

Resurrection

by J. L. Symonds Patel

In this story,
The figure of Christ was crucified and lay suspended,
went through suffering even though innocent.
Simply a benevolent man,
taking on all manner of cruelty.
The perfect symbol of holiness.

And when all was finished,
his corpse was laid in a sepulchre.
That though he was gone,
those that loved him loved him so,
that to them he was not gone.
For in their hearts he was alive,
and thus, always resurrected.

And thus, well, no.
Such fanciful phrase dances and prances,
putting images of water in pots,
meant to be full of water.

Jesus of Nazareth, in early first century Judea,
was struck, beaten, and mocked.
Thorns forced into his scalp, cutting his head.
Points of nails were pressed to his palms and feet,
as he lay bound to his cross.
Those nails were hammered.
Each blow breaking flesh,
until they drove into the wood behind.
The knocks of the hammer brought blood,
pouring onto the sand and dirt below.
Each inch of his skin scarred.

In the end, he let out his last breath.
His lifeless body was taken to his tomb.
And on the third day after his death,
he rose again from the dead.
As real as his broken body,
he broke back death itself,
trampling down death, by death.

There is no symbol here.
He is not holy because of what happened.
What happened is because He is the source of all Holiness.