

Red Shoes

Clack-clack! Girls' pulverized bound feet,

a whiff of jasmine. Face a mask of pain.

Tap-tap! The ballet blocks in *The Red Shoes*

scared me. Her Svengali-master thrusting

his cane into the dance-floor, as she moved

to his beat. Her toes bloody on their blocks.

Click-click! To Kansas. Dorothy's heels sparkle

technicolor incongruous, with her little-girl garb.

A Black girl's feet seem to hold no allure.

No fetish fodder. Not covetable.

Relieved, I slip them in red Birkenstocks!

Blatantly, park them on double yellow lines.