

Being the Shoe

The idea of being the shoe always thrilled me,
so I would pass without hesitation from taking
the sports car or the Scottish terrier whenever it came
to Monopoly.

The architectural dimensions inside the shoe
were a secret that only I was privy to, and I would wait
out my turn in the library located under the arch of the toecap,
reading leather-bound editions of Isaac Asimov
or the Kama Sutra.

Of course, the navigational powers
of the shoe were quite exceptional, but I would gleefully feign
a lack of control while passing by an opponent's hotel,
and send it spinning off the board with a good
sideways kick.

Being rich or being penniless is all the same
when you live in a shoe, so I could spend all my money
with total abandon, and never cared if I won or lost.

Jail

is a comfortable place when you're safe in your shoe,
and winning a beauty contest in nothing but your shoe
is the best feeling of all.

Oh, I travelled the world in my shoe,
spent money as if it was merely money; swindled and cheated,
looked forward to three turns in jail, and couldn't care less
if I missed a go. For a shoe is as happy standing still
as it is trampling all before it.

John W. Sexton