

## Danielle Rose

### "Easter Morning"

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I have been waiting.  
I have been waiting for this moment.  
Touch the sky - death to new life.

Like a seed within the darkness of the tomb,  
Death itself you have transformed into a womb for the world.  
For the garden of your glory to re-bloom once again.  
Your tears become our life; your tears become our bread.

And the cross becomes a crown  
The crown of thorns becomes a rose  
And He rose from death to life  
Out of love He chose  
To give it all away  
Become transparent to our pain  
Make our suffering His own  
To become human

I thought that I had died, Lord, in the darkness  
Waiting for something to open around me.  
But look now--look at these wings you've given me!  
Look at the thousands of butterflies that cloud the sky  
around me!

Every desolate and desecrated spirit  
Has become a splinter of the ageless cross.  
And He sweat blood as he comprehended what He had  
taken on  
And He trembled in the darkness at the memory of the  
future wrongs.

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