

And the Flies Gathered Round His Bloody Flesh

by Rick McKinney, June 2018

*But I am a worm, not a man; the scorn of men; despised by the people. Psalm 22:7
But we preach Christ crucified – a stumbling block to Jews, and an absurdity to Gentiles. 1Cor. 1:23*

In the garden with agonized prayer, his sweat fell down like drops of blood.
And the flies gathered round his bloody flesh.

They bound him, beat him, and dragged him off to the high priest's house.
And the flies gathered round his bloody flesh.

What shall I do then with Jesus? "Crucify him, crucify him," the thirsty crowd cried.
And the flies gathered round his bloody flesh.

Over and over the many prong scourge fell upon his unprotected shoulders, legs and torso.
And the flies gathered round his bloody flesh.

They twisted together a crown of thorns and then forced it harshly upon his head.
And the flies gathered round his bloody flesh.

They took a staff, placed it in his hand and then took and struck him with it again and again.
And the flies gathered round his bloody flesh.

Through the streets they led him off as he carried the heavy crossbeam on red raw shoulders.
And the flies gathered round his bloody flesh.

At Golgotha site they striped him, stretched him and twisted his naked body upon a cross.
And the flies gathered round his bloody flesh.

To that cross they nailed his hands and feet then raised it high for all to see.
And the flies gathered round his bloody flesh.

At the end he said, "Father forgive them, it is finished, into your hands I commit my spirit."
And the flies gathered round his bloody flesh.

Eat my body you who are hungry, he told us. Drink my blood and so quench your thirst.
But never forget that lowly flies were among those that fed upon him first.