

THE DRYING OF FEET.

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A WOMAN REMEMBERS DRYING THE FEET OF CHRIST.



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She had dried His feet
with her hair. Sheâd not
forgotten that. Not long
after sheâd seen the same

feet nailed and bloodied
to the wooden down beam.
Her tears had helped wash
them, those feet, she later

remembered the tingle she
had felt as her long hair
dried them, something in
touching, emptied her of

self and opened up her
darker self. Had He seen
more than others, understood
what others were blind to,

forgave what others condemned?
That moment, His feet in
her hands, touching her hair,
her hands. His eyes spoke to

her, His words pinpricked her,
each sin (as others saw them)
scabbed over as he went by,
His shadow kind of healed her.

She knew that now, not then
so much, after His demise (or
so seemed) and the placing in
that tomb, she felt letdown,

emptied, like after some dark
passage sex. But sheâd seen
Him after, the feet healed,
the holes unbloodied, His

voice soothed her inner coil
keyed up tight. But mostly she
recalled the washing of His feet
on that warm moon filled night.

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