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The Glock and The Cross

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THE GLOCK & THE CROSS

Teddy Lishan Desta

*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.”