

the shoemaker has no shoe

the shoemaker makes all the best shoes in town
but has no decent pair of his own
the shoemaker's daughter has no shoes
from her friends she borrows
each time she wants to go to church or to the supermarket
the shoemaker's son has no shoes
he plays soccer barefoot
how his friends' leather-boots
love to trample on his unshod toes
all the shoes in town the shoemaker has mended
but the shoes of the shoemaker's wife can't be mended
hers is the only pair in the household
the shoemaker can't mend it, so can't sell it
once he made his family gleaming pairs of shoes
after a day or two sold them to a customer
' i will make you better ones next week!' he promised
next week turned into a month
a month into a year
now the shoemaker is dead
as we seal the lid on the casket
we can't help but notice it
that the body in the coffin has no shoe
that the weeping widow, the grieving son and daughter, all have no shoe!
and none of us is willing to lend ours
the ones that the shoemaker made us.

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