

A New Glasgow

I saw a vision – it was last Thursday at 11 O'clock in the morning:

I was standing on the Necropolis, looking down over the city;
And the cold blue winter sky broke open above my head
And the spirit of God breathed on my eyes
And my eyes were opened

I saw Glasgow, the holy city, coming down out of heaven;
Shining like a rare jewel, sparkling like "clear water in the eye of the sun";
And all the sickness was gone from the city,
There were no more suburbs and schemes;
No difference between Bearsden and Drumchapel

I saw the Clyde running with the water of life,
As bright as crystal,
As clear as glass,
The children of Glasgow swimming in it.

And the sprit showed me the tree of life
growing in Glasgow Green

I looked out and there were no more homeless people,
No more women working the streets,
No more needles in the alleys,
HIV and Aids were things of the past,
There were no more racist attacks,
No more gay bashing,
No more rapists,
No more stabbings
No more Protestants and Catholics
No more IRA graffiti, no more Orange marches
Because there was no more hate!

And I saw women walking safe at nights,
Saw the men were full of passion and gentleness,
That none of the children were ever abused,
Because the people's sex was full of justice and of joy.

I saw an old woman throw back her head
and laugh like a young girl;
and when the sky closed back, her laughter rang in my head
for days and days
and would not go away.

This is what I saw, looking over the Gallowgate,
Looking up from the city of death;
And I knew then that there would be a day of resurrection,
And I believe
That there will be a day of resurrection.