For Me, For You

The head that was crowned with glory from the beginning, crowned with thorns

The forehead that sweat blood in prayer, streaked again with red

The voice that calmed the storm, muted as the crowd cried “Crucify Him”

The lips that spoke truth and peace, prayed “Father, forgive them”

The feet that walked on water, staggered under the weight of the cross

The feet that Mary anointed with perfume, drenched again, but with blood

The hands that reached out to Peter as he started to sink, stretched out to save all mankind

The hands that broke bread for the 5000, pierced by rough nails

The hands that healed the sick, endured in agony

The hands that held the stars in place, pinned to a wooden cross

The heart so pure and spotless, blackened by sin

The heart so full of love, left broken and empty as His Father turned away

The light of the world, suffered in darkness

The Son of the immortal God, died on a cross

For the world,

For me,

For you.