The Heavenly City

By Stevie Smith

I sigh for the heavenly country,
   Where the heavenly people pass,
   And the sea is as quiet as a mirror
   Of beautiful beautiful glass.

   I walk in the heavenly field,
   With lilies and poppies bright,
   I am dressed in a heavenly coat
   Of polished white.

   When I walk in the heavenly parkland
   My feet on the pasture are bare,
   Tall waves the grass, but no harmful
   Creature is there.

   At night I fly over the housetops,
   And stand on the bright moony beams;
   Gold are all heaven’s rivers,
   And silver her streams.


Source: Stevie Smith Collected Poems (New Directions Publishing Corporation, 1983)