

Feet

There are, at least, as many types of feet as there are people (and, no two feet are alike). There are feet harmonious, though differently-abled. Like long-married couples, adapted to each others rhythms, they lean on each other and carry one other through thick and thin. Then there are obstinate individualists, dissonant, each marching to a different drummer.

And, within those broad categories, there are the variations. Feet that know their place - unpretentious, down-to-earth, faithful to the earth - fleshy or plump, content to do their work in peace. Or, feet that have forgotten their place: ostentatious, haughty feet with upturned toes, higher-than-thou arches. Pampered feet, accustomed to attention, petulant, and given to tantrums. Fallen feet, blackened souls, sly, reckless, or irresponsibly sensual. Feet capable of extreme feats – artistic, intellectual, ascetic.

They may be hawk-like in their tenacity or dexterous - toes tense, bony as fingers and nearly as long. Or, solemn slabs with dignified digits: self-reflecting or absent minded, yet unmistakably philosophical. Or nervous sorts, twittering and twitching, unsure of themselves and their footing. Or delicate, sensitive, self-conscious; lying low, thoughtfully tapping out tunes from time to time. Or, self-punishing fakir's feet, indifferent to their own welfare, victims of merciless neglect, in the process of self- overcoming...

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