

# The pastor details his hunch about the cross

by [David Wright](#) in the [July 24, 2007](#) issue

And conjectures, and offers  
a few ways to take down  
the body, the God who carries  
a taste for blood. On the altar,  
before him, an empty simple  
cross, and a purple bouquet,  
one of which, he doesn't say,  
was arranged, and one which  
happened, he knows, against  
serious, best judgment—

the way you might extend  
a hand to an enemy, suspecting  
the risk, knowing better  
but offering and retracting  
your bared palm over time  
like a bud or a bloom opening  
to a violet spring sky.