



Out of the Wasteland (An Easter Song)

Darby Brown

A distorted tree, ravaged and torn
from the ground, sculpted by unclean hands
made clean at last by crimson burning snow,
reaching upward always, falling
into the sky.
I will show you hope in a handful of dust.

Breath of thunder exhaled by darkness,
the stirring of the earth, causing the cracking
of cloth. Cold distance transformed
into the warmth of a hug, and
commands that competed with the wind become
the whisper of a kiss.
I will show you love in a handful of dust.

Three rusted nails, cast off into the dirt
to wither and decay and nourish
earth with blood.
I removed the blindfold from your eyes,
replaced the hammer in your hand with flowers
from my vine.
I will show you grace in a handful of dust.

A hollow cavern where knowing rocks blink
but do not speak.
Wings brushed the ceiling, tears cleaned the floor,
sunlight bursts apart the rain as feet run
and run and run
to overflow the world.
I will show you joy in a handful of dust.

Where are your shackles? Where are your chains?
Rub your wrists to find the rash
where you used to be a slave.
Do you remember the whip upon your shoulder blades?
The scars upon your heart?
The sand shifts and swallows pain.
I will show you freedom in a handful of dust.