

## Fruits: Love

Fluffy mush, red-velvet plush, or a rush  
Of blood to the head.  
Pursue love - as if it lasts forever,  
But all you're left is dead.

God's love is the gentlest, tenderest caress,  
It scrubs out permanently all my many wrongs,  
It isn't rude or arrogant or self-seeking,  
Love takes pleasure in spotless truth  
It cloaks me with invincible, pervasive protective arms,  
God's love simply never fails.

Fake mush, red-velvet plush, or a rush  
Of blood to the head.  
Pursue love - as if it lasts forever,  
But all you're left is dead.

God's love is a roughly-hewn cross,  
Six-inch nails,  
The God-man who forgave his killers  
And welcomed the thief who barely understood.  
The divine-boy who endured separation from Daddy God,  
The son who looked - through pain - with tenderness on his faithful mum.

Forget the meaningless mush,  
Look, instead, at the ruby drops of blood,  
The crown of cruel thorns encircling his head,  
The rich, purple robe discarded mockingly,  
And - if you dare - accept a love that truly lasts forever,  
The love offered with open, hurting arms, even as the darkness cloaked Him,  
The love that has beaten death.

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