

Ode to a stubbed toe,

You remind me of the good kind of pain. Ringing sting I hate at first, then learn to love.
I thank you, for fuzzy tingling and clothespin pinches— may they only last seconds.

My bumpers, my pinpoints! The first appendage to kiss corners of walls, sending me
into fetal position. Curse words are my sonnets for you. I send love letters of “fuck” and “shit”
to every flexed foot stab.

I idolize the transparency you carry in the wrinkles of your fleshy faced hallux. You arrive
with confidence and leave without baggage, mocking the anxieties I hold. I’m forever indebted
to your sacrifices: cocooning the brunt of my agony in curled feet crescents. I’ll continue to act
surprised when you arrive again, and again. Always making an appearance on the worst days.

I appreciate your humbling, your hot and cold havoc. Keep sneakily colliding with the bottom of
my kitchen chair. Keep throwing yourself against floorboards. When I complain about your
sporadic presence, I promise, I’m praising your passion. I envy you, my tetrapod digits, for never
taking anything too seriously. Coming and going as you please, behind crunchy toenail masks.
I wish I could care as less about the hard places— plywood roadblocks and plastered dead ends, as
you do.