

Dishes

Anna Kohler Lewis

Yesterday morning
as I was sitting cross-legged at the kitchen table
enjoying a bowl of corn flakes
Jesus walked into our apartment.
“Hello,” he said. “I’m Jesus.
“I’m here to do the dishes.”

I was a bit hesitant at first.
Technically it was Sarah’s turn,
but he’s a persuasive guy, so in the end
I just showed him where we kept the sponges.
He said, “Thank you very much,” and politely asked
if I had an apron handy.

He rolled up his sleeves to the elbow
and did the pots first.
He splashed water everywhere,
I mean everywhere.
It almost makes you think
that the Flood
wasn’t so much a punishment
as a big accident.

And soap! Good grief, the soap he used!
First of all,
he used a lot. A LOT.
And (here’s the weird part)
He didn’t just stick to dish detergent.
He used our hand soap, shampoo,
and even some of the bubble bath.
“I am no respecter of soaps,” he said.
Boy, he got a kick out of that one.

He said it twice, chuckling to himself,
slopping water all over the kitchen floor.

And he sang.
He has quite a good singing voice.
It wasn't quite what I expected.
After watching him
slap a pot a few times to the beat,
I asked if he was a Southern Baptist.

That really killed him.
He has a laugh like Santa Claus.
He didn't answer, though.
"Well," he said, and gave me a satisfied nod,
"that's that."
He stacked the last plate
into our crowded dish drainer,
And I realized he was just going to leave.

I asked him if that was it.
After all, he'd come all this way and—
wasn't there anything else?

He wiped his hands on the apron and nodded.
After clearing his throat, he said very formally,
that if it wouldn't be too much trouble
he'd like a small glass of ginger ale.

So, of course, I got him his drink,
which he took in one shot.
Then he handed me the glass,
thanked me for my time,
and walked out the door,
the damp hem of his robe
dragging behind.