The Glock and The Cross

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THE GLOCK & THE CROSS

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In memoriam of the Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church, Charleston, NC

When Darkness hit hard, knocking the Light out
And in a pool of blood,

It hissed triumphant;

Though the Light reeled, though it staggered,

It roared back;

It rose from the dust,

On its two feet to stand.

Yes, it did stand!

The Light went into action;

It launched a counter-attack — by extending its hands
by outstretching its arms
it conquered overnight!

It held millions in its clutch;
until they cried out — in muffled voice:
“Let us go; we can’t breathe!”

Held tightly; pinned to your chest
What do they hear for a response?
Only this:
The deep murmurs of an enlarged heart.
[That is too tender to register a hurt.]

What do they see? Only a paradox
A holy Enigma that is laid on a cross —

A soul that is gashed, naked, and crucified.
Tested in a fiery furnace, in a crucible of faith.
A heart that is taught how to cry out, in agape-love:
“Father forgive them; what they do, they know not.”