

Judah

After The Sirens

Show me a light that doesn't go out
when the people tire of tending it,
when they go to sleep content. Show me gold that we can wear
on the inside of our wrists
so it can't be taken while we sleep. Where is the light that doesn't cauterize our eyes?
Cause we are nearly blind from following signs. Even now, hear my people on the hill crying,
"Zion! Zion!"
but it is just a ruined city.

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