

## Our Last Shoemaker

He only thought of us in terms  
Of our feet and never much cared for our faces.

But he's gone now anyhow  
Lost to us and our poor damn feet!

I picture him shoeless on a beach in his native Greece  
Unmindful of gluing rubber or carving leather bits  
He is sipping *samena* like he always said he would.

Imagine our Town without him filling up with shoes.  
Blue shoes, high shoes, nurse shoes, new shoes,  
Tight shoes, wide shoes, open-toed sandals,  
Dress shoes, deck shoes, your shoes, my shoes.  
Not to mention the lace laced and the tongue tied,  
The eyeless and the down-at-heel.  
The shoes without hearts or even a half sole.

The pairs that he laughed at, but fixed in the end.  
The way he threw them up on the shelf  
Like sods of turf or members of a Summit.  
And the lovely way he shined them all  
Before he gave them back, so shoes  
Might feel more broken in, more valid,  
More suited to themselves than to our stars.

Celia Brown