

"it is the simple things"

it is the simple things
that save us.

we run toward harsh chemicals
because if it burns and dries
it must kill, right?
but we are told
time and time again
that the best thing we can do
is wash.
to take our time.
to wash our hands with care.
to let everything else pause
as we trace our fingers along our palms
and swirl and twist our wrists in this dance
that is one of the only things
that can wash away this danger.

and now something that was once done
in haste
a means to an end-
the wearing down of the grime of work
the destruction of the evidence of
playing in the dirt
before you are allowed to sit down
for dinner-
now, this is a slow and thorough ritual
of survival
of persistence
of care
for ourselves and for others.

this is how we keep each other safe.
warm water and soap and care,
lathered over hands that are becoming
dry and chapped
it is too simple to trust

much like it is too simple to trust a Savior
who kneels before us to wash our feet
with the same care and deliberateness
that we now wash our hands.
this is not the harsh conqueror
that will kill our enemies.
this is not what we think we need.

but we are saved
through simple things.
through water and dust
and bread and cup
and love.
love.
love poured out like blood
love poured out like water
that cleanses and protects us.

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