

## *Only Two Cities*

And one, he says,  
is the City of God.  
There the self,  
trying to puff up,  
does not exist.  
I have filled out  
all of the papers,  
a tedious, maddening task,  
have crawled along  
to Santiago Compostela.  
His brother walked there.  
He went but flew in.  
I drag all these chains,  
flagellate myself  
with sticks of cholla.  
Yet my name has yet  
to appear there  
in the phone directory.  
Does that mean that  
I have made it?  
The very omission  
may be the password,  
erased before written,  
silenced even as spoken.

—Carol Hamilton

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