

# On waking, He makes His bed

*John 20:7*

There is one thing left to learn: the body—  
how it feels, perfected: *Colder? The stone*  
*perfectly Cold. Frigid. And hard. . . . No,*  
*Adamantine.* The cloth on his face, knotty,

threads coarser under perfect fingers.  
He folds it. Corner to corner, precise, symmetric.  
(The first act of Godhood is domestic.)  
Like manna, how those perfect linen squares

would show up in his drawer—an Ima's love.  
He counts the ragged strips, imagining  
Lazarus, his bound head unraveling  
like a torch, stumbling from the cave,

hoping for something new, less heavy.  
Then the last—the one with blood—enclosing  
the stain—finale of his blood—seeing:  
a poppy: open, closed. Like the curve

of his palm: closed, open. The scars  
imprinted like two coins: *Look,*  
*Abba, remember what I've bought.* A prick  
of relief: *I am still myself.* Wonders

how else they will know him, perfect? Not his  
eyes, his gait, his voice. He is alone  
in this perfection, this beauty: one  
imperfect thing, indelible—his body.

—Elizabeth Garcia

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This poem received an honorable mention in the BYU  
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