

Via Dolorosa / The Veronica

by [Gracia Grindal](#) in the [March 28, 2018](#) issue

Mother of sorrows, I followed in his way
Seeing him stumble beneath his heavy cross
Weeping at the agony of this awful day.
More than a sword pierced my heart, my loss
Staggering beneath the shame of all the world.
Delusional, face pouring with blood and sweat
He bent to have his face wiped by a girl
Leaving its imprint so we would not forget.
Running my fingers over the impressed face
I draw the brow, like mine, now bruised and dark,
His noble mouth, my father's. I could trace
All of our people, all of the family marks
But something else, I heard it when he cried,
The voice, his father's. The God they would have die.