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## Poem for Good Friday - James Miller

JUDAS

I THINK HE WAS CHRIST'S NIGHTMARE  
THERE IN THE GARDEN, WHEN ALL THE ANGELS LEFT  
AND FROM THE DUSK, JUDAS CAME  
SMILING LIKE A BREATHING GHOST.  
YES, THE DREAD OF BEING KISSED  
BY THE ONE WHO HATES YOU MOST.

