

## 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

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