

Betrayal

Imagine that day.
Jesus newly entombed,
massive stone blocking the opening.
You decide to keep vigil over the body.
Hide from the Roman soldiers in the shrubbery.
Sit, legs crossed, blanket wrapped
around your shoulders,
determined to honor this death,
to do better than His disciples.
Watch the guards, first one, then another,
fall asleep.
Think, "This is the mighty Roman legion."
Then your legs begin to cramp,
back spasms,
knees and shoulders stiffen.
You stand, stretch,
hop from foot to foot.
Silently pray for strength.
But, you are not dead,
nor stronger than Rome,
or the Disciples.
Finally give up,
whisper an apology.
Promise to be back tomorrow.
Head for home and bed.
And miss the Resurrection.

My mother died of pneumonia.
Struggled for breath after breath.
Ever a fighter,
But losing this battle.
I was determined to sit with her
until the end,
remembering how she had felt
leaving her father in his hospital room
to die
frightened and
alone.
But, I am not dead,
Cannot rest in the room's recliner,
injured back spasming,
legs cramping,
neck and shoulders stiff and sore.
I stand, stretch,
walk the hall.
Silently swear at the pain.
Finally give up,
can no longer stay.
Take my mother's hand
Tell her I'll see her in the morning.
Hope that I will.
Leave for home and bed
And miss her surrender.

Cerise

Inspiration: *Dark at the Edge of the Woods* by Sheryl Budnik