

## IMAGE

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