

What Jesus Would Do

by Meredith Byrne

He'd weep.
at the end of the song
because sorrow
is part of the soil,
and tears water
what's trying to grow.

He'd ghost the group chat
to bring a casserole
to the neighbor
you warned your kids about.

He'd laugh
in the quiet parts of your shame
just to remind you:
you're still allowed to feel joy.

He'd cheer for your wins
without comparison.
He'd hold his own boundaries
so you could learn
to speak yours.

He'd walk into court
and sit beside someone
already judged for being poor,
emotional,
Black,
disabled,
too loud,
too soft,
too much,
too you.

He'd lean close
and whisper:
You decide who you are.
I'm here.

And somehow,
you'd breathe easier.

He wouldn't carry a weapon
and call it protection.
He'd stand, arms open,
in front of a child
in a hallway
where no one should die.

He wouldn't even flinch.
But he'd grieve after
and come back
in the morning
to teach peace
with dull markers.

He'd take the hungry
to a diner.

Booth seat, please.

He'd order something hot and messy
and talk while chewing.

He'd toast you with
Diet Coke
and a french fry.

He'd let you speak
without performing.

He'd listen
until your shoulders fell.

When your eyes
saw only shame
he'd say:

You've always been worthy.
Eat.

Then he'd leave an excellent tip.

He'd skip the sermon
to share your place
in the emergency room lobby.
He'd sit close, quiet
until your turn
arrived.

He'd roast your pastor
for skipping the table flip.
and your senator
for skipping the bread.

He'd lock eyes
with the person
you try not to see.
He'd recognize you
before you remembered
your own name.

He'd say:
resurrection is tougher than it looks.
So are you. Keep growing.

Then give no more advice.
Just water.
Cool and clean.
Held out with both hands.

He wouldn't fix the world.
Not like that.
He'd stay nearby
till you were steady.

And then he'd rise.
Look you full in the face.
And say:

I didn't come to save you.
I came to teach you
to save
to see
to love
each other.

Follow me.
Look around.

Who's been erased in plain sight?
Who's too heavy to carry alone?
Go.

Be water.
Be witness.
Be with.
That's what
I
would do.