



GOOD FRIDAY

In time a timeless act,
Done once and not again;
For us a constant fact
And paradigm of pain.

Nothingness is our need:
Insatiable the guilt
For which in thought and deed
We break what we have built.

Nothing draws us down
A vortex of confusion,
Where shape appears to drown,
And being seems delusion.

But being is the given,
From birth to death a grace,
Though some remain unshriven,
Blind in their need's embrace.

And though some never guess
That in the pall we lay,
Symbol of nothingness,
Over the cross this day

Our need is consummated,
Unbeing is undone,
He who was uncreated
Existing where was none.