

What is it?

By Robin B Lipinski

(Inspired by Mark Edgemon's challenge to write a poem based on Andrew Pell's poem, "The Shape of the Cross".)

North.

South.

East.

West.

Latitude and longitude, lines crossing a round ball seen by other animals as home,

Humanity seeing lines, city street blocks surrounding busy lines of traffic...

The lines never stop.

Tic-Tac-Toe,

Cross my heart and hope to die,

Don't cross me or you're dead,

Even cross the river Styx,

I crossed my toes or fingers,

The lines never stop.

Tracing lines upon paper,

Ruler firm to hold the line,

Always straight to an answer,

Until in the cemetery,

We lay in buried lines,

While lines of worry appear on the survivors until they too,

Cross the line of life.

History past is linear, crossing centuries of time,

As Roman soldiers carried their straight spears and crossed swords with Germanic invading hords,

Even nailing a man named Jesus with straight lined shafts of steel to a wooden combination of lines.

People speak of the true relic of the cross,

They relish in possession such a small straight sliver of wood,

Yet they fail to see the round answer of the cross.

The Cross of Calvary was made by man,

It is the ongoing lines we embrace,

Yet Jesus knew and knows better as he died for mankind's sake,

As the wooden cross represents the ignorance of man

While what hung on that cross was from God.

So the answer is simple,
It is not the cross or the never ending lines of man,
Rather it is Love,
Jesus planted
The seed
Of His blood
As He hung from the Cross,
When it gushed from His wound to the ground,
The round world embraced it.

We are the world, around us Jesus lives.
When one helps another,
Gives comfort to the sick,
Practices the gift of love,
It is God's Son Jesus we see standing,
Holding his loving arms,
Around the whole world,
And you will see no straight lines of man,
In this.

The End