

Gethsemane — an AI poem

Through the gates of old Jerusalem, beneath the rising moon,
The Master spoke a heavy truth that ended far too soon.

"Tonight you shall abandon me, and scattered you will be,
But when I rise, I'll wait for you in distant Galilee."

"I never will!" cried Peter then, with bold and certain pride,
"Though all the rest may turn and run, I'm staying by your side."

"But Jesus looked into his soul: "Before the rooster crows,
Three times you will deny my name to friends and bitter foes."

They reached the grove of Gethsemane, where twisted olives grow,
He left the rest and took the three to share His weight of woe.

"My soul is crushed with grief," He said, "Stay here, and watch and pray,"
Then fell upon the dusty earth as shadows turned to gray.

"My Father, if this cup may pass—You have the power to save,
Take back this draught of agony, this journey to the grave.

Yet not my will, but Yours be done." He sought His friends once more,
But found them drifting in the dark, asleep upon the floor.

"The spirit's keen, the flesh is weak," He warned them in the night,
But twice again they fell to sleep while He endured the fight.

His sweat became like drops of blood that stained the garden sod,
Until an angel came with strength sent from the throne of God.

"The time is near," the Master said, "Go on and take your rest,
For even now the traitor comes to put me to the test."

Then Judas led a jagged line of torches, clubs, and blades,
Whose flickering fire cast long shadows through the olive glades.

With "Hello, Master," on his lips, he gave the kiss of death,
While silence held the garden air and chilled every breath.

"Whom do you seek?" the Savior asked. "The Nazarene!" they cried,
"I am He!" fell from His lips—they fell back terrified.

Then Peter swung a desperate sword and took a servant's ear,
A flash of steel in candlelight, a moment born of fear.

"Put down the blade," the Master commanded, touching flesh and bone,
"I could call ten thousand angels, but I walk this path alone."

The healing touch was given, yet the disciples turned and fled,
Leaving the King of Glory to the path that lay ahead.

They bound His hands in iron grip and led Him from the gate,
While the stars looked down in silence on the turning wheel of fate.