CURVING PILLARS

Marie Vassallo

Legs take you places.
Without them, you're a mess of bones.
Stationary, crying the blues.
What magic—touching the earth
Taking a glide to your crotch.
Hollywood stars climbed to stardom
On those pillars of light.
Tripped the light fantastic!
Look at those ankles.
Delicate –hoisting hundreds of pounds.
Walking, running, climbing,
Dancing, marching,
Tackling, shouting,
Hollering.
Yeah, man, he likes those stems,
Nothing beats those bobbing knees,
Those thighs doing the rumba.
Ankles shouting, throbbing,
Taking the joy of it all!
Can't go no place
Without those stems,
Travelling near,
Travelling far.
It's those two buddies
Bearing it all!
Don't complain,
There's aches along the way.
Let's give thanks to the 'Jams.'
The shanks and all.