

“Jesus of the Scars”

by Edward Shillito

If we have never sought you, we seek you now;
Your eyes burn through the dark, our only stars;
We must have sight of thorn-marks on your brow,
We must have you, O Jesus of the scars.

The heavens frighten us; they are too calm;
In all the universe we have no place.
Our wounds are hurting us; where is the balm?
Lord Jesus, by your scars we know your grace.

If, when the doors are shut, you then draw near,
Only reveal those bloodied feet and hands
We know today what wounds are, have no fear;
Show us your scars, we know you understand

The other gods were strong; but you were weak;
They rode, but Jesus stumbled to a throne;
But to our wounds only God's wounds can speak,
And not a god has wounds, but You alone.