

Agni Dei

by [Carl Winderl](#) in the [January 27, 2021](#) issue

Isaac without spot or blemish
about to be slain lay
there
before Him

trussed up, in trust

his father's arm poised
the death angel
hovering near, thoughts

racing, fear of

the known, and the unknown;
but neither squirm, nor blanch
did I see
in Him pinioned there, nary

a tremble in His lips

while He looked upon
His *stabat mater* . . .

While

to me He whispered His
job-like words

: though He may kill Me
yet will I

trust Him