

Grandmother Toe

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Where do I turn
in the wilderness of the mind?
Who do I ask
when my ancestors provide
a disconnected path to my past?
Will mountains, sky,
Earth, or Internet
provide me with answers?

As water drips down
the crevices of my back,
the top of my feet,
down my heels
touching the ground,
clouded skies watch.

My thoughts wander,
through stochastic channels
and windy paths.
Massaging my feet
coaxes out the voice of Grandmother Toe.

She speaks:
I have been here—

*the sharp, dry claws of the iguana and
the soft, fleshy toes of the gibbon,
I have trodden many paths,
and led the way
through many wild places
of the mind and in the land.
I know the way.*

*Tied in the twisted muscles
of the body,
are cells
from 20,000 years ago.
They know how to exist.
They know the way.*

*Hidden in the canopy of the world
and the illusion of the self.*