I Know Your Toes

Two, thick as people

at the tips, but long, sensitive,

afraid to grumble.

The smallest are sort of pawns,

pulpit-less Jacks, curving

as if from bondage.

All ten together are a motley

loveliness, wriggling little but

given grass, a room of water,

they’d sing like seals, such

flips & thumps from being worn

rather flat on the bottom…

Still, miracles, each sole

bends, rounds up, the silk

that knows bones, that cloth

of duration which purrs,

sometimes moans, softly,

if given to fingers of instant

expertise. So much

grows from here, extends,

a cathedral & it’s to worship,

forget the world for this world

that connection’s centered

& thumbs circle out.

(Not in print, mp3 available only)