

Lent

by [Mary Marie Dixon](#) in the [March 11, 2020](#) issue

We will pierce him anew  
Gouge and scourge  
Our churches cloaked  
In purple

Again we will spill the blood  
And rake his body  
In a pause of time  
The end will come again  
To the march of forty days

Under the cross we go  
Split from the snow or frost  
Or new raised hyacinth

Down to the tomb we go  
Into the gory chamber  
In the spike of frankincense  
To celebrate his death

We slink back  
From his transfiguration  
Our hearts burn  
Out from the glory chamber  
Our bodies still carry the ash  
In witness to our weakness

Like doubters that we are  
We have to touch the holey wounds

