

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.