

## NLB Online Repository of Artistic Works

SIMON SAYS (working drafts)  
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Note: Content layout and formatting are as received from author.

SIMON SAYS

Then they led him away to be crucified. On their way out they met a man from Cyrene, Simon by name, and pressed him into service to carry his cross. Mathew 27:32

1ST DRAFT

- (1) Talk about being at the wrong time,
- (2) at the wrong place.

There I was, minding my own business, one voice with the mob egging ~~on~~ <sup>jeering</sup> on the Son of God,

There I was, a tourist from out of town, ~~set~~ blown away by this blood spectacle.

when something ~~was~~ a fist in the air I heard <sup>for</sup> there was an <sup>event</sup> ~~event~~ in the streets I must not miss,

(3) ~~There~~ I was, <sup>just</sup> a tourist from out of town minding

- (6) Curiosity drew and held me captive, this ~~blood~~ spectacle that made sport out
- (7) ~~of~~ the spit and spite

(5) my own business, ~~one~~ voice one voice with the mob egging on the Son of God, a fist in the air for every lash the soldiers reflect

(2) all the way to Golgotha,

But when I saw his face

But something broke ~~like~~ <sup>in me</sup> a prayer

when I saw his face

Talk about being/at the wrong time, at the wrong place.

Draft 2

- (1) However painful it was <sup>that day</sup>
- (2) I shall remember ~~these steps~~
- (3) ~~how~~ <sup>no</sup> something broke aside me

There I was, <sup>just</sup> a tourist from out of town, minding my own business.

I heard there was a blood <sup>sport</sup> ~~spectacle~~ in the ~~street~~ I must not miss, <sup>and</sup> curiosity drew and held me captive

Write not to please <sup>and</sup> ~~captive~~.

but to learn;

write not to confess

but to unearthen

Write because there is

no other reason.

One moment, <sup>I was</sup> ~~I was~~ one voice with the mob, egging on the Son of God,

and the next <sup>assumed</sup> I ~~took~~ <sup>silence</sup> his ~~place~~ <sup>under the cross</sup> beneath the cross.

~~how these Romans could~~

~~How~~ something broke in ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> ~~that day~~ <sup>that day</sup> on the way up to Golgotha ~~that day~~ <sup>that day</sup>

DRAFT 3 :

SIMON SAYS

Talk about being  
at the wrong time,  
at the wrong place.

There I was, ~~a tourist~~ on a visit  
from out-of-town, minding  
my own business.

I heard there was <sup>a</sup> blood ~~spot~~  
<sup>spectacle</sup> must not miss,  
and curiosity <sup>drew</sup> ~~brought~~ and <sup>took</sup> ~~held~~ me captive.

One moment I was  
one voice with the mob,  
egging on the Son of God

update → 27/11/2001

and the next,  
I assumed His silence  
beneath the cross.

SIMON SAYS

Then they led him away to be crucified. On their way out they met a man from Cyrene, Simon by name, and pressed him into service to carry his cross.

Mathew 27:32

① Talk about being at the wrong place, at the wrong time.

② There I was, a visitor from out of town, minding my own business.

③ I heard <sup>about this</sup> ~~there was a blood~~ spectacle I should not miss, <sup>so</sup> and curiosity took me captive.

update → 27/11/2001  
update → 26/1/2002

④ One moment, I was one voice with the mob, egging on the Son of God

⑤ and the next, I assumed His silence beneath the cross.

I would say ~~I am~~ strong enough <sup>task</sup> for any ~~man~~ <sup>on any given day</sup> for any task on any given day  
← but still it was a long haul, made longer by

~~But however painful~~ the spit and spite I endured all the way to Golgotha.

⑥ I would say I am <sup>man</sup> strong enough <sup>to bear</sup> any <sup>job</sup> ~~task~~ ~~but still~~, ~~but still~~, it was a long haul,

Never have I seen

⑦ ~~was~~ <sup>a</sup> the road made all the more painful by the spit and spite I endured all the <sup>miles up</sup> way to golgotha

miles

I shall not forget the day how

something <sup>like a wound</sup> broke inside me, ~~that day~~ that afternoon,

~~that afternoon, like a wound, or a prayer~~

as He took the cross from me and smiled.

I've not ~~seen~~ felt

when I saw how nothing ~~Nothing~~ could break His spirit, to his last breath.

when He heaved the cross from my shoulders and smiled, as if nothing on earth could break His spirit.

⑧ I shall not forget how something inside me broke like a wound that afternoon,

⑨ when He heaved the cross from my shoulders and smiled, as though every breath on earth shone through His spirit.

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