

## What If I'd Not Been Raised to Know You?

I think I would have noticed. You call to me in pluckings  
of strings in the dark, in salty seaweed and woodsmoke  
and crickets and even the traffic. I would hear, I think.  
I'd find you in my own breath, in the 3 a.m. street-  
light on my pillow, the tug of a baby latched on my breast.  
I'd feel you in the heartswell of a choir of others who seek you,  
the skinny young Orthodox Jew I saw davening  
in his car in the parking lot, the old man bowing over soup  
at the diner. The teenage church boys pant as they shovel  
the holy snow from the driveways of the widows on my street  
making the din of Zion, the same song sung in AA meetings  
or at Stonehenge, and I am not tone deaf. I would turn  
my head. I would have scented you on the wind.

—Darlene Young

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This poem was a finalist in the 2023 BYU Studies poetry contest.