Poetry 143

If Joseph Smith Had Been Born in California Theric Jepson

The angel met him once every four years in what is now the Ina Coolbrith Park.

The first time digging them up took longer than the angel had anticipated.

José did not have to dig deeper, no, but broader, much broader. The plates had moved. They found the stone box a full four vara north of where he had left it. And the box had split, the rocks crumbled into gravel.

The sword of Laban, ruined, as were the Urim and Thummim. The plates themselves were folded like a paperback in the rain.