

**MATTHEW LANDRUM**  
**Southern Eschatology**

I have come through fields of soy and cotton.  
By bridges at Memphis and Cairo, I have come

to the interior floodplain. Tires hum  
a hymn of homecoming. Listen—  
the end will be a hollow light, Jerusalem distilled

in rain. When voices sing low in summer rooms,  
it will only matter who was baptized

by the Mississippi. Dawn lifts over Arkansas  
and locusts rasp in the high grass. Past sloughs and ditches  
I have come by Hoxie, Newport, and Walnut Ridge.

By Augusta, Sikeston, and Searcy, I have come  
to a dry county. Roads now trace what will be

made manifest. Stalks of cotton and husks of corn  
will be burned to make fertile the fields of God.  
At the appointed hour: Jerusalem.

But now, humidity as I begin my ascent  
into the Ozark foothills.