

I Thirst

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Your skin is brittle yet oozing.
Even breath hurts as You bleed out
And with each slower heartbeat silent thunder.
You of adam's clay made perfect—
Your body slowly returns
to the garden needing Your rain on us the unjust.
Your final agonized cry
was the gathered totality of loss
and the infinite cup holding every agony.
Then, when those You loved
lowered You down into their embrace—
we shared in Your reclaiming.
You uttered *I thirst*
out of the thirst You had lived.
Now *I thirst* lives
in Your fire and wine at Your rising.