

Maundy Thursday

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [April 19, 2011](#) issue

Kneeling on Boston Common it's this foot,  
naked, resting in my lap with clean towel,  
socks, warm water waiting, that tells me  
this is what happens after a cold winter  
of deep snow when you're homeless in  
dirty socks and cracked shoes that don't fit:  
this foot, bloody, swollen, toes deformed,  
I wash gently, first one, then the other, and  
never have I felt so close to Jesus, his feet,  
bare, pierced, bloodied, nailed to the wooden  
cross.