

# Fondest Dream

(For Bruce R. McConkie)

Although body invaded: carnivorous cells,  
spirit, still slick clean,  
hoisted flesh to the pulpit.

I saw electricity arrange itself  
to your image:  
face, death-drawn, unadjustable  
by the twist of a knob,  
and words  
that drained out mechanical;  
but lost nothing in the translation.

Your message: atonement;  
when with every reason  
to have thought fall  
the cruelest of seasons,  
disguising decay behind color;  
or, beneath linen's cover, surrendered  
until wasted cold.

But each morning, dressed;  
you, stretched out like Lazarus,  
waiting for a public moment  
to say: I have known faith . . .  
and still believe;  
with tears  
that might have been for many reasons,  
but none so lasting  
as to wet Heaven's feet.

—R. Blain Andrus