



# The Light Come Down

*Bruce Jorgensen*

Just a dusty country boy  
Praying in the trees,  
Knocked out flat and speechless,  
Again up on his knees  
    And the light come down,  
    Lord, the light come down.

Sharper than suns he sweated in,  
It slapped that April mud,  
It withered the one that threatened him  
And stunned him where he stood.  
    Yes, the light come down,  
    Lord, it did come down.

    And he was just fourteen,  
    Mixed up, and read your book  
    And took you at your word  
    and asked—and Lord,  
    You let the light come down,  
    O Lord, a comin down.

Old Adam had a farmer's son  
And Abraham did too—  
All made of mud but you made em good  
And brought em home to you,  
    For the light come down,  
    It always did come down.

So Lord look down on country boys  
That stink and puzzle and pray,  
And strike the light to blind their sight  
And make their night your day.  
    O let the light come down,  
    Yes, bring the light on down.

And bless you, Lord, for country boys,  
Each hungry mother's son  
Treading the furrow his father plowed  
Just like your single son  
    When you and him come down,  
    When you the light come down.

BRUCE JORGENSEN earned his Ph.D. from Cornell and is now an assistant professor of English at Brigham Young University. He has published fiction, poetry, and essays and is now trying his hand at short stories.