

HOLE IN THE SIDE

He could of come alive
with a new body.

As Incredible power burned death,
Universe fabric was turned,
Chaos reconstructed
into new realms of infinity.
Jesus rose, alive.

But his love
Is such
That his body is still scarred
Perfect love
with the scars of pain,
holes of suffering.

Not a good look.

But does God care
about the outward,
about being the fashion,
the image, the thin fake?

In pouring out his soul
God's love knows you
The real depths of you
inside hidden thoughts,
cloaked habits.

Put your hand in the wound
The amazing scar and see,
Touch.
Respond to this love,
Reality.

Call like Thomas,
"My Lord, my God"
Call like Thomas,
"My Lord, my God"
Discover His passion.