

... They tried to wash their hands of you,  
get rid of you,  
nailing you up on shameful gallows,  
but instead you loved them  
and forgave them  
because  
you had other fish to fry.

They thought you had gone for good – Proconsul, Pharisee, Disciple –  
but there you were instead,  
in a garden,  
a locked room,  
on the Emmaus road,  
and on the beach  
with those whom you loved,  
frying other fish.

*Sandra Sears, from Other Fish to Fry*