

Father Forgive Them

By David Hurtado

He carries His burden without complaint.
Its smell is comforting and reminds Him of home.
The wood presses down heavily, but He is not slowed.
Not by the thorns nailed to His skull nor flesh shredded from His back.
He knew every step before He would take them.

His body has become a canvas for human cruelty.
But He bears the weight of mercy so that love may win.
He does not cry out when the soldiers raise up His burden.
He looks upon them and finds His strength renewed.
One day they will follow, but hate will mar their way.

Their hearts will twist the teachings He shared.
They will welcome foreigners living among them with shackles.
They will feed the hungry from plates already scraped clean.
They will love thy neighbor only when looking into a mirror.
But He loves them more than they love their own children.

And so He cries out “Father, forgive them.”