

II

AND EVERYONE DESERTED HIM AND FLED

καὶ ἀφέντες αὐτὸν ἔφυγον πάντες
(Mark 14.50)

they see I'm done for and they run
save their skins, leave me to fend
forfeit flee forsake freak out anything but
feign friendliness like nothing's happening when
everything is tilting into the mouth of an
appetite without a body to give it
limits

so I run, too
when it's too late I run with abandon
holding one question in my hand while
biting the other between my teeth

the second I spit on the flagstones while
they are flogging you:

Why
was I
chosen
to endure
this?

the first I keep hidden in the hollow of my fist:
Where were you?

ἔφυγον, *third person*: they fled
ἔφυγον, *first person*: I fled