



2023

Even Jesus Asked Where God Was

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Recommended Citation

Emerson, Renee (2023) "Even Jesus Asked Where God Was," *Inscape*: Vol. 43: No. 2, Article 9.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol43/iss2/9>

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Even Jesus Asked Where God Was

by Renee Emerson

Each week the technician presses the wand across my womb. I know better than to ask for interpretations, the half-heart still flickering, a bird's wing caught in a trap. Cells multiply slowly, turn aside docile as winter leaves. I throw away my harp, no longer interested in what God knows. If I would just be more grateful, says the pastor's wife, tears in her heaven-blue eyes, for what I have. Measured footsteps of doctors stalk the off-white halls. The fetal echo lights up red and blue where there should be nothing, but no one speaks to me, no longer a woman who has never had anything happen, who can rest her hands on herself, and expect nothing but goodness and mercy all the days of her life.