



Easter Cross

You see me on necklaces,
church windows and walls,
but I am the cross
that started it all.

Wooden and heavy
and carried uphill
by a man they called Jesus
whom you talk about still.

At this time of year,
I am made out of paste
and piped onto buns
with a spicy, sweet taste.

It's all to remember
the man that they nailed
by his feet and his hands
as the bystanders wailed.

The life that he lived
and the life that he gave
so that the world
from its sins might be saved.