

## HIDDEN CITY

A certain bend of evening light  
A voice with tones I cannot find  
A cloth that's woven to these ribs  
Which slowly fades with passing time

It calls me from the other side  
A sweet reprieve delivered soft  
The messenger a scarlet bird  
On evergreen and then aloft

A bridge that never fully burns  
And so, to mine your soul returns  
The odyssey of migrant herds  
Alike, to mine your soul returns

A hidden city's silhouette  
An ear beyond the distant door  
behind the sunset's beaming rays  
Tied under Heavens 'Western shore.

A peace just like a river flows  
Into my heart's slow mortal wound  
To stitch and mend my threads anew

What gifted weaver at the loom?

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