

Lent

by [Mary Marie Dixon](#) in the [March 11, 2020](#) issue

We will pierce him anew
Gouge and scourge
Our churches cloaked
In purple

Again we will spill the blood
And rake his body
In a pause of time
The end will come again
To the march of forty days

Under the cross we go
Split from the snow or frost
Or new raised hyacinth

Down to the tomb we go
Into the gory chamber
In the spike of frankincense
To celebrate his death

We slink back
From his transfiguration
Our hearts burn
Out from the glory chamber
Our bodies still carry the ash
In witness to our weakness

Like doubters that we are
We have to touch the holey wounds

