

# Wear Do We Go?

A Pandemic Activity



**THE GENESIS:**

Dear (    ),

I have been working on these little shoe paintings since quarantine. I'm collecting poems/short pieces of writing/songs in response. Looking at the group or a pair of these shoes, where does your mind go? If you're game, feel free to write. Consider limiting yourself to 24 hours. I'll be sharing the group of writings with the participants. If you think you'd like to do this, please let me know. A quick haiku is fine. If you'd like to know what prompted me to do the shoes, read below.

Stay well,  
Katy

---

I gave myself a daily practice to stay focused during the pandemic. A painting a day = taking a happy pill. I acquired hundreds of these 4 inch aluminum panels that were being thrown away. The plan is to cover them all. I decided to indulge myself in painting texture. Painting objects without any background was an indulgence too. As the wall filled up, it seemed like I had created a crowd of people in my studio. Antidote to social distancing! I realized soon though, how they reminded me of the moment I had to toss out my mother's shoes. She died soon after 9/11. It felt indecent to throw away her shoes but I had to clear out her NYC apartment fast. The 5 seconds deliberating "yes no yes no yes no" was intense. Into a black garbage bag they went the day after we lost her. Her motto was "waste not want not." She'd be happy I found a use for the trash. I guess I'm still processing.





## TALL BOOTS

I thought of myself as  
tall and sexy  
and didn't credit the  
people with whom

I hung around.

It seems like  
whenever they weren't  
there  
I kind of went limp.

Believe me, I've looked at things  
a few different  
ways. This way, that way,  
oh I tried to get it to work.

The thing is that, it's ok.  
Really, it's ok.  
I think I make them all look  
tall and sexy too.

— Jim Armenti

**WELL-WORN**

worn happens

threadbare, scuffed, rubbed raw

but what manner of wearing?

lightly used, worked to bone, danced till dawn

so may we live

justly, mercifully, humbly

everything passes

some well-worn

—Floyd Cheung





Hurts to look at them  
Dazzling sans sun  
Not quite natural wondrous blue

—Edward Westerman

## POEM FOR KATY

My shoes have started  
to look good  
enough to eat

they have started  
to look fancy strange  
like ties

In a lawyer's closet:  
arrayed and various  
silky and useless.

My many shoes  
for the many occasions  
I used to have.

The green ones  
make my mouth  
water - sour dreaming

of pickled limes  
From Little Women  
I'm working from home,

Working on being  
homegrown  
heroine of the serial surreal.

My red shoes pout  
poised for frolic  
for just one frock

scattering  
scampering  
stamping at neglect.

red shoes  
painted into a corner  
and dance the blues  
and Bowie moves  
in a re-mix ageless outlier





space signal-man  
stranger normal.  
My running shoes  
are swimming pools  
for each foot.

I dive in them - eeling  
Winged by air  
Rushing in

Triumphant  
Finding a road  
Lonesome enough

To gasp maskless  
And wave at trees  
Who wave back.

My folks are living  
In a hotspot:  
Little House

On the 7th floor:  
washing their undies  
nightly as if they're

tourists in a dusty  
pensione worrying  
about the water,

the exchange rate  
the natives' cleanliness,  
the miasma,

they open their door  
to no one. Only letting  
themselves out  
to climb up to the roof

open its fire door  
to sniff real air  
and squint at sky.



— Rachel Eisler

## **SOME THOUGHTS ON KATY'S SHOES**

There's a kink in human evolution  
The animals brave the elements naked  
We survive on their fur, their wool, their hides  
The last, so supple, so malleable  
Allowed our tender feet to master their world

Shoes, so expressive in form  
Hardy, aggressive, seductive, fleet  
Symbolic too—red shoes a cinematic rouge  
Boots suggesting survival or a soldier's kick  
Sneakers ubiquity, a social leveling

My family had tanneries in Poland  
They passed down the leather lore  
Until my father, no doubt in his elegant shoes,  
Fled two weeks before his town was invaded

Now those saving our lives are covered in protective gear  
Not the symbolic uniforms of soldier heroes  
No shiny boots, rakish caps, no medals.  
I hope their shoes offer them their greatest virtue—  
comfort.

—Monica Strauss



Who wears boots so bright  
That makes the grass burn jealous?  
The tree does not mind.

— Evan Castelli



Green and buttery  
These Boots, not made for walking  
But propping me up

— Barbara Neulinger

**PLAGUE YEAR APRIL BOOTS**

We scramble in the spring  
to stay upright in the slick  
of mud green with burgeoning.

We slip, grip, slide again in slop,  
struggling for a solid surface,  
some familiar ground on which to stop

until at last our boots, removed,  
flop empty. One reveals its sole:  
breathless, scuffed up, and well loved.

— Michael Thurston



Decades in one pair  
Just got two more pairs—snappy!  
All flipflops since then

— Darius Helm

## DOCTORS

I'm sure you have not forgotten me, for Chrissakes! Your Doc Marten boots you wore almost every day from 80-82? The one you kept stuffing your socks in because you deluded yourself into believing that you didn't sweat, and therefore you'd wear the same goddamn socks three or four days running? Yeah, you sweat, and as the left boot in this relationship, the one you always stuffed the socks into, I resented your stink. I remembered what it was like to have that fresh leather smell, so nice, so very nice, and the smell of those socks, I'm sorry, but not fresh and nice. Still and all, it was worth it because of your undying love for us; yes us, as I said before, this is the left boot sending you this epistle. The right sends her love and wants you to know that she thinks I'm prone to exaggeration, e.g. "the socks", but she never suffered the treatment I did, and knows not of what she speaks.

Do you remember that beautiful spring day in Bryant Park when you photographed the pigeons? The day that Crosstown Tommy smoked you up and had you in stitches with his impersonation of Abe Vigoda as Spock? And Debbie Harry and Chris Stein stopped to laugh at C.T., and he proceeded to smoke them up too? She sang a line or two of "The Tide is High"? No? You're right; I'm just messing with you. You, Debbie, Chris, and Crosstown Tommy were pleasantly high, but Debbie did not sing one of Blondie's great tunes, alas. You did go home, floating on cloud nine, and painted a beautiful series of miniatures from the Polaroids of the pigeons, though.

The seasons change, and not just springsummerfall...but the seasons of human whim, temperament, age, and style, and you started to wear us less and less. You never truly forgot us, but if truth be told, your tastes got a dash more stylish. We came out for the Talking Heads show where you met Henry, Jasmine spilled a drink on a nonplussed John Malkovich -how could John Malkovich be anything but nonplussed?- and Crosstown Tommy lost his shit during "I Zimbra", and we had to give him a good swift kick to the shin to keep him from knocking your ass, my heel, to the Bowery Ballroom floor. Glorious days of youth.

Thank the goddess of leather and lace, and by that I mean your teenage daughter, for discovering us in the right hand corner of your closet next to the box of video cassettes, tapes, your old boombox, and ten copies of Interview. Doc Right and I both feel like we have a new lease on life which is pretty fabulous for a pair of old clodhoppers like us. We don't fully get her music, but who really cares when the spark of youth is singing through your soles, am I right? And for the record, your painting of us is glorious, socks and all.

Ciao,  
Doc L.

— John Crand







Those damn Doc Martens  
I find them so aggressive  
A true statement shoe

— Maria Schneider

Small woman, tall shoes.  
Cherry toenails on chunky  
platform. Summer high.

— Cathi Hanauer





I was lucky, and I knew it. The shoes by the door! The piles of teenaged shoes spilling into the kitchen. I have always counted shoes while my coffee brewed to figure out who was still here by sun-up. Most weekends, I photographed them to document my full heart. Timberlands tufted with grass because the kids played golf on the neighboring course in the wee hours. Birkenstocks stuffed with wet socks. All the sandals and sneakers and clogs and boots. My husband, pointing at a pair of patent-leather heels, eyebrows up, “Who’s that?” In the night, I listened to stoned ping-pong drifting through our bedroom vent. Someone playing the melodica, the banjo. Someone else microwaving cereal (?) and laughing. In the morning it was always quiet. Just the shoes, because we were so, so lucky. We are still. We really are. But now I don’t count the shoes. I already know exactly who spent the night.

— Catherine Newman

## **SHOES: MEMORY SNAPSHOTS**

### Patent Leather Mary-Janes

We had to wear them to parties. A small hook with an abalone handle pulled the round pearl button through the tiny hole in the strap. You had to tug hard. It hurt. I hated them.

### Indian Walk Shoes

Anne and I, kids jostling for a turn on the fluoroscope. It revealed by xray the bones in your feet. Mesmerizing. We kept going back to that magic deadly machine.

### Frank's Task

Eddie, our father, hated confinement: big house, high ceilings, low cut trousers, roomy shoes. He paid my boyfriend to break them in, then wore them 'til they were cracked and wrinkled like an old ranger's face.

### StrideRite Shoes

Taking Andrew for shoes. No shoes, only sneakers. Will he wear sneakers to his wedding I wondered. No wedding, no shoes but splendid New Balance black or white sneakers decades later.

### Belgium Gala

After the ceremony—an honorary doctorate for my husband—a formal black tie affair. Black dress for me and the highest heels I ever owned and would own, 4 inches of agony, but at least I was tall, tallish.

— Doris Held



**CATHOLIC SCHOOL**

I drew a boot  
Over and over  
Didn't pick up  
The pencil

Wedge heel  
High  
Brown  
70's sexy

Paper bag  
book covers  
Small canvases

Heaven at  
St. Philip and St. James

Boots, shoes,  
stars, rockets,  
hearts, girls  
With straight hair  
Boys' names

Broken hearts  
Next class

— Moira Greto



Flip flops by my side  
So many stories to tell  
Easy summer days

— Edgar Arcena

Like us  
of us

approach us  
two by two.

Tongueless ghosts  
w/ patent&unreadable

history—mute little pilgrims  
where have your engines fled?

—sly trick look  
flip flops

No. Now it's your brother.  
Waving you towards the water.

— Mark Hennessy





## FLIP FLOPS

(After Robert Francis)

Flip flops.  
I hate them.  
My feet are ugly.

I won't  
Wear them if  
I can be seen.

I won't  
Wear them if  
I can't be seen.

'Cause my  
Yellow toenails are  
In need of pruning.

In college  
We called them  
Go-aheads, because if

You backed  
Up real quick,

They'd always come off.

— Barry Moser





## CONSIDERING PINK

The petal boas

of a weeping cherry tree.

Two stories tall.

One wide.

A cardinal sits within its floral refuge

the bird's flaming feathers

subdued by luminous

fluttering flowers.

The supple skin of the ballet slippers

you proudly pulled on your four-year-old feet

before sashaying on stage

for the first time.

Before the music ended

you turned

to the back of the stage

marveling at the wonder of it all.

The rest of the children followed your lead.

The dance something new, all together.

The color of my mind

as I imagine my body

next to the cardinal.

Perched

amid the refuge of the petal boas.

The luminous fluttering flowers

bearing the weight

of my worry.

— Michele Wick



## CRADLES

Walking, rocking baby, feel the floor  
Rosy swaddling, leathering scuffs  
Wiggle and point unseen.

Still toddling, aching to move  
Held in check by loving braces  
Birthed by simple forgetfulness

One day...

— Roberta Armenti



The perimeter of my  
bedroom with dozens  
of pairs of shoes and  
boots,  
NJ Imelda Marcos  
I realize now how I use  
them for height.

Going outside now just to take walks,  
being forced to wear comfortable sneakers, making calves look  
bigger and making me so short  
I missed Spring cowboy boot season  
Things could be worse

— Alma Schneider



Lyrics for a song called

**SHOES FOR EVERY WHERE**

That porter's chest. That whitewashed wall. That leather bank. That falling hair. That here; that there.

That everything. That everywhere.

A cloth that's left out on the porch.

A box of boxes, bags, and shoes.

A life that gave you something new.

A breath unfelt.

A month or two.

They're everywhere.

My lungs. My heart. My liver. My spleen. My palms. My ankles. My thumb. My eyes. My forehead. My cheeks. My ears. My brain. My balls. My kidneys. My thighs. My sternum. My ribs. My throat. My stomach. My pleural wall. My guts. My teeth. The tips of my fingers. My ankle. Which glands. My knuckle. My toe. My sudden veins.

It's every here's forever where the metal air creates our there.

Let's paint them out when we are there.

For every where.

— Adam Zucker





### **WHITE GO GO BOOTS**

You could wear your white boots on a hike, no problem. Take to the muddy woods, navigate roots and fallen branches, divots and vines and animals crossing your path. It's only a low heel, shouldn't stop you from breaking a sweat or getting some fresh air. You could wear a mini skirt, too, with your pale legs slathered in tick spray. Why not a halter-top and that Day-Glo paisley headband from high school you just found in the closet? The sun would bounce off the white boots; the underbrush would be lit up for a party. A go-go boot party. Even if they are leatherette, no black bear would know you went cheap, and then again, maybe a bear would appreciate that you are a vegan hiker, someone who shalt not wear the hide of any beast. An albino alligator or a snow boa constrictor sacrificed its life for these boots—not. Face it; fossil fuels equal your jazzy shoes. Anyways, you could dance in the woods 6 feet apart from anyone cruising for a beat, or with your feel-good friends on your phone, just this once leaning on technology for a nature buzz. Or you could be ripping up the forest floor isolated from everyone, an ecstatic band of one. You always wanted to be a soloist, flashing skin, seducing the wind and the soil with your moves. You could be on fire in your almost-patent leather boots, kickin' it with the chipmunks and the porcupines, blinded by your effervescent, unflinching yen for LIFE. You could.

—Ann Lewis



No need for shoes now  
I barely get dressed these days  
Meetings are pantsless

— Zoe Schneider





## **EMPTY IS WHERE WE BEGIN**

71 days in a row, I've meditated.

January 25, 2020. First day. Ten minutes, 28 seconds, at 7:16 am (per the log on my app).

42 people were reported dead in Wuhan on that day. A grave situation, said President Xi Jinping.

71 days is not enough time to empty a mind. I'm still a rank beginner.

I began because my head felt like a messy room. But concerns about contagion were not part of the clutter.

The goal of meditation (though there are no goals) is to be free of thoughts.

Thoughts are like moths banging on your screen door. You go dark and let them fly off.

Thoughts are twists of smoke. You think of your breath as a cool gust. Smoke dissipates in moving air.

You're aiming for blankness (though there is no aim).  
Absence is the desire (but you want no desire).

So far in 2020, I have meditated for 736 minutes.

7,189 deaths have been reported, as of today.

Time is precious.

Why spend it sitting here not thinking?

My amateurish notion: to open a door that was always there, always waiting for you, beyond the fog of thought.

Behind it is the self you were at birth, before words, ideas, worries, hopes. The self that stared out at the world with blue-black eyes, and felt only awash in aliveness.

This is the same self you'll be at your last moment, when everything falls away, and again it's only you and your aliveness, which astonishes you most as it ebbs away.

When a bowl is empty, only then can you see its whole shape. When your mind is empty, only then can you see your essential self. Maybe. It's a thought, and now I'm beginning to understand that thoughts aren't worth as much as I thought.

Day 71. April 4th.

1.1 million people infected in 175 countries. Four billion people, a quarter of humanity, per the New York Times, under orders to stay at home.

The chimes on my app ring. I sit and breathe. I have to try, at least (though there's not supposed to be trying).

I drift into the dark space behind my eyes, which has become the only place to go.

— Debra Immergut



Not long after my mother died, my father died. That's when we cleaned out her closet. My mother was a hoarder and a flash dieter. Her closet squeezed with sizes from 16 to eight. I lived in a New York studio, its closet the size of a pig's eyelash. I took her velveteen stirrup pants. She wasn't a stylish woman, but a few of her things were stylish. Her shoes fit exactly: her feet were my feet, long and narrow. She possessed silver and gold shoes for dancing. High heels, stubby heels, flats. I'd just landed my first professional job, so I took two pair, one beige as the office, one geranium pink. I wore them for a few years, then gave them away. Wedged in my mind, my mother's shoes pile atop each other; her sweat echo is imprinted on their insoles. I toss her gold shoes out my orbit socket, followed by her fuchsia dress with its chiffon layers. Slap her red lipstick on my mouth and one-two-cha-cha-cha with my father in his gold tie and good blue suit. His bald scalp buffed, a rim of icy hair orbits it like one of Saturn's rings.

— Candice Reffe



Storytellers. Clop clop clop, click click click  
A visual diary of our journeys through space  
Our biases, failures triumphs  
Fitted  
That nail through the sole and a beveled heel  
Right, left... different but the same  
An inch from contact with the earth  
Each one

— Dave Gloman

## PANDEMIC SHOES

So many shoes in the front hall:  
Slides, Keds, muddy hiking shoes,  
And not a visitor for weeks!

And yet, mysteriously, shoes  
Accumulate like weeds, the hall  
Darkening with them. Weeks

Pass; now a month, now eight weeks  
And the same splayed shoes  
Filling the same, silent front hall.

Someone leaves a package in the hall,  
And you yell: “Take off your shoes,  
For God’s sake! Leave it a week

To decontaminate.” Shoo  
The cat away, haul  
The groceries into the sink. Week

Ten and still the shoes  
Lay in the front hall;  
Ten shoes. Ten weeks.

— Rosetta Cohen





I loved the look of worn boots,  
MY worn boots and shoes,  
they were cool,  
comfortable, proof of a life lived.  
Proof of not caring how I looked or said or what I did.  
There is history in every step, backward and forward, every kick, every leap  
There is weight  
I took loving pride in fixing them, over and over and over again

And now they just look battered and worn out,  
They are now the ones I don't want to wear  
But I gave away all of my hardly-worn, never loved pairs

Now they just look not cared about,  
Uncared for  
And tired,  
And worn out  
The soles worn down  
I'm so tired and worn out

— Alice Schneider



## CATCHER'S MITT MASSACRE

Puddle of rawhide, orgy of burls  
and burrs and medicinal bovine negligees.

Don't tell me again what I once didn't know, about  
how the color brown smells like justcooked bread

and how that, whenever something seems to be  
beginning to work, its merely learning how best to fall apart.

Don't get me startled.  
Bootlace nostalgia, maroon leggings, swapping  
excellent juices during an early April sunset.

All sorts of tasty stuff happens  
if you just hang in there and cry a lot.  
Each lost tear plants a tree of fortune to come, you'll see.

Running naked in the pandemic rain, moments ago,  
I can recall feeling as if I were astraddle  
a real sidereal steed, the husky robust firmamental type

of which you meet, let alone  
mount, but once in a lifetime.

There is also the beagle who is melting  
metaphorically upon an oven's canvas,  
before being born again in a warlock's kiln,  
its lacquered ankles trickling alphabets

only a homicidal genius could understand

— Connolly Ryan

## SHOES BUT

Not just the shoes  
also who's forget  
them there and who'll  
later see them a  
pair piled beneath  
a clean window  
laces undone like  
a shrug and not just  
the who who forgets  
and the who who'll  
later see them but  
the shoes too re-  
laxed in the daylight  
forgetting no-  
thing helpless  
between outings

— James Haug



A pair of goldfinch - not lost  
Unflinching paths crossed  
A rocket's beautiful exhaust  
In Katy's golden shoes

— Susannah Auferoth

## **THE SHOES**

(inspired by Katy Schneider's paintings )

We'll soon leave the masks home, give them to our kids to play with, so they can pretend to be cowgirls in a dust storm. We'll leave the masks home and put on our shoes. Not our daily once around the block shoes to fetch the mail, or socially distant walking. No, we'll draw on our red shoes and dance. We'll take the gold ballet ones and spin, stomp in the boots. We will hold hands, kiss fingers, wipe noses (though we will have been a lot more cleaner, and mindful of our bodies, so we will keep tissues and handkerchiefs handy, always.). We won't be stupid, and our leaders will be smart, or at least know better than to reveal themselves as blunderers, or better yet, admit their mistakes. We remember our last real president dancing with his wife, Michelle, and we will want to dance again, too, and play basketball, go out to dinner. We'll lock the house, leave the masks behind, take the kids, and run, together, bodies touching, once again.

— Indira Ganesan



### **SLIDES**

The most dangerous parts of lying on a bed of nails  
Are getting on and off.  
The audience winces  
As a shadowy figure  
Windmills his heavy hammer.  
But it's all bluster  
A noisy, ornate nothing.  
Simple science wearing the cloak  
Of a boardwalk sideshow.

I got Slides for my meditation walks  
My own mobile beds of nails.  
Rather than savor every step,  
My racing chessboard brain  
Fast-forwards to when  
I will exit from the nails.

— Scott Brodeur

## **LOOK MA!**

When our kids were about eight years old we went on junket with our friends and their two kids. It's when we learned that we were not urban people. We live in cow laden, tree covered rocky New England farmland.

We're not farmers. But have always lived with farmers in low buildings, with seasonal cow shit and flies. We went to NYC!! Manhattan! Central Park. We went on a mission to see the statue of Balto the shepherd.

He saved lives in Alaska by bringing the diphtheria serum with his sled dog buddies to the afflicted. In the nick of time. Sarah the youngest of us was a huge fan on account of a book she read. She was six.

In truth we also (some of us) explored the head of the Statue of Liberty and read the names of immigrants like my grandparents who came in steerage speaking only Italian at around the same age as our kids.

And the Empire State building, and lit votive candles at St. Patrick's Cathedral all the while aimlessly catching people's eyes and staring, gawking up at the buildings. The very immensity and density of people who never looked back at us.

Tall people so well dressed compared to our bumpkin clothes, and it was a dreary, rainy forty eight in February and one of us complained ALL the time with his sopping boots and exhaustion. The vastness seemed too much, the story too long.

And when we got back to the hotel he put the toe of one foot on the heel of the other and one boot came off then put his soggy socked toe on the other heel and then a heel on the toe of the sock and then the other. And never touched any of it with his hands.



But came home and read more books and learned five languages  
and lives with a beautiful, brilliant woman from Turkey and  
has traveled to Rome and Sienna, and Poland and Hungary  
and loves the world, in spite of being raised by cows.

— Jim Arment



They wrap my feet  
in memories, these shoes.  
Thrills, stains, soles worn away.  
Pride, shame, resignation.  
A sequence.

— Roger Westerman



There are never enough  
There are far grotesquely too many...  
one pair is all I want...3 pair are all I wear...  
I admire..  
they nauseate....they can never be too high or too well constructed...the stench of sweat soaked wood....the elation from fresh worn leather...thin or thick  
the finest craftsmanship...

— Peggy Schneider







## THE SHOES

I pause to stare and consider  
the threadbare fibers  
of my mother's shoes.

If she was still with us  
I'd ask her about the places  
she traveled.

Tell me, I'd say  
Did you walk willingly?

A single loop of rust-colored cord  
pierces the fabric,  
passes through,  
then surfaces again.

I think I know.

As I lower the shoes into the box  
I watch their inflated shape collapse,  
Then, as I planned all along,  
compressed air exhales through  
the cracks  
as I fold each flap.

— Barbara Cheney

I am growing fonder of wear as I age.  
Like me my shoes were once firmer, prettier, by some standards of convention,  
yet the imperfections of personal imprint are what make them  
such a worthy subject of portrait, speaking of bygone eras  
or just inwardly turned feet.  
Trudging or strutting grooves where no designer ever intended,  
The observant painter sees the array of emotional color worn in by living,  
while passing through time.

—Jacqueline Strauss







This is a haiku about shoe culture here in Japan, where we fly in  
and out of our shoes regularly:

My shoes are not shoes

Back flattened like a pancake

They are my slippers

— Andrew Schneider



The tiniest shoes  
how they held your brand new feet  
claim me forever

—Julie Starr

Shrimping: toes, typically wretched and unkempt toes hanging off the edge of poor fitting sandals

BISCUIT: poorly maintained and calloused heels hanging off the back..

— Peggy Schneider



## **DO-SI-DO**

With the touch of a brush  
And a change in context  
Silver-grey aluminum shingles  
Become concrete floors

What's up  
Is down

With the touch of a brush  
Hundreds of shoes  
Floor adornments of the everyday  
Walk on walls

What's down  
Is up

Sparks fly  
In painted spaces  
Connective tissue  
Between figures  
And ground

Junctures of fact and fiction

— Gabriel Phipps

**SHOES. A SONNET**

How you move is always marked by grace—  
When breaking in the shoes that hurt your toes,  
When bending to retrieve an erring lace.  
You dance when reaching for the Oreos.

You caper in the moonlight. Then you speak  
Of magic shoes. You really think they're swell—  
Like in a movie full of love and pique.  
“Red Shoes?” “The one.” “It doesn't end so well.”

I kept them all these years; they hold the clues  
To why you're cool, and also why I'm not.  
But now they're nothing more to me than shoes.  
Pinked and ribboned. Frayed. And used when bought.

I aged—alone. I didn't have a say.  
I never thought the shoes, not you, would stay.

— Gillian Murray Kendall



**SHOE HAIKU SERIES (1-10)**

6/28/20

Shoe Haiku #1

Worn, dark and sweaty  
Purgatory staller now  
Mold seals the deal

Shoe Haiku #2

Adi Dazzler, I  
Can you handle how I rule  
I am still legend

Shoe Haiku #3

Patiently waiting  
For your turn under the sky  
In the darkness, still

Shoe Haiku #4

As if you soled me  
I wait for the love we had  
It never does come

Shoe Haiku #5

I am not enough  
You always need more to love  
Thankless bitch you are

Shoe Haiku #6

I see no real need  
Irrelevant thought, I know  
I, judge and jury

Shoe Haiku #7

She bought another  
She hides them but I still see  
I love her problem

Shoe Haiku #8

They often pile up  
Passing through on their way home  
We are not richer

Shoe Haiku #9

You are often coy  
When your choices excite me  
I can't get enough

Shoe Haiku #10

Where to go from here  
It was simple once, now hard  
Too many great ones

— Andrew Kesin





No season  
Gathering dust  
I'm gathering dust  
No finish line

— Walter Flynn



**ETERNITY IN POLYMER**

Lone black baby Croc®  
unlike its owner's childhood  
will last forever

— Richard Saja