year before the start of World War II —
By *car*. Take Hartman Rector: don't quote me, but
That convert's never seemed to have the depth
And wisdom that the other Brethren do.

What kind of mother do you think she'll make?
She'd be an asset in the mission field.
It's just that, somehow, a convert didn't square
With dreams that don't dissolve into thin air.