

Good Friday

If ever rain should sing a hymn
throughout and throughin;
if ever unfolding buds with tiny pain
should bloom big over meadows;
if ever hearts in deepest pain
should find a silver light--
let it be on Good Friday,
our day of holy surrender to
more than we know,
our bow of reverence to
more than we are,
our wail of grief for
all that might have been,
our needed emptying
of the cup of self to
find an inner morning--
an Easter wherein
the Sun of Love
will rise again.

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