

My cross to bear

by [Valerie Wohlfeld](#) in the [April 6, 2022](#) issue

You are gone, Lord, but I am still hanging.
Though I cannot fathom your agony,
surely you know mine. How can I be free
of your pain and you of my pain?—one wing

wounded is two wings that are un-flying,
even if the bird sings in perfect key.

Once you hung as now I hang, and I see
in your living my own dying dying

to your life of dying on the cross I
now hang on—You forsaken by Yourself
that I may never be forsaken—I
do not hang alone, as You did Yourself:

They cut you down, vinegar in your mouth;
I hang, wait, to at last know, live, your truth.