

Anguish in the Garden

- I** The moonlight filters through the olive trees,
The dappled ground is still – there is no breeze.
The garden's now a quiet place to be,
It's named the Olive Press – Gethsemane.
- II** A man is praying earnestly, alone.
His hands are clasped to a protruding stone.
His face is anguished, knuckles turned to white.
It's blood, not sweat, that makes his brow glow
 bright.
- III** “The Destiny that is Your Will unfolds,
And now I have this Cup of Dread to hold.
You chose my cousin, John, to say I am
To all, Your Logos and Your Paschal Lamb.
- IV** “I've lived and taught Your Will, and preached your
 Grace,
I've trained disciples for the trials they'll face.
What need have I to drink this Cup of Fate?
O Lord, please take away this dreadful weight.”
- V** The man, he sobbed awhile, but then rose tall
To greet an angel who had him in thrall.
Unseen by us, but real to him, this sight
Revived the man, restored to him his might.

- VI** “But, nay, I see it now, my Lord, Your Will
Is incomplete while there’s a Temple still.
Salvific sacrifices made therein
Are now just hollow ritual and must end.
- VII** “I am the damned Sanhedrin’s sacrifice,
The Paschal Lamb’s Salvation from Man’s vice.
Your Kingdom shall be ’stablished in this World,
And then to ground the Temple shall be hurled.
- VIII** “But, hark, I hear their guards, for me they call.
O give me back that cup, I’ll drink it all.
I’ll meet my fate with dignity all through,
My soul shall have eternal life in You!”

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