

ESCHATON SONNET

Jesse Keith Butler¹
Ottawa, ON, Canada

Hear, Halifax, Vancouver, Calgary—
hoist up your heads to heed the trumpet call!
Wake, Winnipeg,
Toronto, Montreal,
Regina, Yellowknife, Sault Ste Marie!
Watch, Whitehorse, Charlottetown, Chicoutimi,
Iqaluit, Prince George, St John's, Cornwall!
Come meet us, Moncton, Moosejaw, when we all
are gathered to the City yet to be . . .

But now, in exile, guard this glint of grace
within you. We won't always be apart.
A city's pilgrimage is fixed in space
and must turn inward. Search your centre, trace
your tangled streets to find, hid in your heart,
this unlost life—this lovelit worldworn face.

1. Jesse Keith Butler is the author of the poetry collection *The Living Law* (Darkly Bright, 2024). He and his family live in Ottawa. He grew up in the Yukon and is returning there for March and April of 2026 as Writer-in-Residence at Berton House.

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Come sit at my right said the Lord to my Lord
With heaven your throne and the earth your footstool

You'll stretch out your strength from the mountain of God
The heart of your enemies That's where you'll rule

Your followers flow to you through the foothills
You'll break from the morning As bright as the dew

What the Lord has once spoken the Lord fulfills
Melchizadek's priesthood continues in you

The Lord crushes kings on the day of his wrath
He'll heap all the nations up high with their dead

He'll bend to the brook that waters his warpath
He'll lift up alert his bright dripping head