

Another Lent

by [J. Barrie Shepherd](#) in the [March 11, 2008](#) issue

So here we go again.

The grit of darkened seasons past
between the eyes, across the brow.

The purple cloths of grief,
tall cloistered candles, numbered days.

Six more weeks of wintered trudging
through a wilderness bereft of alleluias.

All this to show that everything we know—
and are—is dust

and will return in just the way it came
and always has come.

Yet, here and there, bent brave above the snow
the clustered Lenten rose bleeds color
from pale sunlight,

gently points itself toward a cross,
an emptied cave,

that bright unending summer
glimpsed in childhood,

and forever after longed for
past the terminus of measured time.