

They slogged along the road  
as if their tears  
had turned the dust to mud...  
and then came  
skipping questions like  
pebbles on a lake.

“why are you so distressed?”

Cleopas explained best.

“our friend has died,  
the one we called Messiah,  
mistakenly it seems.

Now women of the faith  
feign visions of angels,  
or dreams that say  
he walks among us-  
as if he could!”

The good and patient stranger  
pierced their sorrow  
with ancient prophecies;

“the dead in Christ will rise.  
Messiah will be first  
to forge the way.”

That evening, when they  
were ready and willing to see,  
he broke the bread,  
held it heavenward,  
candlelight ringing  
the holes in his hands,  
and prayed. Like always.

[The Road to Emmaus ; Nikki Grimes ]