

Unhealed wounds

by **Littina George Manalel**



You still bear those wounds in you;
time in its course couldn't heal it
because each time I turn away,
thus I forbid its healing.

As then, it is still fresh today
Which was all for me;
but again & again it's all because of me,
you still bear the pain in you.

Never I tried to understand the worth of it,
nor how worth am I to you,
but only this I know,
that for me you were nailed,
it was for me, you were whipped.

Than on that day on the cross, I see today
It hurts you more as I walk away
From those five wounds of yours,
It drips still, because of your love infinite to me.

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