

Christos

by [Warren L. Molton](#) in the [June 25, 2014](#) issue

Christ lives in my unchosen life, resident  
In the upright ashes of these brittle bones,  
Mapping blood routes and checking airways,  
Catching the breaking news in my nerves,

Ever exploring under wrinkling tissue skin  
For portal throughout my temporal universe,  
Arriving at last behind these old searching eyes  
And, through haunting blur, giving vision to wings

Of candle flames fluttering about the altar's cross  
As pipes, chimes and steeple bells ring, resonate  
And indwell, bidding me, familiar beggar at table,  
To take bread and wine like a taster for the king.