

Cleave

*Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother,
and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.*

–Genesis 2:24

How do we do it
who have never done it before?

Think of Eve's hair tangled in the grass,
a raven in the tree, feathers shining.

How do we approach the subject
that burns our mouths like soap?

Think of sacrament going down,
clean as water, clean as broken bread.

How do I know who I am
and who you are?

You are Urim, I am Thummim.
We are three days of darkness.

How, after Abraham, after Joseph,
after a pedigree of plural wives?

Think of the body, the temple,
wind through the doors, foundation cracked.

Who is there to warm us?
Whose hands are in whose hands?

–Jim Richards