



Christ Lived in Me Unseen

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

Christ lived in me unseen through all these years —
in tears and laughter, in bitterness, in wine,
in scattered dreams, in broken freedom,
in love I feared to give completely.

He did not enter — He has need of no door.
He was my breathing, Light behind my back.
I thought I was alone. I waited for
His coming. And He whispered: “I was. I am here. I am yours.”

He asked for no song, no shining,
no temples, crowns, no spotless deed of mine.
He waited until my schooling passed,
till I came without an “I.” And He beheld.

Not I unveiled to Him — it was He, in hiding,
who showed me there’s no “later,” no “not now,”
that all that broke me, all the pain abiding —
He passed through it Himself. And became in me — Christ.

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