

POEM
from *Poetic Reflections* by Sarah Are

Silver

We wear silver pieces almost every day,
earrings and watches—a sign of artistry;
soft metal that gets infused with memory,
polished and tarnished as we live and breathe.

We carry silver pieces each and every day
in jackets and purses as loose pocket change;
tiny discs of metal with the faces of white men—
Washington or Caesar, you decide when.

But it's hard to believe that this one simple metal—
the same thing we use for dining utensils—
was also the reward that paid for Jesus' life:
thirty pieces of silver, handed over at night.

Thirty pieces of silver—that's all it took.
Blood money paid to say Jesus was a crook.
Blood money to say, "He doesn't matter to me."
Blood money for the man who'd just washed them clean.

It's hard to believe that in just one night
Judas could go from washed and cleaned,
forgiven and known, loved and seen,
to then turn around so easily
for a small cash payment ending in brutality.

And while I wish this story was far from my chest,
I'm afraid I deal silver along with the best.
One piece for the homeless I choose not to see.
One piece for the gossip and loud mockery.
One piece for using "other" instead of friend.
One piece for building walls, out and within.

One piece for greed that I hold so tightly.
One piece for thinking it's all about me.
One piece for believing dichotomies.
One piece for refusing to see beyond me.

Thirty pieces of silver, that's all it took—
blood money paid to say Jesus was a crook.
It makes me sick, because I know the truth:
love will exist for me, no matter what I do.
For I am like Judas—I carry silver.
But Jesus is like water, making me cleaner



Blessings from Parkrose Community United Church of Christ