

Friday, March 5

From **Bluets**

109. Over time my injured friend's feet have become blue and smooth from disuse. Their blue is the blue of skim milk, their smoothness that of a baby's. I think they look and feel very strange and beautiful. She does not agree. How could she – this is her body; its transformations, her grief. Often we examine parts of her body together, as if their paralysis had rendered them objects of inquiry independent of us both. But they are still hers. No matter what happens to our bodies in our lifetimes, no matter if they become “like pebbles in water,” they remain ours; us, theirs.

Maggie Nelson