

A Better Country

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Hebrews 11:13–16

With seedling splintered bone and seminal tears
They planted furrows of themselves to please
The God of distant rest, whose mysteries
Confirmed the city and sustained its seers.
And they confessed their strangeness, pioneers
In wilderness too harsh for enemies.
The land tamed them with hunger and disease;
They grew into the vigor of their fears.

Those pilgrim bones sent roots that ground the rock
Of their foundation into useful dirt.
We raise our fortunes where they plowed, possessed
By an inheritance that we must walk
Away from, for their faith to be preserved,
And lead us to the city of the blessed.