

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!