

## Being the Shoe

The idea of being the shoe always thrilled me,  
so I would pass without hesitation from taking  
the sports car or the Scottish terrier whenever it came  
to Monopoly.

The architectural dimensions inside the shoe  
were a secret that only I was privy to, and I would wait  
out my turn in the library located under the arch of the toecap,  
reading leather-bound editions of Isaac Asimov  
or the Kama Sutra.

Of course, the navigational powers  
of the shoe were quite exceptional, but I would gleefully feign  
a lack of control while passing by an opponent's hotel,  
and send it spinning off the board with a good  
sideways kick.

Being rich or being penniless is all the same  
when you live in a shoe, so I could spend all my money  
with total abandon, and never cared if I won or lost.

Jail

is a comfortable place when you're safe in your shoe,  
and winning a beauty contest in nothing but your shoe  
is the best feeling of all.

Oh, I travelled the world in my shoe,  
spent money as if it was merely money; swindled and cheated,  
looked forward to three turns in jail, and couldn't care less  
if I missed a go. For a shoe is as happy standing still  
as it is trampling all before it.

**John W. Sexton**