

Good Friday



Year after year

I followed the Cross -

hail, rain, or sun -

down the broken road,
gathering the people,
smiling at the pubs and shops,
stopping at the turns
and singing plaints
about this stumbling way.

Then, leaving the battered Cross
high on the Calvary
of our London village,
we moved towards Easter.

This year was different.
The hollowing out
within me
left by Passiontide,
called new life
to seed, to grow, to spring
and I am weak
with Resurrection Glory.

If I stay patient
with the nails,

they turn into

songbirds and alleluias

dancing by the empty tomb.

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