Mary’s Boy

Jesus
creator
King of every king
and yet this was Mary’s boy.
blood spilled grace on me
and still Mary’s boy
piercing your heart Mary
to save me
forsaking you
and his kingdom
for me.
What a terrible loss
you suffered
to watch this one you feed, changed, embraced
carried, protected, and nourished
now condemned to bear nails and thones
whips and shame
so that we could all come to the table.
and face the Gethsemane of every broken generation
he cried for his Daddy as the sunset brought shadows
on the edge of town.
You had others
but that night He was your only Boy.