

Bunions

by Lisa Lim

Dear Wigleaf,

I am fascinated by my bunions that stare at me as I write to you. My father gave them to me. That and man calves. You should really see my father's bunions. They are as obnoxious as fuchsia bowling bowls. Every shoe my father ever owned was ripped apart by his bunions. Like tiny mice chewed a hole through his shoes. I remember my grandmother diligently mending his bunion-torn shoes with duct tape. She used duct tape to fix everything, from dangling hems of pants to broken shoes to rips in underwear. She said my vagina had teeth. I believed her. But it didn't bother me. Not like my bunions. I remember after landing my first job with health insurance, how I immediately splurged on bunion surgery. 18 accrued vacation days. Full medical coverage by Oxford. A chance to stare at my feet and think of them in red stilettos. They were to be the whores of the town. I imagined toes sucked by men and licked by dogs. Without a bowling ball of a bunion in sight. I couldn't wait. Plus, I loved the idea of dreaming under anesthesia. After months of crutches and swollen feet, they were finally gone. It took them two years to grow right back. Today, as I write to you, I wonder when they will start eating through my shoes. In any case, I am ready with duct tape.

Yours truly,

Lisa

