

# TRAVELING LIGHT

By Sharon Price Anderson

*Chariots of Israel,  
fire hidden in wood  
of handcart wheels,  
churn the dust,  
rut the rock,  
toil in heat and cold.  
Wet from yet another  
crossing of the Platte,  
they are bent to round  
Zion bound.*

*Those who go leave  
all but seventeen  
pounds of poverty  
carefully weighed.  
Each ounce considered,  
they abandon offense,*

*desert regret,  
lessen their load,  
hastening the trail  
a thousand miles  
where oxen pulled.*

*Evening river  
and western sky glow  
gold as a pillar of faith,  
their vision of hope.*

*Igniting a legacy, they  
muscle the mountains,  
venture the road.  
Campfires of a hundred  
days mark the way  
we will follow,  
traveling light.*