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be consoled
BY
DEBORAH L. HUMPHREYS, S.C.
7 DECEMBER 2001

In the wilderness, I will put cedar trees, acacias, myrtles, and olive trees, in the desert
I will plant juniper, plane tree and cypress side by side

Isaiah 41:19

O city of miracles, subterranean mosaic
where signs carry the force
of authority—the forbidden, the expected—
where the authority of force comes from above

life scrapes by, making a river
bed so others will be able to follow
from the rough digging—in underside
of our bellies searching always

in this postage stamp eden. breath
may slap hard, the haphazard cut
of exasperation yet the promise is awaited
for gentler hands at work tending to the varieties

people for this city, those sturdy enough to root
in sand or split open rock, beautiful lights, shining
on their green faces pushing up and through
cracks in sidewalk beds,
determination like steam
rising from banked fires

in the city, miracles
of the new
exodus