

Magdalene in the Garden

by Kaley Casenhiser

May you find me in the weeding
As you wrest my soul from grieving
May you heal me with your whisper
“Daughter, let’s make meaning
From this mourning.”

Come, abide a little longer
In Eden resurrected,
Until my salted cheeks
Find rest in the tendrils of your tresses.

Here, let us bear witness to
Our empty tombs within, where
Love arose from sorrow
To remind all that joy
And grief are kin.

My friend, let’s honor
Our laments so we can
Live anew:
Gethsemane, and the suffering, the cross
And hope we thought we knew—
And oh the prayers, the pleas,
That were not answered yet,
Until, until, you called my name,
My God as Gardener,
Tending once again.

I pray, be gracious with my doubting,
And quick to grant your gaze,
Fix me to your open wounds
And I won’t turn away.

Show me how to tell this story
Of how your bare feet made a way
From certainty, I pray you free me
Make your Mystery my hiding place.

Kiss my lips with eternal music
And I’ll live devoted fully
To pen your Presence in Aramaic
“Rabboni, I am thine.”