He

A woody shrub bearing brutal thorns

is hacked amidst jeers, shaped with taunts

And forced upon His brow.

The very curse of the ground adorns

My Saviour's bloodied head

My Head, Who crowned the mountains now bows down, preparing to be dead.

This carpenter who planed the plains

Sweats drops of blood to satisfy

The wrath of God whose Holiness

is far too great for I

The I AM of the patriarchs

is nailed upon a Roman cross

(His hands today still bear the mark),

He breathes His last and the Light is dark.

How can it be that He

who with a Word made all is now so silent and so still?

Yet the very nails cry out my sins, accusing truly the one who shouted "Kill!"

Who was it demanded "Crucify!"

Twas I, Oh God, Twas I

I plead the blood that gushes from His side

I need this water for eternal life

He who died that I might live

Looks on my wretched heart and says "Forgive"

By Enola Stevenson