

Unbunioned

Doctors have sliced my feet five different ways but the bunions are still there.
My mom is the same, her mom, and her mom's mom, walking history with a stiff limp.

I have tried to cut them off with butcher knives but decided the knives are best for cutting the crust off peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

When I was younger, my brothers made me eat a stick of butter and I twisted my ankle running to tell my mother – they stood over me with slick smiles and reminded me where tattling would lead.

I never spoke of the butter or the butcher knives or anything to piss off Karma.

And when the doctor bares the same slick smile my brothers perfected so long ago, I nod my head and say yes, the pain is manageable. Yes, the bunion feels better. Yes, I am glad I learned to eat the crust.