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Oh, Judas!

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When he kissed the cheek
That presented itself like a snarl,
Clawing to be known to death,
He involved himself into tragedy
And knew his role.

And Christ shirked his duties,
Knew that the cross was wasted
And wanted only the cold comfort
Of betrayal to prove the point
Of his infallibility.

Oh Judas, wisest apostle—
Knowing that guilt from love,
Tricked into supernatural knowledge;
You knew your kiss was the tragedy
Of Christ's betrayal—and yours.

Yours was the mercy killing;
For awareness of the plot's climax
You suffered the cross for Christ
And died as He arose—
Still warm and dumb.

Ruth Jones