

Jeri Thompson

My Shoes

My shoes tell a story
I cannot live up to.
The red peep-toe slingbacks
Want to stride under full-moon and shooting stars.
The strappy taupe pumps
Mock me with their flirty bows
Remembering summer picnics while
Looking lost in the outback of my closet.
And the boots made for walking
Have gone nowhere for months.

Since I owned only athletic wear
I invested in three pairs of girly-shoes and dresses.
A summer of meeting, romancing,
Dining, dancing: the symphony, a cruise, a museum
And a mayor's inauguration followed.

Now it's winter and they sit, staring at me,
Wagging their tongues and crowding
The throat-line with their empty eyelets.
I assure them they will stride again.
They seem to relax, yet

I hear the rustling of restless ruching.