

Tunica Doloris

When sanity begins to drift in mind
Because a friend, from earth has ridden fate,
And terrifying feelings start to grate—
It helps to know that all of humankind

Who mourn were helped by One who stopped and dined
With friends that didn't know the hour was late.
They didn't know the magnitude of Great,
Whom Peter thrice denied—distraught, maligned.

The hugs He must have given each one close,
Could line the coats that warm the coldest men
And women on the earth, who cope with grief.

The tunic that he wore, a seamless dose
Of prize, stripped off and won in gamblers' ken,
Warms not . . . but Jesus, cold, has warmed a thief.

—Christopher Lund

This poem won first place in the 2008 BYU Studies poetry contest.