

## Elizabeth to Zacharias

barely heard Mary's steps outside,  
For she moves like a light wind  
Through leaves. She blooms—  
A desert flower in time of rain.  
Her eyes are bluer than I remember;  
They are the blue of a sky beyond the one  
We know. I heard her young voice  
Calling me as doves call the morning.  
I dropped the bread dough on the table  
And rose to meet her.  
I stood still, for our child moved  
Beneath my wrinkled hands. I felt the pulse  
Of Moses and Abraham. The promises live within us,  
The priesthood moves in our dark sanctums,  
A glimmer of prophets' words in the night  
Of my coming age and the centuries of wandering  
Our people shall know.

—Cara Bullinger