

## Grandmother Toe

Kimberly Ann Carfore

Volume 32, Number 2, 2016

Radical Ecologies in the Anthropocene

URI: <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1042997ar>

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.7202/1042997ar>

[See table of contents](#)

Publisher(s)

Athabasca University Press

ISSN

1705-9429 (digital)

[Explore this journal](#)

Cite this document

Carfore, K. (2016). Grandmother Toe. *The Trumpeter*, 32(2), 204–205.  
<https://doi.org/10.7202/1042997ar>

Article abstract

For decades scholars of the humanities have been going back and forth between nature/culture and civilized/wild dichotomies trying to answer questions about nature and the wild. Do we, as a humanity, need to go back to the wild? Does wilderness exist or is it a social construct? Is the concept of wilderness essentialist? Do we need to conserve the wild? After years of vacillation, discourse becomes stuck in the confines of language and logic. Poetry, art, and other forms of creative expression free concepts from their structural limits. This piece of poetry titled "Grandmother Toe" offers a creative exploration of the concepts of wilderness, ancestry, evolution, expressing a possible way forward through an uncertain future.

Copyright (c) Kimberly Ann Carfore, 2017  
CC (Creative Commons) BY-NC-ND 4.0 license  
CC (Creative Commons) BY-NC-ND 4.0 license

This document is protected by copyright law. Use of the services of Érudit (including reproduction) is subject to its terms and conditions, which can be viewed online.

<https://apropos.erudit.org/en/users/policy-on-use/>

This article is disseminated and preserved by Érudit.

Érudit is a non-profit inter-university consortium of the Université de Montréal, Université Laval, and the Université du Québec à Montréal. Its mission is to promote and disseminate research.

<https://www.erudit.org/en/>

# Grandmother Toe

---

*Kimberly Ann Carfore*

Where do I turn  
in the wilderness of the mind?  
Who do I ask  
when my ancestors provide  
a disconnected path to my past?  
Will mountains, sky,  
Earth, or Internet  
provide me with answers?

As water drips down  
the crevices of my back,  
the top of my feet,  
down my heels  
touching the ground,  
clouded skies watch.

My thoughts wander,  
through stochastic channels  
and windy paths.  
Massaging my feet  
coaxes out the voice of Grandmother Toe.

She speaks:  
*I have been here—*

*the sharp, dry claws of the iguana and  
the soft, fleshy toes of the gibbon,  
I have trodden many paths,  
and led the way  
through many wild places  
of the mind and in the land.  
I know the way.*

*Tied in the twisted muscles  
of the body,  
are cells  
from 20,000 years ago.  
They know how to exist.  
They know the way.*

*Hidden in the canopy of the world  
and the illusion of the self.*