

# Shoe Shopping

by Emily Van Antwerp

Through the trail  
I go  
Ecstatic and eager  
In the forests  
Of shoes  
Which are  
Tangled and lumpy

The first path is all ebony black  
Leathery and velvety

The smell so stuffy, tinny  
And sharp  
And  
stale

I saw a woman  
Dressed in a black skirt  
Perhaps a witch

The next trail is soft  
like a bunny's ear  
Fuzzy and tingly  
I am not in a hurry

As a little girl plumps down  
She lies on spongy slipper  
And  
Snoozes to sleep

Shoes shoes  
Gentle or jagged  
All stare sternly  
Begging to be bought