

## **Six Shoes**

I know an old man who has six shoes —  
A pair for walking on city streets,  
A pair for blazer and necktie, and  
A pair for hiking rocks, snow and mud.

He travels through a small set of days.  
His workday runs by norm and by rule.  
His rests on weekends or holidays,  
Jesting, gawking, drinking and lounging.  
He lives these days, then lives them again.

His late wife had closet racks of shoes.  
Yet she also had only two feet.  
This drab man color matches nothing  
Beyond black vs. brown shoe and belt.  
In fairness, he does not have dozens  
Of outfits in shades he cannot name.

Six shoes slide under the opening  
At the bottom of his chifforobe.  
If he could, he would fit himself too  
Discreetly, neatly in furniture.

He does not want to leave after him  
A legacy of fancy footwear.

For this old man, six shoes are enough.

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