

Luke 24:36-42

by [Carol L. Gloor](#) in the [November 1, 2011](#) issue

He could not give up the flesh.
In the moments before we leave forever
we want to say what he did:
*I have hands, feet, bones; touch me,
and is there anything for breakfast?*

We are tethered to tubes,
nails hammered hard,
spear in our side, soon
to pass through, but still
this is my body,

with the scar on my hand from the bike accident,
the lungs shredded with chemo,
the broken left foot never quite healed,
but still all I have ever known:
this is my body.

If I rise, let it be not
as a ghost, no metaphor
for new life; please something
like this body, some flesh,
something I can understand.