

My cross to bear

by [Valerie Wohlfeld](#) in the [April 6, 2022](#) issue

You are gone, Lord, but I am still hanging.  
Though I cannot fathom your agony,  
surely you know mine. How can I be free  
of your pain and you of my pain?—one wing

wounded is two wings that are un-flying,  
even if the bird sings in perfect key.  
Once you hung as now I hang, and I see  
in your living my own dying dying

to your life of dying on the cross I  
now hang on—You forsaken by Yourself  
that I may never be forsaken—I  
do not hang alone, as You did Yourself:

They cut you down, vinegar in your mouth;  
I hang, wait, to at last know, live, your truth.