



Eastertide 2018

Resurrection Sunday Sonnet

from *Holy Week Sonnets* by Andrew Peterson, *The Rabbit Room*

Be praised, Lord Jesus, humble conqueror!
Thy battered body's wounds were joyful streams,
Thy furrowed flesh the soil of the gardener,
Thy bones unbroken, strong as temple beams.
But none could know when laid they in the ground
The sin-wrecked Son of God whose heart was dead,
Whose stiffened corpse was cold and linen bound,
As day-death turned the firmament to red
And decay began its work on each cell,
As decay has done since hard fell the curse,
What glory was to gleam in that dark hell
When death's decay at once was in reverse.
Be praised, Lord Jesus! Morning then revealed
Thy beating heart! Today, my heart is healed

The Christian Year