

To my legs

I foolishly tested you in my childhood
One of you could not take it, and so gave way,
sent me crashing down in an unnatural heap of odd angles.
You look complete now,
seven years later.
You are strong, and impressively slim.
My beauty is secured in you.
Women and men alike, pay you compliments
but they do not know your internal struggles.
How you ache in the cold and damp,
How you hate confinement
How you crunch and violently protest stairs, and running
How you used to be praised for your strength in competition.
You and shoulders were a team that won many ribbons and trophies,
long since forgotten.
You have been neglected for so long,
the middle child of my body.
For this you may rebel and someday become a useless burden.
And if that day should come, I will mourn for you.
I will cry out the deepest sorrows from my soul,
not for the loss of beauty, but simply because
You are the legs on which I stand.

-Jessica Hatfield

Brussels, Belgium #1

Walk two blocks south of the Grand Place and
On the corner of Rue du Chene and Rue de l'Etuve
You'll find a small fountain that mesmerizes
Newcomers and makes a good franc in trinkets.
It is called the Manneken Pis,
But I call it the Man Who Can Pee,
And what's wrong with that?
This small statue of a boy pissing
Into a fountain that never over
Flows with a stream that never
Runs dry (what do you suppose he
Drank) is not embarrassed. This small
Boy just smiles to the tourists.

-Philip Dawalt