

Prayer

by [John Leax](#) in the [May 19, 2009](#) issue

I dream of grace. The tongue that might have praised,
that might have sung forgiveness equal to
the sum of all the mercy God shot through
Creation when his stone-sealed Son blazed

awake, the light to light betrayal's dark
design, is swollen black in the hole that was
a mouth; my brother, Judas, hanged the ark
of his redemption. Still, I dream of grace.

I dream I take him from his tree, and lift
him up to life. Should one betrayal cost
a soul—eternity demand such thrift
of grace the lost remain forever lost—

how then my three denials be forgiven?
Christ, Savior, buy your chosen back for Eden.