



## Empty Linen

By Emily Harris

The linen which once held Him is empty.  
It lies there,  
Fresh and white and clean.  
The door stands opened.  
The stone is rolled away,  
And I can almost hear the angels singing His praises.  
Linen cannot hold Him.  
Stone cannot hold Him.  
The words echo through the empty limestone chamber,  
"He is not here."  
The linen which once held Him is now empty.  
It lies there,  
Fresh and white and clean  
And oh, hallelujah, it is empty.