

THE YELLOW GARDEN

I push away the hair
from my eyes,
the hair that once dried His feet.

I finger tenderly
the precious oils
that once

I had rubbed into His skin,
warm with living,
which now I imagine dead.

The pallid flesh.,
the stiffening weight
of the corpse.

I tentatively recall
the Friday before,
the jeers,

the stones,
the crushing weight of the cross.
Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabacthani?

I cling to the oils,
crouching in the shadows
of the gnarled olive,

yielding
unwillingly
her hard black fruit.

A cloud breaks
on the far side
of Jerusalem.

The sky cracks.
Yellow rain
pounds the earth.

I sense someone near,
a faint glow;
a gold blurred outline.

I push my arms
into weightlessness.
I glide my being across His.

*Mary, Mary
why look for the living
amongst the dead?*

I see His face.
The dark retreats.

