

Lord of the City

Lord of the city,
Thou art not, as we supposed, contained
In the dark river or the temple doors,
Nor above the pulsing sea contained
In the orange sun descending,
Not contained in our symbols or decrees,
Nor above our street lamps contained
In the darkness that remains
When our buildings are silent.

Yet, Lord, we have prayed
And toward that darkness reached our tentacles,
Have from the desert moon surveyed
The worlds before us and after.
Yet we have prayed and further probed
To where the dancing electrons show
The yawning worlds within us.
Yet we have prayed,
Behind us those shadowed faces
That once we thought our own,
Before us the universe, defined
But beyond us still.

Lord of the city,
Once from tents we saw Thine eye;
Thy hand moved before us as we wandered;
We raised our fires to fire like Thine.

The dark city has held us, Lord.
Oh Lord, we seek Thy sign.

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