

*Irene Zimmerman SSSF*

All the way to Elizabeth  
and in the months afterward  
she wove him, pondering,  
"this is my body, my blood!"

"Beneath the watching eyes  
of donkey, ox, and sheep  
she rocked him crooning  
"this is my body, my blood!"

In the search for her young lost boy  
and the foreboding day of his leaving  
she let him go, knowing  
"This is my body, my blood!"

Under the blood smeared cross  
she rocked his mangled bones,  
re-mem-bering him, moaning,  
"This is my body, my blood!"

When darkness, stones, and tomb  
bloomed to Easter morning,  
She ran to him shouting,  
"this is my body, my blood!"

And no one thought to tell her:  
"Woman, it is not fitting  
for you to say those words.  
You don't resemble him."