

WALKING SHOES

**I think of the day we parted and how my heart turned;
you were lacing on walking shoes, shoes for your
winter, shoes for walking away from sunlight,
the room darkening as you straightened & looked down.**

**Later, the cab ticking out towards the airport.
The checking of documents, practical affairs,
and then the tannoy calls to separate terminals,
panic in look and kiss, departure's business.**

**You write that yellow leaves are piled in drifts
near the footbridge where you walk to compose yourself.
I imagine them sticking to your shoes, I imagine rain,
walking all day myself against the grain.**

Theo Dorgan