

He

A woody shrub bearing brutal thorns
is hacked amidst jeers, shaped with taunts
And forced upon His brow.
The very curse of the ground adorns
My Saviour's bloodied head
My Head, Who crowned the mountains now bows down, preparing to be dead.

This carpenter who planed the plains
Sweats drops of blood to satisfy
The wrath of God whose Holiness
is far too great for I
The I AM of the patriarchs
is nailed upon a Roman cross
(His hands today still bear the mark),
He breathes His last and the Light is dark.

How can it be that He
who with a Word made all is now so silent and so still?
Yet the very nails cry out my sins, accusing truly the one who shouted "Kill!"
Who was it demanded "Crucify!"
Twas I, Oh God, Twas I
I plead the blood that gushes from His side
I need this water for eternal life

He who died that I might live
Looks on my wretched heart and says "Forgive"

By Enola Stevenson