

Toward Manti

Kathryn R. Ashworth

My son, peace be unto thy soul. . . .
Doctrine and Covenants 121:7

Here, where the ripe wheat waves and rustles
In wide sheets across the valley floor,
Where winds that cut between the mountains pour
Rolling light upon the slanting tassels,
Where our shadows pass across the dust and thistles
Cooling by the quiet road once more
As we listen to the wind behind, before,
And feel the cry of locomotive whistles,

Here the hidden mourning dove pronounces
Three low tones, and here we rest,
The wind upon the poplars till they fall,
The world we measure out in pounds and ounces,
This world that swings the sun from east to west,
Pausing when we hear the dove's low call.

Kathryn R. Ashworth is a wife, mother, and published poet.