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The Longing of the Feet · Wesley McNair

At first the crawling child makes his whole body a foot.

One day, dazed as if by memory, he pulls himself up, discovering, suddenly, that the feet are for carrying hands. He is so happy he cannot stop taking the hands from room to room, learning the names of everything he wants.

This lasts for many years until the feet, no longer fast enough, lie forgotten, say, in the office under a desk. Above them the rest of the body, where the child has come to live, is sending its voice hundreds of miles through a machine.
Left to themselves
over and over,
the feet sleep,

awakening
one day
beyond the dead

conversation of the mind
and the hands.
Mute in their shoes,

your shoes
and mine,
they wait,

longing only to stand
the body
and take it

into its low,
mysterious flight
along the earth.