

## Rabbi, Where Dwellest Thou?

John 1:38

Beyond the far hill, past the ridge of light,  
approaching the silvered clip of bird song  
and the repose of olive trees at night,  
close to the moth-eaten, a few furlongs  
from the line of common wares and chatter,  
the mired janglings, the trumpeting fasts,  
swelling wine vats, winds of sweet savour,  
by the stuttering and stolen, the grass-  
hoppers and calves, frankincense and frontlets,  
between the gum and thorn of acacia,  
among branch and root, torment and regret,  
in the command and cloak of Elisha,  
facing the wilderness and Galilee.  
Gird yourself as we go, come and see.

—Mark D. Bennion

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This poem won third place in the BYU Studies 2012 poetry contest.