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Toes

He had long, slim, narrow, almost prehensile toes. I could see them because his slipper like loafer had been kicked to the side. I could not take my eyes from that foot.

His other foot, still nestled in the other loafer constructed from soft Italian leather the color of butterscotch was tucked under the chair, the foot arched so that the heel, also without a sock, was free of the shoe. The skin of that foot just below the ankle was lightly puckered and as transparent as tissue. I could see a small blue vein throbbing hotly under that sweet pale covering. The rest of him, from ankles to knees to hips to belly to chest to neck to head and hair was, to my mind, unremarkable although I knew that for others his looks were enchanting, if not stunning. But I am a foot man. I can't keep my eyes from them. While some men I know cannot help but stare at a well packed crotch pretending it was purely an error of gaze, I can stare freely at the foot and am thought to be pensive rather than obsessed.

As a youngster I was fascinated by other children's chubby little balls of flesh transporting them barefoot across the grass. Even then, I longed to lay down with them, tease and tickle them until, as they rolled around in giggling pleasure I could slip one of those chubby little feet into my mouth and suck it clean. Lick the toes with my tongue while the child screamed with delight and then fainted away in a spiral of ecstasy.

Even now I feel the same if I romp barefoot with some hearty fellow. But tickling and teasing leads to other needs and so the feet are the last caressed as though it were an affectionate afterthought. But I still would give my right arm, as they say, to be flat on my belly wiggling across the sweet damp grass toward ten teasing toes and take them one by one into my waiting mouth.

My friend Emily says that I am gross. But I think that is because I don't like her toes. The polish puts me off; the slickness, the plastic taste. I like my toes meaty and strong. A callus on the big toe is like prime rib to me. I can chew on it lightly with extraordinary pleasure. So I am a toe man. Show me an arched foot. No structure built by man has anywhere near such perfect beauty. From the masterful and restless leader, the big toe, to the little peanut shaped last toe.

Some people don't like you touching their toes and yes, some toes are ugly. I had to give that a good deal of thought. Was I only going to go after beautiful toes? Was that fair? Was I one of those people who only date the beautiful? I concluded that among the ten at least one toe must have something going for it.