

Bob Rose / EASTER SUNDAY

What a dull morning! The sky's grey again
and it's Easter with no drama. Cantigas
de Santa Maria, Livingston in humid Caribbean sun
orchata and watermelon crowds so thick they moved us
pressed against the walls like newsprint, barefoot in the swarm.

They really did whip him, pain sweating down his bearded face
and legionnaires on horseback and centurion helmets.
It was more than exciting. It was downright kenotic.

My knees scraped the dust in front of Mary
then they trussed me to the cross in the churchyard
and she wept at my feet. I couldn't take it anymore
the heat so thick and my leg swollen with *ormegas*.

It was the end of the beginning, Alpha becoming Omega :
all of us in Him, re-member?