

Vanished

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Moses 7:69

A city, full up to the brim with light,
stood on a hill. It overlooked a valley
of shadow, death, and longing. Then, one day,
the raging radiance began to spill
over the walls and through the city gates.
Its glowing matter turned to energy,
to heat, a light that pulsed into the world
submerging everything in rippling waves
of incandescence, which, in due course, sank
into the earth.

Deep in the gaping wound
where Zion dwelt linger the songs of crickets,
the gentle scrape of wasp wings on dried mud,
the echoes of the pitter-patter footsteps
of geckos. As the day begins to fade,
eddies of chaos and creation blend
the darkness and the brilliance of the night
into a chiaroscuro of belonging
and loneliness.