

Whenever there is Silence

Whenever there is silence around me,
by day or night,
I am startled by a cry.
The first time I heard it,
I went out and searched
and found a man in the throes of crucifixion.

I went to him and said,
“I will take you down.”
And I began to take the nails
out of his hands and his feet.
But he stopped me and said,
“You cannot take me down.
For I cannot come down
until every man, every woman, and every child in the world
shall come together to take me down.

“But sir,” I said, “your cry:
I cannot bear your cry.”

“This cry,” he told me,
“It is the anguish of those with no food,
of those who thirst,
the ones huddled naked against the cold,
the cry of those who are lonely and in prisons.
This is the cry of the homeless,
of the ones rejected and hated by society.
It is the cry of those whose lives are snuffed out
by anger, hate or fear.
This is the cry of those living on the edge of war,
those made to wander from their homes in search of peace.”

“Then what am I to do?” I asked him.

“Go about the world,” he said,
“Tell everyone you meet:
It is a shared cross on which we all do hang.”



Adapted by Bill Huebsch from an unknown source.
Based on Matthew 25.
Artwork by Mark Hakomaki.