

Holy Saturday

Eleanor Zuercher

For one day each year, while the tomb lies full,
Replete with His body, with all that is,
The world is empty.
It hovers on the lip of the void.
All human life is soul-shrunk, suspended
In the shadow of unredeemed darkness,
Waiting without prospect, surveying
Faith exhausted, hope shattered, love immured.
Beyond grief, restless, we watch for dawn.

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