
Pro Rege

Volume 5
Number 3 *Special Arts Issue*

Article 14

March 1977

Broad High Way to Heaven

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Recommended Citation

Meeter, Merle (1977) "Broad High Way to Heaven," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 5: No. 3, 22.

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Broad High Way to Heaven

Fountains of wine for the architects,
Barbecues for the builders,
Free beer on Fridays
To keep the hod-carriers happy.

A fantastic dream, marvel of technology!
The outlying, mine-shaft footings
Stretching out across whole wheatfields.
And, later, even the low orbiting levels
Sometimes slick with the lowering clouds.

Thousands and more thousands slaving,
Sun-black and laughing, chanting,
Their tents and houses spotting
The plain for miles—a sprawling
Complex of colors, fairs, pageants, dancing,
Shouting, gaming, gambling, knifing, altar fires,
Nightly orgies for the adults,
Ingenious imitations by the children,
Abandonment.

Then sudden silence—
Except for a low diminishing babel:
Wrecks of houses, buzzards, rats,
Tangles of canvas, tools, clothes,
Shards of vessels, toys, even a few idols,
Abandoned.

Thus the Word spoke confusion again,
As at the exodus from Eden—
But mercy also,
In the new languages.

Yet, Pentecost was still remote,
Though sure as the Cross and the Judgment
And the renewed, restored, reunited,
Once more Heaven-reaching Earth.