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A Foot Rub

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A FOOT RUB

by Joseph Chaney

“You’re getting older, and more sensible,
when all you want from the pretty busboy
is a foot rub,” I told my friend, who watched
the man wipe down the window, just inches
from her legs on the outside of the glass.
She felt his warm hands applying pressure
along her calf muscles, descending to
ankles and feet, and tugging tired toes.
In truth, I wanted steamed towels on my
shins, worn out from tramping on cobblestones.
Our tea, at least, was soothing. The busboy
smiled. He was wasting his care on the pane
when we sighed just beyond his grasp, needing
the skilled attention only he could give.