Behold the Lamb

road of suffering
way unknown
path unmarked
travelled alone
no crutch
no fix
a lamb instead
leads to a hill
man fears to tread

a little lamb
a lonely hill
the life poured out
the Spirit fills
it overflows
and others finds
spilling into
both hearts and minds

church becomes
believers' bed
shouting 'Amen!'
with nodding head
sitting in safety
all applaud
the dying
suffering
lamb of God

the gift received
the life inside
static power
untapped
untried
all for us
ourselves behold
filled-up vessels
forget the gold

the secret is
unless we go
the way of God
we cannot know
ours to choose
in blessing stay
or by love
turn to
a deeper way

— *By Mallory Patrick*