

Crossed Paths

What is a life worth?
What was the point?

He hangs
Pain-wracked body
Two others
Either side
One sneers, "save yourself"
tries to bribe
The other sees through
crown of thorns
Asks to be remembered,
How can this happen
In moments from death
That the world
is on the cross?
People just like us stand,
lean, sit, hide,
Doubters, scared, irritated,
haters, spectators.

Jesus front and centre
Speaks his mission
Not just facing death
But loving to the end
Sharing his life
In his suffering
Talking truth
"Surely you will be with me"
A day of grief, pain,
mission,
Power, peace, hurts,
friendship, loneliness

Jesus
The boy who once
Skinned his knees
Dies -
Not the end!

God cannot stay
On the cross
in a tomb

A resurrection
passion has been born
Fire burning
through generations,
Experiencing fully human
Truly alive.

His defeat of death
To bring God's
Love
Freedom
Real life
Justice
Story
Imagination
To places, to people.