

## **WALKING SHOES**

**I think of the day we parted and how my heart turned;  
you were lacing on walking shoes, shoes for your  
winter, shoes for walking away from sunlight,  
the room darkening as you straightened & looked down.**

**Later, the cab ticking out towards the airport.  
The checking of documents, practical affairs,  
and then the tannoy calls to separate terminals,  
panic in look and kiss, departure's business.**

**You write that yellow leaves are piled in drifts  
near the footbridge where you walk to compose yourself.  
I imagine them sticking to your shoes, I imagine rain,  
walking all day myself against the grain.**

**Theo Dorgan**