

Golgotha's Dawn Comes Ever Slow

When my heart breaks for sudden hurt to death for pride,
The death-pain's late. At the piercing tide
My spirit shrivels—shamed—but blessed blind
I live the dying. Dark is kind.

Unfrocking will waits—weak—awake,
Want's harsh glare bites. I writhe—
Pull back—and, loathing, shrink
The tearing vivisection's brink.

Penance prongs me. Why stand I still?
Who thorns me—docile
Dumb?
Who crucifies *me*? Who dares?
Is't I? Pride? Other's wares?
Stiff seconds scourge . . . and seethe . . . and—kill—
Come
You, little empty ones— Come
Stroke the red raw resurrected flesh—
Come, stroke my life—

Stumble, thou dumbweightedcorpse—
Self-willedbleedingspirit, stumble. . . .
Spread coldbludgeoned—stark—displayed
Nakedhanging . . . death, afraid. . . .

Lord, whence comes the blow?
Above? Below?
Who shafts it?
Is't I, Lord?

The light's too bright.
My heart hurts. Oh—
Golgotha's dawn comes ever slow
For me—
And painful—

—Richard G. Ellsworth

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