

Circles and Lines

Dalene Rowley

A ring of women
Spontaneously gathered round
Willing hands outstretched
Gently pulling, untwisting, unbraiding
Strands of gold, blue, brunette
Tales of motherhood, neighborhood, sisterhood
Spilling forth as a spring of fresh mountain waters
Among friends and strangers soon-to-be-friends
Gathered round to serve a sister
Who needed 200 tiny braids unwound
One Sabbath Eve

A ring of men
Circled round tradition
Willing hands outstretched
Bouncing babies
Pronouncing blessings
Bestowing the gift of the Holy Ghost
Extending lines of Priesthood power
Down through the ages

Though one, perhaps more formal,
Has a name
I doubt not for one moment
The power of the other
Also borne of eternity
Nor do I doubt its source
For I am healed
empowered
lifted
merely by being witness