

Looking for a City

Today I heard grasshoppers in the field
And meadowlarks and mockingbirds and songs
of other birds. They courted, called, and trilled
As if this were the world's primeval spring,
As if the sunlight were a living thing.
They thought the sky had blued itself for them.
Perhaps it did, and that is why they sing
the most primeval song of all – the hymn.
In spite of this, the world is not my home;
I'm looking for a city on a hill.
It's far away, half hidden in the gloom
Of time, but nonetheless I'm looking still.
There is a city I have never seen.
I'm going there. These bones will rise again.

Joe Jared

