

# Two Thousand Years Ago

*by J. L. Symonds Patel*

With Him,  
the dust kicked up.  
His footsteps fallen,  
making ripples in the sand  
by stones that once stood.

The air, water, ground and rock,  
touched by the hands that made them.  
Arms raised, them striking Him using the hands He made.  
Him raised, to bait the prince as a Servant,  
as the King that crushed the head of the serpent.

So to Him, all that is,  
is as Him to us now, has been.  
All that we see here,  
kicked up by Him,  
as the dust left behind, now,  
with Him.