The Garden I Know

*Sarah Emmett*

In his artistic agony,
diamond drops of blood
covered Christ’s chiseled body,
sacred sweat shimmered
in the light of the Passover moon.
The Son of God, an altarpiece,
in serene pain and glory.

But in the garden I know,
his hair fell out
and his period stopped
and he vomited in fitful groans,
all over the ancient olive tree.
He was constipated and hungry
and he wept with revulsion
at the feel of himself.
I weep
with revulsion at the feel of myself.
Yet when I loathe,
he loves,
in sick and ugly sacrifice.

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