

The Aisle - *The Walk*

For the hour has come and it is time for the power of darkness. Another light shines His sad face, the fire. It burns and embers heat as the blood of the people arise and boil. As another of His dear friends denies Him, He looks out across the fire. Peter sees His face aflame, the no longer transfigured Jesus, and runs to the darkness. Scattered on the ground, the mocks of the ones who hate Him. The gift of His precious eyes taken by a cloth for if He looked at them, their scales would be removed. Now blinded by hatred, envy, and sin, the ones from hell scream at the little boy of the light.

Now taken to a cell. The rose begins to shed His pedals. Paving the path in fragrance of the Bridegroom. For all those to follow after, those to spend nights in darkness in the cells of their heart, for they know one has preceded them. Now shackled by darkness, He prays and sings through the night. Guards as old friends keep watch of Him but even they know, He will not run. Steady are the little boy's steps as He scatters petals for the bride to make her way down the aisle after Him.

Even the sun in the morning shall not rise, it hides behind clouds of darkness.
For there is still the mourning Son.

“Day after day I was with you in the temple area, and you did not seize me; but this is your hour, the time for the power of darkness.”

{Luke 22: 53}

{Mathew 26: 69-75, Peter's Denial of Jesus}

{Mathew 27: 27-31, Mockery by the Soldiers}

{Psalm 61: Prayer of the King in Time of Danger}

“Who is this coming up from the desert,
like columns of smoke
Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
with all kinds of exotic powder?
See! it is the litter of Soloman:
Sixty valiant men surround it,
of the valiant men of Israel:
All of them expert of the sword,

skilled in battle,
Each with a sword at his side
against the terrors of the night.
King Solomon made himself an enclosed litter
of wood from Lebanon.
He made its columns of silver,
its roof of gold,
Its seat of purple cloth,
its interior lovingly fitted.
Daughters of Jerusalem, go out
and look upon King Solomon
In the crown with which his mother has
crowned him
on the day of his marriage,
on the day of the joy of his heart.”

{Song of Songs 3: Solomon’s Wedding Procession}