

SHOES FOR MY FATHER

We're bewildered my brother and I
in the shoe shop
on the main street
in our birthplace.
when we were children
they bought us shoes
in this same shop
before the start
of each school year.
our father made sure
they were comfortable first
and only then nice
and one size larger
so they could be worn longer.
shoes have to be outgrown,
our father used to tell us.

now my brother and I
are buying new shoes
for our father.
we follow his instructions
given at the time:
his shoes should be
comfortable first and only then nice
they must not be too tight
and cause him blisters
when he decides to go
for long walks
through the jungle of memories.
these shoes for our father
must be pointed
and have a hard sole
so that he can
give the fake guardian angel
a hearty kick in the ass
when he starts to blab
about the immortality
of goodness and righteousness.

we smiled bitterly my brother and I
leaving the shoe shop
the day before
our father died.

Risto Lazarov (1949), Macedoni