

Via Dolorosa / The Veronica

by [Gracia Grindal](#) in the [March 28, 2018](#) issue

Mother of sorrows, I followed in his way  
Seeing him stumble beneath his heavy cross  
Weeping at the agony of this awful day.  
More than a sword pierced my heart, my loss  
Staggering beneath the shame of all the world.  
Delusional, face pouring with blood and sweat  
He bent to have his face wiped by a girl  
Leaving its imprint so we would not forget.  
Running my fingers over the impressed face  
I draw the brow, like mine, now bruised and dark,  
His noble mouth, my father's. I could trace  
All of our people, all of the family marks  
But something else, I heard it when he cried,  
The voice, his father's. The God they would have die.