

WE WILL NOT BE MOVED

Tired, as tired as museums
can make them, or waiters'
hundred dollar in tips
seven hour night shifts, heel
twisted in grate, flat, fallen
flat, swollen after a New
York-Tokyo non-stop, unused
to high clogs in Yoshino,
size 6 _ or 35, metatarsals
sore, recalling hop-scotch,
sticky oats, black sand under-
foot, ingrown toenails, yet
I could have danced all night
cumbia, merengue, alligator-
boot shod, Reebok sneaker sore,
hot for air, socks off,
oh — long soaking, the pumice
stone's soft scrape, fingers, her
kneading, licked as in a book
or by cat, up and at them
again, blisters band-aided,
stepping on, up, off, into
space, to a jig, in dog do,
the wine gone to my feet feet.