Shroud, what secrets do you refrain
From revealing to Man's mortal eyes
To tantalise?

What evidence of searing pain
Has over all these centuries lain
Hidden to all, except the few
Who briefly glimpsed, instinctively knew.

Death's agony impressed so accurately
Has baffled science, but, as for me -
I can see
No human hand could ever make
Such an inspired, realistic fake.
It's Jesus' face that I behold
Miraculously preserved of old.

But there's a deeper mystery
Written into history:
Jesus, why?
Did You really have to die
For me? I realise that I never could
Be worth just one small drop of Your precious blood
Poured out for me in absolute Love.

Janet M. Savage