

THE PHARISEE

**My heart was in good spirits as the morning sun rose high.
The Passover was nearing, and the time was drawing nigh
For the journey to the Temple and my thoughts were turned again
To the way the Lord had spared us when our enemies were slain.**

**I read the scriptures often, and I pondered on each word
And marveled at the prophets who God's voice had *really* heard
And I hurried on the journey, for I didn't dare go slow,
As a Pharisee..respected, I would have to make a show.**

**I speculated often on the trust men placed in me
But deep inside, I wondered if to Truth I *had* the key,
So this morning, on the highroad, dusty, hot, I thought again
Of the recent conversations I had had with other men**

**On the question of the prophets and if God would really come
And would the sent Messiah be too bright to look upon?
The road was getting noisy, many people passing by
All talking of some Teacher who for blasphemy would die,**

**The dreams were hard upon me, but I couldn't help but see
A MAN WITH BLOOD UPON HIS FACE..WAS LOOKING STRAIGHT AT ME
And then he stumbled onward with a cross upon his back,
So badly lacerated..there was blood from every lash**

**And I found that I was running to be first upon the hill,
To look again upon that face. This man that we would kill.
I had the strangest feeling as they hammered in each nail,
I wanted just to wipe the blood from off his forehead, pale.**

**Transfixed I saw him hanging like a ghost against the sky,
A chill wind whipped around me and the sun began to die.
There was not a bird still singing, as if nature held her breath,
As if the whole world waited for the moment of his death.**

**His eyes could barely open for the blood that trickled down
And I wondered WHY the soldiers thought to make of thorns, a crown.
Every moment it grew darker! He looked down once more and cried
AND I FELT AS IF THE HEARTBEAT OF THE UNIVERSE HAD DIED!**

**No-one broke his legs as always, but a soldier thrust Him through,
That was where my searching ended. Somewhere, deep inside, I KNEW
That when Heaven sent Messiah, He would not be far too bright
So the heart of every sinner would just perish at the sight,**

**He would be all scarred and bleeding. He'd be nailed upon a tree.
He'd be GOD...Incarnate....stopping on a road to look at me!**

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