

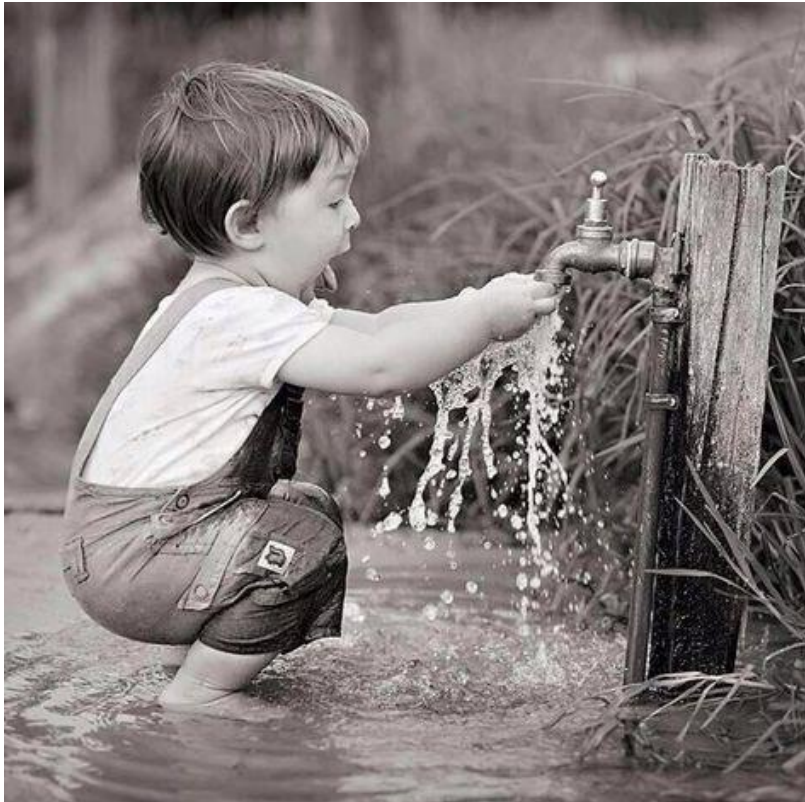
# Grime that sticks

Dust settles in a day,  
we wallow in mud,  
then drag ourselves out.  
we paint on a layer,  
lying to ourselves all along.  
we shout and stamp our feet  
dust settles all the more.

We all need to be cleaned,  
to receive the gentle hands,  
to remove the dust with tears.

To receive the gift,  
to live free.

M. Green, April '20



Note: part of the lent series, the image is from the web. Receive the water of life for life.