

## 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.