

# The Right Place

*Sally Stratford*

*"But believing that it might become a healthy place  
by the blessing of heaven to the saints,  
and no more eligible place presenting itself,  
I considered it wisdom to make an attempt to build up a city."  
—Joseph Smith*

Not one has made it.  
Trout launch out of Snake Creek,  
flipping through the air,  
vaulting up the waterfall,  
falling back into the foam.  
I've been watching them for an hour.  
It's November and the leaves  
are dissolving on the ground.

Late tonight, one will make it.  
She'll burst out of the water,  
the moonlight leaking through the trees  
catching her in the air, a flash of silvery skin.  
She'll struggle up to the right place.  
To clear water, gravel, and oxygen.  
Dig a pocket and drop her eggs,  
a spill of beads.