

Palm Sunday Poem

The Palms stretch down their fronds in worship's grace.
The stones prepare to sing the welcoming.
And streets shine out with joy from every face
who strain to see the coming of the king.

The shouts and cries of laughter echo round.
Expectant hope appears to dance and sing.
Yet, writhing through this crowd and gaining ground,
the darkness waits to swallow everything.

Yet he who is the donkey's gentle load,
knows crowds are shallow in their worshipping.
He sees ahead, upon his Friday-road,
a hill, a cross and thorns to crown a king.

Fr Mark Skelton, Plymouth Diocese.

