

The Statue of Brigham Young at South Temple and Main, Salt Lake City

Michael Hicks

The cupping hand cradles the winds
that whirl like crickets
beneath the swoop of traffic lamps.
The legs like stumps of pillars
tread down Indians and trappers
on the granite pulpit
that fastens these highways
to the vast plain of salt.
This is the ore that presides
in the shape of a man:
the law perches on his lips,
the gull-cry hovers in his ear,
the arm reaches down a clean path
between the priests and moneychangers,
above which the sky
holds its breath
at the astonishing balance.