

Luke 7:37

Kathryn Kimball

The alpha and omega sat at meat.
The woman could not speak. She only knelt
And wept. Translucent tears upon his feet
Flowed like river waters to the Delta.
Ashamed of herself, ashamed of the puddle of tears,
She swept her hair into her hands to dry
The glistening pool. Pharisaic sneers
Burned hot upon her back as she untied
The alabaster box around her waist,
A phial of costly nard to solace pain.
She poured it without stint and without haste,
And kissed his softened feet and wept again.
 The cost was not the oil or public jeers—
 But lay accrued in soundless woman's tears.