



THE FORGOTTEN

BY SHARMAN TULLIS GILL

My ancestors fled persecution
and followed with a faith greater
than I can imagine.

They joined other Saints
pushing and pulling to a mountain
valley of saltwater and sage.

But before the unforgotten
reached their Promised Land,
many froze in early snows;
they all wept at graves,
they all prayed.

My comforts spill
about me—careless and consuming.
I labor to remember
that I journey too.