

THE BROKEN BODY

The broken body on a tree --
With bleeding wounds that op'ning wide
Like silent mouths proclaim for me
New life within their crimson tide;

The broken body in a tomb –
In winding sheet that speaks of death –
Becomes a light within the gloom,
Becomes a life-imparting breath.

The broken body in my hand –
The symbol – bread – I take and eat;
I take the cup at His command,
And mingled – death and life compete.

My broken body, soiled soul
Accept the sacrifice divine.
His pain, His death have made me whole –
I feel His life becoming mine.

My broken body shall affirm
His love with living praise
Till like the soul – no more infirm –
It basks in Heaven's healing rays.

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