

Agni Dei

by [Carl Winderl](#) in the [January 27, 2021](#) issue

Isaac without spot or blemish  
about to be slain lay  
there  
before Him

trussed up, in trust

his father's arm poised  
the death angel  
hovering near, thoughts

racing, fear of

the known, and the unknown;  
but neither squirm, nor blanch  
did I see  
in Him pinioned there, nary

a tremble in His lips

while He looked upon  
His *stabat mater* . . .

While

to me He whispered His  
job-like words

: though He may kill Me  
yet will I

trust Him