

Strength of a Servant

Rachel Gaddis

Where did he find the strength,
the strength of silence,
though their spit snaked down his face
emptying him with their venom,
he did not wipe it away
those words destroying his soul?

Cunning and quiet, they waited
for the darkness to conceal them
they stripped him, left him shaking
thinking all the while they
were doing the world a favor—
God a favor.

He kept his face to the ground
as darkness eased
over his knees and chest
and a still, small Voice lifted
his eyes to the source,
the source of his silence.

“Well done good and faithful servant.”