

Multi-Level Marketing

R. A. Christmas

You may not appreciate this but
 I once ran into Hugh Nibley—
 at Smith’s market in Provo—
 you know, the guy who wrote all
 that deep stuff about the Book of
 Mormon, and how the Egyptians
 had temple ceremonies just like us. . . .
 Haven’t you read *any* of them?

Anyway, I was shopping—I’d just
 turned down this all but deserted
 aisle—when lo! Nibley unmistakable
 (I’d seen him at BYU)—he’s ninety
 at least—just two twinkling eyes
 in this shrunken (pre-mummified?)
 body. I ran to get my boys—they
 were over in videos, as usual.

“Who’s Hugh Nibley?” “I’ll tell ya later.”
 Well, he was still there, looking for I
 forget what—we helped him while
 I did the introductions. And he was totally
gracious. Finally I said, “I’m so-and-
 so the poet” (as if he’d know); but
 all he said, as he shuffled off, was, “Ah!
 Poetry! We need more of that!”

(We do?)