

Passion

Alix Brobbey

“And he said unto me: Knowest thou the condescension of God?”

—1 Nephi 11:16

A body so light, it floated
across wind-whipped waves
and did not sink. So full of life,
it survived empty forty days,
no wheat for forty nights.
A body so blindingly pure,
its hands purified other bodies.
This body drew the first sunrise,
still wept at a friend’s last breath.
This light body was flogged
and trapped and displayed.
Had life squeezed out through
stripes. Suffered bruises and
is still scarred from wounds
so I could be sanctified.

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