

The Last Supper

In darkened halls, the whispers grew,
Where silver coins were weighed and cast.

A price for love the leaders knew,
As Judas sold the die at last.

Thirty pieces, cold and bright,
To trade the Morning for the night.

"Follow the man with the water jar,"
The Master spoke to lead the way.

In an upper room beneath a star,
They gathered at the close of day.

But e'er the bread and wine were shared,
A different service He prepared.

He laid aside His royal gown,
With towel bound and basin low.

He brought the height of Heaven down
To where the dusty footsteps go.

Though Peter shrank in humble fear,
The Savior's intent was made clear:

"If I, your Lord, have bowed this low
To wash away the grime and grit,

Then follow where I lead, and go
To serve the least where'er they sit."

A shadow fell across the board,
As sadness touched the Savior's face.

"One who eats here with his Lord
Will lead me to a dark embrace."

While others asked in trembling dread,
The dipped sop passed to Judas' hand.

"Go quickly now," the Master said,
As ancient wheels began to turn as planned.

He took the bread and broke the crust,
"This is my body, given free."

A testament of love and trust,
"Eat this and remember me."

Then lifting high the crimson wine,
He spoke of blood and sins forgiven—

A promise of a fruit-filled vine
Within the coming gates of Heaven.

With a final hymn, they sought the hill,
Beneath the olives' silver leaves.

The air was heavy, damp, and still,
As Gethsemane the King receives.