

Out of the West Came Pilate

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Out of the west came Pilate
on horseback, flags unfurled,
to hold Rome's power inviolate,
unchallenged in the world.
He came to keep things peaceful,
preserve the status quo,
to keep the locals mindful
of how life ought to go.

The eastern gate met Jesus,
upon a donkey's back
to show he meant to save us—
a calculated act!
The peace he brought subverted
the status of this place
where God had been abandoned
in favor of false truce.

With Pilate came foundations,
accountable and sure,
to make these messy nations
one empire, stable, pure.
Authority brought order,
unquestioned, quick, and clear,
each well-seen, well-known border
enforced by gold and spear.

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But Jesus knew true concord
was oneness with God's will,
and wept, for we could be more
than what we buy and sell.
A riot in the Temple,
creative disarray,
was proof that he brought trouble—
this rebel had to die.

What convoy might we follow?
Are strength and certainty
the qualities we value?
Or would we dare to try
the path of brave surrender,
sedition siring loss,
when we share Christ's meek splendor
by taking up our cross?

Text by James Hart Brumm

Topics: Discipleship, Palm Sunday

Source: Luke 19:28–48

Possible tunes: AURELIA; PASSION CHORALE; ST. THEODULPH; WEBB

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