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### Lehi's Dream

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## Lehi's Dream

I sleep to murmur and cracked wheat.  
My eyes half-open, kaffiyeh rolled back,  
lamp on and trimming, the goats and camels  
spin away. My tent door unfolds  
onto the valley of Lemuel's venting.  
A wind rushes forward, sifts the chaff  
of my resistance. I walk on a trail  
of yucca and stone. Low clouds cover  
the noonday sun, and I keep moving  
beside a green river, beside a tar fountain  
where men count hooks in their bait,  
make nets out of their addictions.  
Mothers weep at their children fishing.  
People carry dice and chandeliers, shout,  
*Mint. Manners. Go to the building,*  
*the building, the building.* Laman  
and Lemuel wander in the wisps of light,  
then whirl away. In the fog  
I bow my head, taste salt in the air.  
The voices rise, my mind pushes on.  
Up ahead Sariah and Nephi peel fruit  
in a white garden. Sam begins to speak.  
The path forges among bellows  
and raw meat. I recall the dust  
of my gold staircase and hear  
a sandal lift from Jerusalem stone.  
I gird myself against upheaval,  
burrow into frontier religion.

—Mark Bennion