

Allgone Shoe

Living in the allgone shoe, the five A.M. dustbin man,
the traffic light, the sermon on the mount, the rain and nothing new.
To you I've been that stone in a field you can't walk around.
How many mothers does it take to make a man?
The ground under the feet and the feet under the ground.
Listen, something's trying to tell us something –
Swing low, sweet... A penny's too much.
Are these the ceremonial customs of an extinct race?
Blisters in your ears, sand between your toes,
and up all night, and all day, and the weather, and the sides
and angles in ratio, and time ain't kind, time ain't nothin'.
Oh my love, the sky trembles yellow. Oh my back, it's broken.
And those were the best, the golden, now only mouths unfed.
After all this, never asking, because already knowing.
There are stranger things than paradise.

*Who who who goes the hoot of the owl
in the house in the allgone shoe.*

Louis Armand

*from INDIRECT OBJECTS (Sydney: Vagabond Press, 2014)

Louis Armand is a Sydney-born writer who has lived in Prague since 1994. He is the author of six novels, including *Breakfast at Midnight* (2012) and *Cairo* (2014; both from Equus, London). His most recent collections of poetry are *Indirect Objects* (Vagabond, 2014) and *Synopticon* (with John Kinsella; LPB, 2012). His work has been included in the *Penguin Anthology of Australian Poetry* and *Best Australian Poems*. Currently he directs the Centre for Critical and Cultural Theory in the Philosophy Faculty of Charles University where he also edits the international arts magazine *VLAK*. www.louis-armand.com