Triptych

Mothboy

(ferry)
Here the soil is barren
Here - nothing grows
But crosses
They - know not what they do
You - your forgiveness
Falls as dew
Nailed upon a wooden frame

Twisted yet unbroken
Open mounted a silent choir
Understood, unspoken
Never was there heard a sound
Until the heavens opened
Now the tide is turning
To other-wordly yearning
Through the sun´s eclipse seems final
Surely he will rise again

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