Lenten Poem: The Cross Is Not an Idea
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The Cross Is Not an Idea

The cross is not an idea
to be admired from a distance.
It is wood and weight,
splinters and breath
running out.

We prefer symbols:
clean lines, empty tombs,
victory without interruption.
But Lent insists
that we stand closer.

Here, power looks like surrender.
Here, obedience bleeds.
Here, God does not save Himself
in order to save the world.

The cross refuses efficiency.
It takes too long.
It looks like failure
before it ever looks like love.
It does not explain itself
while it is happening.

Those who pass by misunderstand it.
Those who mock think they are right.
Even the faithful
cannot see the ending yet.

And that is the point.

The cross exposes
our impatience with suffering,
our need for resolution,
our desire to bypass grief
on the way to hope.

But God does not bypass.
God enters.

Every betrayal we recognize too late.
Every prayer that feels unanswered.
Every moment when obedience costs more
than we imagined...
the cross stands there,

unmoved,
telling the truth.

Not that suffering is good,
but that love is stubborn.
Not that pain is holy,
but that God is faithful
even here.

You do not understand the cross
by explaining it.
You understand it
by staying.

By refusing to look away.
By letting it undo
your easy answers
and reassemble you
more honestly.

The cross is not the end.
But it is the way.

And Lent teaches us
that resurrection
is not something you rush toward;
it is something you receive
after you have learned
how to wait.