

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 . . .