

Upstaged by Hope

A time, a church, a people, a place,
Because of orchestrations in space,
Too slow to soulfully embrace
The climax to Son of Man's story.

With so little time to reflect or prepare,
To contemplate, mourn, consider or care
Of the sufferings God-Man was born to bear,
They simply were not ready.

No new pastel dresses or bonnets or hats,
No Seder feasts or Lenten fasts,
No family traditions layered to last,
Easter took them all by surprise.

They filed into church and sang the great hymn,
With hallelujahs muffled and dim.
Like pumice rock that can only skim,
Truth lay captive on the surface.

Church labored in languor from the start.
Resurrection strained to play its part.
But how do you raise an uncrucified heart?
It's like raising Lazarus from a nap.

All nature knows from storms and gales,
The rocks cry out, the trees tell tales
Of how real joy and praise prevails
From a tomb, from the dark, from the depths.

The brighter light regales the reflective soul.
The contrast makes elation whole.
So let suffering play its supporting role,
Forever upstaged by hope.

Keith Potter