

Corpus Christi

Eleanor Zuercher

Christ's dying body is the corpus
Where, engraved in bloody letters,
Is the history of man.
Corporate cruelty and fear,
Which are also mine, are scrawled
By and on the Body of Christ,
In masochistic answer
To the painful strangeness
Of the Word, His unexpected love.

This inlaid inhumanity
Is inscribed with lash and blade.
Words are carved indelibly
On His own parchment, incarnate,
Now sealed in death. Under this contract,
Autographed in brightest blood,
A merciful transcription
Of His strange forgiveness
Is wondrously imprinted on my soul.