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The Garden

Ellen Gregory

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The Garden

I don't know how much dust was on the leaves, in the air
As darkness filtered out what light remained—
Tree trunks, boulders steeping into night,
Plant scent slightly bitter in the coolness—
But I imagine the birds sifting down onto solidness
As the Son of God, with no place to lay his head,
Went on a ways and knelt to pray.

And this one, capable of such flight,
Was astonished by the heaviness of sin:
A deepest loneliness, thickest agony.

All our lives in his blood-flecked hands,
And my life a part of his grief.

—Ellen Gregory