Apprehensions in the Garden of Gethsemane

by Gary Hardaway

The body had its thirty years of pains and pleasures.

It warned Him what was coming and of all that would be lost upon the hill.

The thumb, incarnate, knows the moment of the misplaced hammer blow; the tongue, incarnate, the cool invigoration of water drawn from the dark well.

The body imagines the wounds, imagines the absences of its demise. It warns His serenity and purpose of the lashes and the thorns,

the nails, the exhausted striving after breath, the rasp and grimace of exasperated cries, and the nerve-ends' dreadful silences when all is finished.