

Paul Sighs under House Arrest

I longed to be with you—
to bask in the warmth of bodies
clustered in a kitchen. Cradled
between two conversations,
sipping wine, waiting up late
for an old friend to arrive.

I longed to be with you. Longed
for the shore of your city, the wood
on the wharf. These walls. These
same walls. How I've longed
for them to fall like Jericho's.

To be with you—
to reach you with breath
and not ink
that weeps across a page
and dries like tears.

—*James Goldberg*

This poem was a finalist in the 2023 BYU Studies
Poetry Contest.