

The Post

Dried and weathered, firmly shaken
Long ago but unforsaken
A lonely companion confided temporarily
Looking down seeing similarity,

Now bound in wire an old post stands
Alone and stranded, crafted by hands.
An appearance of wisdom – having absorbed sweat and tears
Slowly withering year after year.
Surrounded in God's beauty, rugged and content
Aware of the significance of the time it'd spent.

Now abandoned, a corner post without a kingdom
Just gleaming satisfaction of all those receiving –
The love it once witnessed beyond profound
While holding a forsaken man, head wrapped in a crown
Providing redemption as blood trickled down
Painting the slivers taken without a sound.

The post cannot speak to those undeserving
Who misunderstood or mock all the man's doing
Whipped and accused, but far from defeated
He willingly suffered that your sins may be covered,
Poured out his love in sweet demonstration
Offering eternal freedom to every generation.

Drowning in anguish and unendurable pain –
Shredded muscles collapse, jeers resounding in vain.
Fatigue slowly drops him, but jerked into place
Suspended by nails to take every soul's place.
Gasping for breath, still fully forgiving
He looked to his left with words so endearing
"Today," He proclaimed as he gave salvation!

Silently the old post resembles the story –
Awesome atonement crucified on a tree
Fulfilling the scriptures that all be set free.
An arm stretched out in love, forgives all who believe.

Imagine the agony surrounding the post –
Long ago fashioned as Golgotha's host.
And how willing it'd be to speak of the hope
Provided that day as love came our way
Not forgetting any, still abundant today.

By Jordan Holm