

# Kingdom come

by [Jill Bergkamp](#) in the [December 26, 2006](#) issue

So she took a look back,  
what did it matter?  
Her city ablaze,  
righteous anger engulfing it.

Would you look if you knew  
the Holy Just One  
chose your city to demolish—  
you children, your friends,

even people you hated?  
Wouldn't their voices cry out  
to haunt if you didn't?

But this is not a story  
of redemption,  
no gopher wood ark, no rainbow.  
This is a story of flood

without water, of ruin,  
not forgiveness.  
This wife turned her head  
to look back and became

the very thing  
tears are made of;  
crystal, salt,  
regret.