

## FINE PRINT \*

The calloused, rough-hewn workers heaved  
And threw another rough-hewn cross  
Upon the growing pile of wood  
Flecked with human dross

The timbers all had served their turn  
And splintered over time  
As one by one they'd pinioned those  
Paying for their crime

And when they could no longer hold  
A nail to pin the gruesome load  
That pillar of the damned—the spurned  
Was piled up with the rest and burned

They tossed the last one on the pile  
Paused... shuddered at the Reaper's tally  
Then fired the wooden bones just like  
The bones in Hinnom's Valley

A worker standing near for warmth  
Eyes gazing at the glowing pyre  
Caught something strange upon the wood  
In the flickering fire

Moving close, he grabbed the end  
Of one old, rugged stake  
Pulled it out—saw the words  
And then began to shake...

... Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews

“Pilate made a sign and put it on the cross.  
It read: Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.”

John 19:19  
NEW CENTURY VERSION

\* This is a fictitious piece, attempting to imagine the reaction of one who might have been a believer, or at least a curious one, who came across the sign Pilate had nailed to the cross of Jesus. Especially in view of what some were saying about a resurrection.