

## **The shoe**

To paint a shoe with its journey -  
to layer it with the landscapes it has gone,  
it might have gone -  
a trace of blue above the lashes,  
a deep arrow of mud  
down the left side,  
dawn and twilight shimmering up  
at the front where the toes would sleep.

How much sky  
has walked around inside this shoe?  
How much white, how much black  
mingle in this exhausted face?

My son takes out his brush and paints.  
Arranged in still life on its pedestal, my discarded shoe  
looks back,  
blessed in the fullness of its ending.

(by Peter Boyle, from Museum of Space, 2004)