

Praise la jambe

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [January 23, 2013](#) issue

On the gallery wall in Paris you see a  
splendid life-size thigh, how it's tapering  
to a calf and pointed toe. It's a Degas  
ballerina who pulls light on like a stocking.

The ornate gold frame says, *Look at this*.  
You're here alone, so why not stay, go down  
to the very root of light, practice patience?  
Sinking in, you linger all afternoon.

On the subway home, you see and praise  
legs. Bare. In jeans. Thin or superbly plump.  
Recall your lion-footed table. Praise  
this leg of your trip, learning to see. Joy trumps  
itself: *Allegro, legume*. The wonder: your own  
tibia! The miracle: your own leg to stand on!