

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.