

Emma Stands at Her Doorway: Nauvoo, 1846

Abby Parcell

Rinse out the rag while you stand at the door; there is no more
ripe fruit at this point in the season. Those wagons that
rise on the opposite bank are filled with what they hope won't rot. A
risk to stay or to go, but what goes are
rituals that brought you in and left you out, made you a
rival. They will build their own kind of empire, as the
river crossing ends another. A boundary, but not a fixed one. You are
robed in your choice, weary of the
romance of all things new, aching to
root by this river and rest.

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