

Doubting Thomas

by [Kim Bridgford](#) in the [April 18, 2006](#) issue

I wish that everything could be like this—
Sex, for instance. Love. To touch the blood
Of someone else by reaching deep in kiss
Made holier than kiss, by Jesus made

Into the resurrection of the body,
And by the God for whom he is the son.
I feel that I was born to do this duty,
To place my hand inside of such a one

And gasp. I am the awe of the beloved,
Who finds fulfillment in the commonplace,
The one who hears the footsteps, sees the face,
And weeps. True, some by their belief are moved.
Not me. His blood is drying on my fingers.
The scene of who he is, and was, still lingers.