**Thomas**

And what did you hope to find when you thrust

your hand into the side of born-again Jesus?

Would the kidneys be diamonds, now, large

and smooth as river stones, the sweetbreads

all gone to rubies, warm and red? You had it made,

right, the guy who held in his hand the amaranthine

entrails of our resurrected Lord? Who would believe

that even as your fingertips next felt the nail holes

in His hands, a megajoule jolt running through you

like lightning, part of you wanted to hold up

to the light the emerald of His spleen for one

quick appraisal of color, cut, and clarity?