

In the Gethsemani Fog

By Mary L. Stewart

A sound in the night
 an opened door.
 God calls a dark-clad figure
 into the air,
 white chalice in hand.

The stone path
 softly
 receives
 his
 steps.

A closer contact beckons –
 He stoops to remove his shoes
 and bare his legs,
 To feel the earth as he moves
 into the fog
 on the dew-wet grass,
 Toward the hidden lines
 of white crosses
 Now cloaked in the grey mantle of God,
 to silently
 stop at one.

Later a hushed sense of sound
 As the fog and dew-wet grass
 Return the dark-clad figure
 To the stone path below –

Perhaps with a spark of light
 within.



Mary L. Stewart

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