

# 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.

