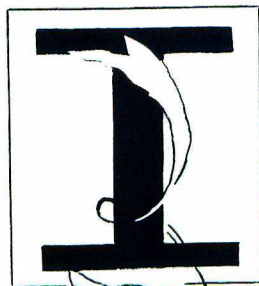


Pilgrimage



walk back to your bed, a glow
like a city behind a hill
when God stirs up dust walking
nightly to Jerusalem.
I walk thin lines
fixed between white stars
edges of a mirror
where I see myself.
Blue stars shine through
when the mirror wears to glass
and I see you walking
there, on the other side.

James Zeigler
Manuscripts

