

The Poet's Boots

The poet's boots are purple, trimmed
with self-regard. Italian born
and bought on a flush-as-feathers whim
for comfort and look. A decade worn
tirelessly tramping city streets,
they slip on, naturally as sin:
two leather poems for the feet
on a body that aches for extra skins.
Though they're past saving, she is too
in love with the past to part with them;
is unpersuaded by the new.
She will not know their like again.
Their leather splits in tiny grins,
the better to let the weather in.

Ros Barber