

Bill Rector

the foot of the bed

I wake up one morning
with size 60 feet.
I notice a tiny figure scaling
the twin sheeted Alps.
He's crossed the foothills
of the ankle and the ridges
of the metatarsals.
Now he nears the summit.

He looks older.
Grayer than I remember.
He who built sand castles
and flew on the wings of books
must attempt the final ascent:
the sheer cliff of the right great toe.

He carries a tiny flag.
Or perhaps it's a lily.
(You understand, Reader,
the pride that minor poets
take in their defeats.) I wiggle my toe.

Down he tumbles, vanishing into a wrinkle.

