

Supposing Him to be the Gardener *

by Sally Ann Stueber

Supposing Him to be the Gardener,
Caring for the grounding of us all,
Magdalena keeps her vigil: Asks where they had taken Him.
"Do not touch me: I have not yet risen to the Father." (He said.) She complied.
Used to being touched by her, expecting tender touch again, recognizing Love,
And yet resisting: knowing healing arms, of Light, required his Presence fully then.

The rest we know, or *so* some say. Yet few behave as if the Love and Grace,
forgiveness, and the consequences yet were real.
Hell is technically "feasible," Wendell Berry says. And Heaven, too: with Love, applied in knowledge
not of war machines, but peace techniques, and Gardening,
the love of caring, and of His Earth, this sacred place where Kingdom Come could be, --with Love the
force defeating Entropy,
---with our imaginations truly working, even as His consort's:
Supposing Him to be the Gardener. Would he care for Earth when he ascended?
to a higher plane? Is the Ozone really full of holes, or holy?
Supposing Him to be Gardener, we watch the glaciers melt, and are we all insane?
Couldn't wind and sun replace the dark and dirty reign of oil?
Garden well, for Grace awaits our uptake, just as every rain
Must be: accepted gratefully, --unless we overbuild and overpopulate,
then blackout, concrete causes floods, and seeds awash in Crude Oil's hate,
will miss their native soil. Too few have chosen sacred rootedness, Heaven on Earth.

Supposing Him to be the Pope? Nope. Earthly powers are made of stone, or paved.
Water, though, and Air, and Love, our imperfections harming, shape the paths of Hope.
Supposing we ourselves to be in charge of Life, assuming we can handle floods and fires,
We miss the point, and mar her Beauty, Truth.
We do not multiply our offspring, caring genius: yet we murder, poison, kill, in strife,
the very home we ought to garden here, and save.

Supposing Him to Be the Gardener,
Ask Him where we've laid our Heaven and our Earth.
Whose arms can heal them all again? Who remove the stains to which we've given birth?
Supposing Him to be the Gardener, His arms ours. He wins for us, All Life the purse.
Here is Nature hung upon the crosses of their greed and wars. It could be worse: Plutonium: Half-
life five times all of human written history: ionizing radiation, nukes:
Are uncontrollable by earthly powers, neither carried by a dove.
The consequences are: genetic and somatic. Long the Garden stands despoiled, --
as they crucify The Earth, Center of the Universe of Love.
Where did they mislay it, -- this, the sacred Source?

Easter, 2006

* John 20:15. Jesus said to her, "Woman, why are you weeping? Whom are you seeking?"
Supposing Him to be the gardener, she said to Him, "Sir, if you have carried Him away, tell me
where you have laid Him, and I will take Him away." New American Standard Bible, 1995.