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Foot-Fizz

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Foot-Fizz

Robert De Smith

Grandpa's corned and callused feet,
High arches and hammer toes,
Soothed in a bubbling bath
Of Epsom salts?

Beach feet,
Warm cola
Spilt on their
Flat, pink tops?

Electrolysis,
Sizzling away
My planter's wart:
A small, yellow arc,
A bug zapper's crackle,
A little smoke,
The scent of my own flesh
On fire?

No!
My son's word
For that warm tingle
In a leg that's been wrapped
Beneath him too long
While we read
Sam the Minuteman.

Foot-Fizz—
That's about it!