

Bloodline

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [September 17, 2014](#) issue

Consider its extravagant fertility! How dependably it breeds itself in the marrow to fill again what drains away, the rivers of bright platelets singing in their arterial dark

until a simple incursion, some sharp sever.

A jag. An abrupt disclosure as our secret fluid spills against its will—whether a startle or a slow seepage, a prompt to remember our fragility.

When a bold splash on a lintel in Egypt signaled safety, a lifeguard against the death angel, we didn't have to die; it was only a lamb, and a quick throat cut that flooded us into another life.

“His blood be upon us” echoes in that old yell of rejection. We can yield instead to be washed in grace, the scandal of mercy acting as God's unlikely laundry.

Today the cup calls us to the altar rail, transfuses us as we drink deep, a stain that blots old grimes and dyes us with itself.