

FACE

What is the face you see?
Dark stern,
Features of nothing
cast in blunt stone,
A God not of earth
just imagined beyond.

What do I see?
Sometimes that grey,
Sometimes those silent echoes;
But also in clarity
His vulnerable baby eyes
God in skin
innocence, peace
surrounded by death,
Sweat stained carpenter dust brow,
empathy tightened mouth
as in anger
he sees, heals the damaged,
The smile as long hair
washes in oil, his dust stained feet,
His pain bloodied, thorn pierced

wrapped brow,
His tight drawn skin
as cross strangulation deepened,
blank distant cold eyes
in the stone tomb...
An executed mask.

The Satan death cloak
is fractured,
the grim-reaper masks
we wear shattered,
Light pours through,
the dark pieces consumed
in raw power,
the son's radiance,
worlds of love rotate
passion in His eyes,
setting us free.

Jesus Christ
powerful,
the peace child.