

No Alleluia

I love this season
silencing Alleluia
revering redemption,
Calvary carried by
So many
casually condemned
by stroke of pen

No dramatic Pilate pronouncements,
no public displays of washing hands of it all.

I don't want to sing along
to hidden suffering I've pretended away
like a dinner party a stone's throw from the cross.

I pray into the silencing of the Alleluia.
I touch these ashes.
I notice wounds.

Will I listen to the Caiphas chorus in my head:
Someone has to suffer for the good of the people?

Will I pause my Alleluia life
to wipe a face, to share a carried burden,
or to simply stand with Mary
when so many just pass,

or will I reach Easter still in a tomb
of self?

Today I begin
by singing no Alleluia.

Laura Parisi