

ECCE HOMO!

Into a rocking sky of pain upthrust,  
His lurching flesh screams from its gaping lips,  
And seeping dream weeps outwards, downwards drips  
And drops at last to perish in the dust.

The lawyer comes to witness his demise,  
The priest to watch him bleed for blasphemy,  
But only those who look with love can see  
The dawning terror in his setting eyes.

Crick-necked, the lynching mob reviles and rails;  
And, hanging on their hate, he understands  
That no amount of goodness in the hands  
Can save them from the evil of the nails.

Till tortured, sun, emptied of heat and light,  
Slumps faint athwart the horizontal rack;  
His pleading eyes rise up to meet the black,  
Implacable indifference of night.

The ninth hour strikes its blow, and suddenly  
He writhes upon the spear-thrust of his doubt,  
And final horror hurls his desperate shout,  
"Why hast thou, o my God, forsaken me?"

His noble head droops to deny his star,  
He and his dream together yield and die.  
Gaunt in the empty silence of the sky,  
A barren tree bears fruit on Golgotha.