

The Shoes of the Dead

Even here among the poor
the dead man's shoes found
no second master.

They strode no more together
into the sand, into the mountains.

They collected no more stones.
Their laces never tightened, their
tongues fell silent, their soles
were cool to the touch.

A left and a right, like gloves.

Human symmetries.

A first year and a last,
and neither required shoes.

Connie Wanek