

8. Smith, *History of the Church*, 1:417.

Homesteading

Laura D. Card

I spring from our dugout door,
shovel blade raised,

Thrust

to sever fangs from coils;

Leap

Two feet further

to snatch infant Lydia in

quaking aspen arms

from Payson dust,

then stagger

into our one chair.

Last night a mouse

ran cross my face,

then James'.

Not one week since

four-year-old Moroni

presented a tarantula

on a juniper branch.

James shook

green scorpions from his

boot this morning

before plowing,

not the first.

There was not such

in all green England

where we owned naught.

Here we own

faith

and 160 acres.

Writing Lesson, 1874, Great Basin

No Paper

Laura D. Card

Charcoal twigs

scrape across small palms—

letters

copied from torn scraps

of *Deseret News*