

Washing Hands

Washing our hands is an act of caring.
It puts the vigilant body at ease.
Washing our hands returns us to ourselves
by washing away what does not serve

Wash your hands as if washing
the teacup left by your great grandmother
who carried it across the ocean.
Wash your hands as if you're washing
the hair of a beloved who is dying,
or washing the feet of Jesus or Moses,
Maya Angelou, Mother Theresa,
Albert Einstein or Martin Luther King.

Wash as if the water is poured from a jug
your best friends just carried three miles
from a spring they climbed a mountain to reach—
knowing the precious resource water is,
made from time and miracle.

It's time to think about stardust and geological time,
ancient redwoods and ancestral dance parties,
mushrooms repairing toxic soil.

It's time to pray for wellness for those we cherish
as we wash our hands.
It's time to care for one another,
to cough into our elbow bend,
to pray over water to wash fear away
every time we wash our hands,
It's time to never touch your face
except to wash it
in showers of love.

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