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Postma, Rose (2021) "Therefore I say to you, her sins, which are many, are
given, for she loved much," Pro Rege: Vol. 50: No. 2, 12.
Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol50/iss2/12
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Rose Postma

Even though I am the one who lost my temper and spoke with the sharp edge of cracking rive ice because

she scribbled on the wall, because she tipped over a glass of milk on purpose because she (does it matter what for?),

she anoints my feet with bubble bath. My feet, which I have taken to soaking in the tub while she bathes

at night, are covered with the calluses of the uncared-for-mother of summer sandals and dusty floors. As a child, I walked barefoot

across the floor of my father’s machine shop, across the sea of steel chips spat from the lathe, stained blue

by the heat of the cut. I walked like a bike tire perfectly balanced so as not to pierce my tender soles.

Now, my daughter, you rub those hardened feet, sloughing skin in dirty whorls: the way fine sandpaper does to balsa wood.