

Shoes

They protect you
So the road presses softly on you.
Messengers that swish between you
And the world of trails that erase each other.
Made out of skin and sutures.
And yours are stitched from the words skin and sutures.
Protect them.
You can be naked and without anything,
But with shoes on your feet you will never be poor.
Never remain hidden,
Knocked down under a bed,
Abandoned in an armoire, forgotten in an attic.
Sleep with them.
Bathe in the shoes,
Make love with them on.
Let them always warn you
That you are only here on a brief visit.
Soon you will have to walk on.
Never take them off.
When you take them off, the journey will have ended.
They bury you like a gypsy,
Barefoot and without a name.

Ales Steger

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