

## ABOUT THE SHOE

What is a shoe doing in the grass of the park? Ask her at once.  
Let her know it is outrageous. Ask her why she's alone,  
where her left or right match is, why she's not looking for it.  
Why she has agreed to be alone. After the shower she's full of  
murky water. At night, insects crawl into her. But that does not  
warm her up. Ask her how she got this far, so that she knows not  
where her match is. Does she feel no need to meet the other, to apologize  
and be at ease afterwards? Ask her also about her sock, someone must have taken  
her off, because of the heat and the sweat. She must look for her, too.  
So that the sock will not feel abandoned. Therefore, search quickly.  
The pants are someplace too, the pockets on them, when you turn them  
inside out, the ID cards fall out, or nothing at all. The belt, if there is one  
on these pants, does he still hold the body, or the body hold him?  
The shirt is a leafy tree to him, and a flower, a source of its pride.  
But most worthy is the head, if it is still above, knowing where  
her left and where her right shoe is. But if the head is missing,  
there's no shoe, neither the left nor the right one,  
and the shoe in the grass of the park is just a shoe without its living body,  
and that is the sorrow the rain soaks her with.

Miroslav Kirin

*Translated into English from Croatian by Boris Gregoric*