

Discretion

Joseph Morgan

Watching the boy rage into being
I recall the parting restraints
Arranged through infancy ascending
Through tantrum to disenchantment
With earthly fathers to loftier faults
Setting oneself abreast and ahead
With raiments cast in the sides of the north
O by this light do not wrong him he is
Too scrupulous that way it is his vice
No I am no prophet I just know this
Travail behind maturity is so well traced
It passes through far countries clambering
Up yon distant mountain
To prospect for oneself and Christ

JOSEPH MORGAN {ijamesmorgan8340@gmail.com} was born in Eastern Idaho and following his mission chose to make Idaho Falls his home. Between the time committed to his family, his faith, and his work as an agricultural advisor, he cultivated his own private love of literature and taught himself to write as well as he could. His writing tries to offer an answer to what poetry, a poetry of Idaho, and a Mormon poetry might be.