

Kingdom come

by [Jill Bergkamp](#) in the [December 26, 2006](#) issue

So she took a look back,
what did it matter?
Her city ablaze,
righteous anger engulfing it.

Would you look if you knew
the Holy Just One
chose your city to demolish—
you children, your friends,

even people you hated?
Wouldn't their voices cry out
to haunt if you didn't?

But this is not a story
of redemption,
no gopher wood ark, no rainbow.
This is a story of flood

without water, of ruin,
not forgiveness.
This wife turned her head
to look back and became

the very thing
tears are made of;
crystal, salt,
regret.