

IT'S FINISHED

Cold numbness spreading down the aching limbs
To shoulders out of joint and splitting ribs;
Brief burning gasp of breath by bearing down
Upon the piercing spike through throbbing feet:
Is this the Cup, accepted in the night?
The thieves beside hang dangling, drinking this. . . .

The crowd grows dim, the taunts and jeering fade.
A snarling, pitch-black flood from yesterday!
Tomorrow's moaning tidal wave of sin!
The two, in monstrous darkness, merging now
To suffocate, cut off, choke out all life:
One evil, writhing mass of empty death!

The Presence vanishes, the Glory's gone!
The Word is silenced, Love has lost its Voice.
But human fear clamps down its strangling grip:
Is this the Cup, the damning drink? "My God!"
Not one ray left of Heaven's Light! "My God!"
My Father! "Why have you forsaken me?"

All strength drained out, the endless torture ends.
Eyes focus back upon a hazy world
With one brief glimpse of tears on Mother's face
Before a pungent sponge is shoved before the lips.
The Cup! It's dripping! Catch the drops! They fall!
And acid jolts the swollen tongue and soul.

Awake with pain, the mind more clear to think,
Yet every pushing up for air is like
Removing mountains, legs and arms of stone.
"It's finished!" cried with one last struggling breath,
Then Paradise! The saints and fathers wake!
"Rise up! You're free! It's finished! I have won!"

— *David L. Hatton, 2/21/1991*