

Christo Morto, Giovanni Bellini, "Compianto sul Cristo morto"

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [March 28, 2018](#) issue

Another morning for the death of God.
Another evening for the death of God.
Time, place, duration, season, all transposable,
the dead Christ hangs in agony, haloed,
or rises from a tomb still-dead-alive,
his face resigned, his body writhing.

The chubby angel children either side gaze, surprised.
The supernatural never has appeared
so stupefied by its own necessity of being before.
Even He should be flabbergasted by his son
insisting on this kind of resurrection
before His time. Or is this resignation
I am reading in to the gray, marbleized face
just what The Father intends to shake us all,
divine as well as human, according to His plan?