

# Laces

by **Leeor Margalit**

I acquired infantry unit combat boots  
which is pretty damn impressive  
and the only blood that will ever touch them  
is that of the blisters they cause on the back of my heels  
and the only battle they will ever encounter  
is the one I have with them every morning,  
trying to wiggle my feet in.  
I ask my fellow commander what her body count is  
and by that I mean  
we teach new soldiers every month  
how to use an M16  
but none of us have ever  
ever  
killed anyone  
I just wondered how many different people she's made love to.  
When I took off the boots  
and showed her my bruised and bloody and blistered feet,  
she recounted to me her time as a ballerina.  
She said that pointe shoes are not nearly so forgiving.

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**Leeor Margalit** (she/her) is a twenty-three-year-old from southern California currently living in Israel. She served in the Israel Defense Forces as a basic training commander in the Intelligence Corps. Leeor enjoys reading, writing poetry, and photographing her friends. You can find more of her work on Instagram @leeormargalitpoems.