Title: The Mother's pain

Subtitle: Poetry

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Summary: A dream I had about Yeshua death, where I was witnessed his more of my mothers feelings for her sons death; expressed as a poem.

You see we saw how it felt,
In a dream like a vision;
Where we felt all the guilt,
It wasn?t like said,
There stood our mother in fear and dread,
Watching her son as he bled to death.
They stabbed us quite clean,
Which really was mean,
As they tortured and laughed;
Blood and water came out like a bath.
Our mother cried,
As she watched her son die.
Knowing inside we would be OK,
Knowing from where we came,
So knew it would be the same.
Yet now our mother we must watch,
As she watches the final clock,
Of her son she loved and bore;
Who was worth so much more.