

To my own two feet

by Ed Higgins

When I first arrived
footling-breeched
you two were there
ahead of me.

Although
unable to stand
as yet, toes wriggling
like hungry sea polyps.

Later, we wobbled
thru time's hourglass
wearing shoes,
laughter and lies

for their modest protection.
Sometimes barefoot
at the beach,
toes full of good

intentions then. Learning
that peculiar landscape
called hope. Nails growing
without notice, intentional malice
occasionally trimmed back.

Still later feet-tripping over
things in those dark
opening and closing
wings inside us:

hubris, love, close friends,

parenthood, hair loss,
searches for meaning to
non-meaning, skepticism.

Grace too as in stars
brightening our midnight
into something like prayer.
Eventually aging generously--

nonetheless nervous at airport
escalators, walking strip malls'
cloned abundance, cholesterol
and other waxy substances.

Finally, my two feet tripping
into an open grave. Toes
now straight up while
going two feet under.

