

Sacrament Hymn

Lee Robison

Jesus Deathkiller,
God's Lifer, Earth Rover, Gift:

Be sure,
in your name and our hope,
we set these feet where
they will go, these hands—why
they will touch, these lips—how
they will linger at the proxy cup.

Be sure.
Our mouths mix no
sugar or saccharine
with this alter loaf, and we know our
mean aching has not touched the
harrow that raked you back to
Peace. We live with this in
grace.

And be sure.
Yearning's furrow frowns our
mortal brow and bounds our
fleeting plod of
Raker's earth.

And know.
We find hope in
that holy void where
your joy raged like
a doomed son's spurned
heart, raging pure.