

# 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.

