


# About Standing (in Kinship)

By Kimberly Blaeser

We all have the same little bones in our foot  
twenty-six with funny names like *navicular*.  
Together they build something strong—  
our foot arch a pyramid holding us up.  
The bones don't get casts when they break.  
We tape them—one *phalange* to its neighbor for support.  
(Other things like sorrow work that way, too—  
find healing in the leaning, the closeness.)  
Our feet have one quarter of all the bones in our body.  
Maybe we should give more honor to feet  
and to all those tiny but blessed cogs in the world—  
communities, the forgotten architecture of friendship.

 Illustration by Neebinnaukzhik Southall of brown rabbits in clothes in a circle around  
a bunny in the middle drumming  
Illustration by Neebinnaukzhik Southall

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