

The Way of the Cross

In more myths than I can count the hero
back from the underworld returns lame,
scarred, crippled. Marked. Maybe this is why
they fear us so: in their bones they know
we know things, we have wrestled with the dark
and the light, we have come limping back.
Never again one of the crowd, we stand,
sit, lie apart, distinguished by where
we have been, by what we have come through.
This is why they fear us so —
it's what they fear we know.

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