

We Look Up

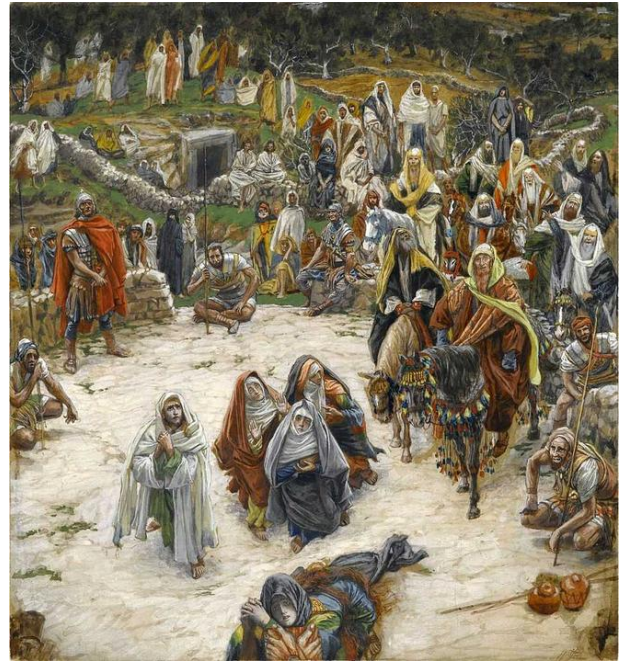
Paul

Aug21

And there he hangs
Naked and alone
His life is bleeding
To hard wood and round stone

An emblem to suffer
So timeless and timed
A spectacle of falling
His torment to mind

We look up to his cry
As he's drifting away
What made us decide
That this be our way?



Ce que voyait Notre-Seigneur sur la Croix
James Tissot (1836–1902)