

The Sadness Of Holy Saturday

Through the moonless night
clouds choke receding light
and the world descends
into darkness.

Where are you
as winter's chill pierces my hands?

Oh, where have you gone?

Do you not care that I decay
without your gentle breath,
that without your light
I wane like the failing sun?

Why have you abandoned me?

Through my tears I see
two millenia of agony,
the six million slain,
all the fallen generations
newly free, heavy nails
at last released.

Steven Federle