

Feets You Fail Me

by Steven Gowin

I hate my feet. One's bigger, so I stand on a fault.

Women worry about one breast larger than the other. Boobs are inherently good though and need not match.

Ugly feet both. Veiny with hoary nails. I understand now. San Bruno Avenue, six shops in eight blocks. Those Vietnamese ladies thrive on the pedicure trade and dope sold on the side.

Hands, feet on arms. Also ugly but at least functional. The foot does little except for Christy Brown. It should balance you but never does. Feet trip me up. I fall. A lot. You bruise up. Purply spots on your legs, contusion, damage.

I admire the deft. Think of comedic genius. Harold Lloyd teeters on the ledge above LA streetcars. An open window and Keaton survives the facade tumbling over him.

Balance and space divert calamity. So much forgiveness in the unoccupied, the empty, the void. I'm looking to what's not there for salvation. But escape escapes me. I fall without grace.

Must be the inner ear. Vestibular abnormalities. I stand, but barely. I blame my footing. My goddamned feet.

