

o, my Christ

by [Carl Winderl](#) in the [April 12, 2017](#) issue

My Son, athirst
pressed tight
so up
against His
narrow Tree I see

from here
at His Feet
His Despair, their
disgust, at

what I now know

with simeon's
sword-like thrust

what must
have come to pass
but is not yet
past; and

so, I aghast
at what
His Father hath
wrought

am too hard pressed
to know
why not quite yet
judas by all
others will be

accurst, save

by My Son
will someday be
blessed . . .