

Pieta

Just once I'd like to see Jesus hunched over his mother
in a protective embrace, not splayed over her lap,
the filaments of his death electric and frayed.

Instead of all the focus on his stripped body, I'd like
to see him cloaked, holding his mother's rounded
shoulders, apologizing for his long absences.

Imagine his tender words, his hazel eyes misted over,
his message to all sons - take care of your mother.
I'd like to see marble Pietas in every alcove

Not of the Bereft Mother, but the Comforted Madonna,
her son remaining at the end of the day, not ascending
like vapor into the annals of history.

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