

Bar Enosh

Eugen J. Pentiu

“Son of Weakness and Mortality”
I saw him walking through the rain,
Along a road of dust and pain,
No crown of gold upon his brow,
No trumpet blast announced him now.

The mighty kingdoms rose and fell,
Like waves that storm a harbor swell,
Their banners rotted in the sky,
Their iron gods were left to die.

The eagle flew, the lion roared,
The dragon sharpened tooth and sword,
Yet all their glory passed away
Like smoke before the break of day.

And who was he who crossed the plain,
With weary feet and scars of pain?
No prince adorned in royal flame,
No herald crying out his name.

A child of weakness, flesh and breath,
A brother born to grief and death,
A son of dust, a son of tears,
A traveler through the passing years.

Bar Enosh, the ancient seers
Had whispered through their hopes and fears;
Not strength alone, nor heaven’s might,
But mortal weakness clothed in light.

The old world mocked his humble frame,
The proud and learned did the same,
For who would seek the Living God
Among the poor who till the sod?

Yet he embraced the orphan’s cry,
The widow’s grief, the mourner’s sigh,
And carried in his wounded side
The sorrow all the ages hide.

He walked where death had built its throne,

Into the dark and cold unknown,
Where shadows gathered, deep and vast,
And every mortal breath had passed.

The gates of Hades shook with dread
To see a man among the dead;
Yet stranger still, with startled eyes,
They saw mortality arise.

Bruised and broken, scarred and torn,
Yet bearing heaven in flesh once worn,
A deified mortal stood alone,
And darkness trembled at his tone.

The powers hidden underground
Fell silent at that fearful sound;
For weakness came with strength concealed,
And death itself was forced to yield.

A voice then crossed the darkened years
And reached us through our doubts and fears:
“My grace is enough; do not despair,
For strength is born where wounds are bare.”

The proud may trust in sword and flame,
In wealth and power, rank and name;
But heaven’s deepest victories
Are hidden in infirmities.

The thorn may wound, the flesh may tire,
Yet weakness feeds a holier fire;
And mortal hearts, when stripped of pride,
Make room for God to dwell inside.

The river ceased its mournful song,
The ancient night could not hold long;
The chains of ages split apart,
Like brittle reeds before his heart.

O Son of Weakness, lead us still
Across the valley and the hill;
For we are dust and passing breath,
Companions of disease and death.

We build our towers toward the sky,
Yet all our shining kingdoms die;

We boast, we struggle, and we roam,
Still searching for our Father's home.

And when the final evening falls,
And silence gathers in the halls,
When memory fades and eyesight dims,
And life becomes a whispered hymn,

Then let us see beyond the grave
The face of him who came to save;
Not as the mighty once appeared,
But as the weak whom heaven revered.

For strength is hidden in the seed,
And grace is born in human need;
The highest throne, the deepest truth,
Was clothed in weakness and in youth.

The orphan's tear, the widow's prayer,
The pilgrim's burdened heart laid bare,
The child who waits beside the door—
These are the things God treasures more.

Then every orphaned heart shall sing,
And every wound new joy shall bring;
The Endless Dawn shall break once more,
Beyond the dark, beyond the shore.

And there, where time itself has flown,
The weak shall stand before the Throne;
Not lost, forgotten, cast aside—
But gathered at the Crucified.

Bar Enosh, guide us through the night,
Until all shadows yield to light;
Until the tears of earth are gone,
And weakness wakes in glory's dawn.