

## 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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