The Taciturn Phylactery

Death,
The taciturn phylactery,
Lies calmly in a sparrow's shape
Along the road.

A quickening breeze tugs gently At small tufts of feathers: Gray and brown, And eases through the sunlit trees Above the grass and purple flowers.

The air, so ripe with peace And cleansed by careful glory, Is trembling with holiness So recently Thine eyes were resting on this place.

-Randall L. Hall

Randall L. Hall is a curriculum writer for the LDS Church Educational System, Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.