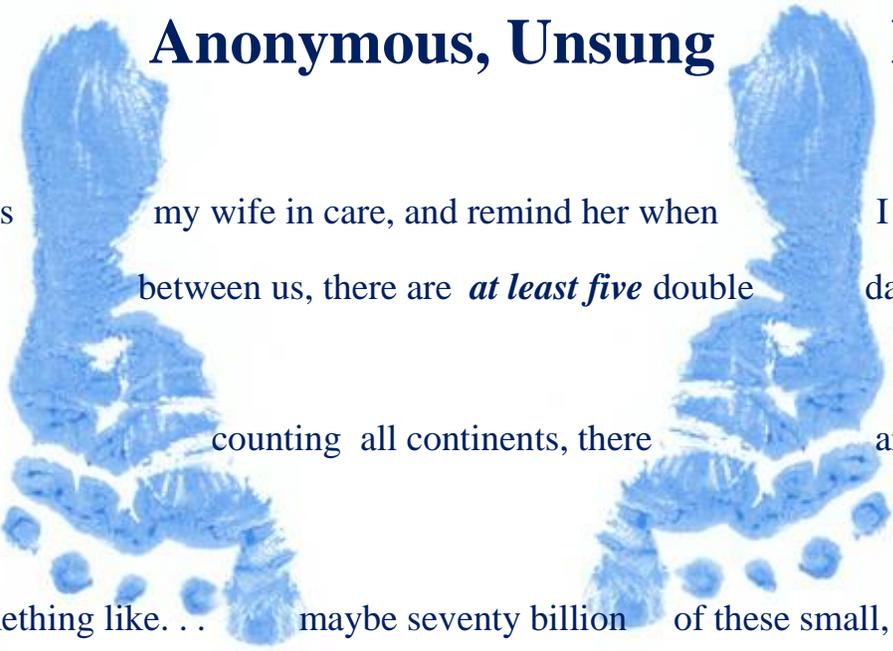
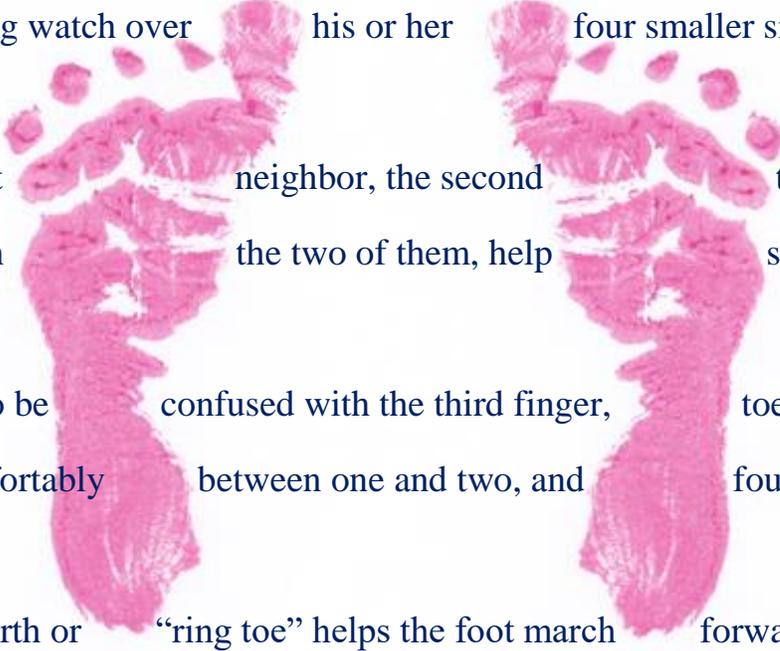


# Anonymous, Unsung Heroes: Toes



I miss my wife in care, and remind her when I kiss her toes . . .  
that between us, there are *at least five* double dates, I do . . . suppose.  
And counting all continents, there are probably, for a start . . .  
Something like. . . maybe seventy billion of these small, functional works of art.

The first digit, aka the *hallux*, we call the Big Toe.



Keeping watch over his or her four smaller siblings, all in a row.  
Its closest neighbor, the second toe, some term the index.  
Between the two of them, help support all, even Oedipus Rex.  
And not to be confused with the third finger, toe number three  
rests comfortably between one and two, and four and five, as cozy as can be.  
The fourth or “ring toe” helps the foot march forward without the ring,  
and unadorned, stands in for the more vainglorious ring finger, never complaining.

Outermost of all the five, the little, pinky and/or baby toe  
confronts its owner's shoe, the world all by itself, without complaint or woe.

Let us also not forget those oft-forgotten hangers-on, the five's  
companions within the shadows, and not because of hives.

Corns and bunions and callouses are too seldom appreciated.  
and, along with warts, they never, ever ask to be celebrated.

And last, not least, do not forget their honest smell. . . and sweat,  
“Remember . . . we never promised you a stink-free pet!”

A panegyric for us: “a human being is . . . someone with smelly toes . . .  
who writes . . . both poetry. . . and prose.”

They also serve . . . who only stand and wait  
and help complete this rich palate of unsung heroes and . . . fate.

12/08/21

dck