

WATCH WITH ME



Lord,
I am not good at heroics.
I can't say that I would die for you
because I don't know.
At least, not yet.

No.
I can only cradle you,
rock you as you sob scalding tears
against my shoulder.
I can only stroke your hair
and let my tears bathe your head.

I cannot say, "There, there, everything will be alright."
Because it won't.

I cannot say, "I know, I know."
Because I don't.

Will my tears
ease the agony of the crown of thorns?
Will my embrace
counter the stretch of tendons pinned out on wood?

I don't know.

All I know
is that in watching with you
your anguish becomes mine,
and mine yours,
and as my tears mingle with yours,
my pain with yours,
together we wear the wounds of the world,
and carry them into the night,
towards the impossible possibility
of resurrection.

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