

Openings

Orson Scott Card

He came from agony to us.
It was our pain etched on the body he had left
Fastened to the cross,
But as he touched the key to the lock
And opened up our dark prison
Only light was in his smile,
And he named us all his own.

Then we followed him to grass-tipped rocks
Where many long-shed bodies waited.
He slipped into one dark tomb,
Into the white shroud,
Into the reawakened flesh,
And as the prison filled with light
We sang, and rolled away the stone.