

Threatened with Resurrection

Julia Esquivel

When the hour comes,
you shall change my desert into a waterfall,
you shall anoint my head with fresh oil
and your strength shall overcome my weakness.

You shall guide my feet into your footsteps
and I will walk the narrow path
that leads to your house.

You shall tell me when
and where
I will walk your path
totally bathed in joy.
In the meantime,
I ask you, Lord, you who awaken
in the most intimate place in my soul
the Feast of Life!
That of the Empty Tomb!
That of the Victorious Cross!

Let your voice mistaken as the Gardener's
awaken my hearing every morning
with news that's always fresh:
'Go and tell my brothers
that I have overcome death,
that there is a place for everyone

there where the New Nation is built.
There,
where neither earth, love or joy
can be bought or sold,
where wine and milk
are shared without money and without price.'

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