

## My Mother's Toes

We called them perchers,  
my mother's toes,  
as if she could sit on a wire  
Bent and crooked, one lapping the other  
like waves anxious for shore.

And that finger of hers! You should have seen it.  
Middle left, twisted as a mountain road,  
a broken twig.

At three, she'd laid it on stump  
(her brother's request)  
so he could see what a hammer would do.  
And did.  
Boys. Such ruffians.