



FINDING CUMORAH

Manchester County, New York, 1823

BY NANI LII S. FURST

Late September
washes a season's green
beyond field and village
and age seventeen;
only leaves rinsed in afterglow
stir at Joseph's homespun
passing.

He once knelt in
April grove,
drenched with that glory
of Father and Son.

Then summer
wove roots through
his harrowed soul
as those parched by mockery
claimed the heavens
closed.

Autumn wind
shimmers into the trees,
quickenning vision
of his pending task;
these hands will
lift voices
silenced by stone,
fullness like morning
tide gathering
home.