

## What Rocks Know

*Clifton Holt Jolley*

Before Joseph Smith saw God, he had this pretty thought that you can know the world by putting your face in a hat to look at a rock. Which makes sense if you think about it, since a rock is able to know what rocks know; especially a good rock, and even inferior stone: enough to keep a rock rock, to keep any pebble what is most likely for it to be.

That's probably what Joseph Smith meant: we are tossing, we are coming to one kind of trouble or another, always squinting at the sun, always trying to become. Which is not a trick tried by granite or flint or slate, which may have been Joseph's point: what you see in a hat is dark, still: the band, the felt, the mineral.

What you hear in a hat is least of all the voice of God, but the beginning of His voice: the silence before the sound, as the dark before His face. And ultimately: the captain's treasure which young Joe Smith eventually found: gold. A golden book, and an angel to deliver language above ground. Which is what comes from looking blind into your hat sufficient to unwinding from the dark

a sight of God. I'm not saying so, except to think: what a pretty story

to believe the game of Joseph Smith, the boy-not-yet-a-prophet finding water, treasure, and a decent living in upstate off-road New York.

I'm not saying what he saw or did not. Except: there was water there,

which no one argues. And eventually treasure, as several witnesses said.

And it doesn't take a Mormon to know the price of gold, the weight