

# Triptych

## Illudria

(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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