

For Aida Skripnikova
William Cross, Capital University

Nineteen in the 1960s.
She shivered on Soviet sidewalk,
Pirate smuggling illegal
thoughts of Jesus
in poetry to passersby.

Our years fly past
One after another, unnoticed.
Grief and sadness disappear,
They are carried away by life...
What answer will you give your creator?

Twenty-seven in the 70s.
Her beauty brittle in solitary cells,
inner fieriness Marked
her gospel as un-Marxist.
Sentenced for offering
a light yoke.

Through prison guards, packages denied
backfired as solace gained.
During searches, present inmates concealed
her unlicensed Goods.
On dank walls, past smugglers inked
cheer of God's ways.
She saw community.

Skin faded from trials now erased.
Smile emboldened from blessings she retraced.

* The second verse is derived from Aida Skripnikova's "Happy New Year! 1962."