

**For the Salvadoran Jesuits, Good Friday 1990**  
**Serena Cosgrove, SU Alum '85**

baptism  
isn't just the splash  
of holy water  
rather immersion  
into ever deepening waters  
your blood flows over me  
and i'm baptized anew  
baptism of water  
baptism of blood  
baptism under fire.

200 soldiers on your campus  
30 soldiers to your front door  
they invite you to walk in the garden  
(the hibiscus blooms nod awake)  
they line you up  
(the hibiscus blooms tremble)  
they shoot you down  
(the hibiscus blooms cry out: no-o-o. . .)  
the housekeeper and her sixteen year old daughter  
(the hibiscus blooms stand still in the breeze)  
kill them too  
(the hibiscus blooms weep  
tears lost in the early morning dew)  
back in the security meeting  
the radio crackles  
Fr. Ellacuria has been killed resisting arrest  
the room shakes with their applause  
soldier minds closed  
to the pardon of god.

in the garden  
the sun has risen  
the dew has dried  
the hibiscus blooms have fallen  
red on your dead bodies  
I gather the fallen blooms  
and place them on the altar  
your offering your message  
live the promise  
in the face of today's idols  
your blood flows over me  
i'm baptized anew  
the waters deepen  
your faith flows through me  
live the promise  
in the face of today's idols