

## Shoe Sonnet

The arches crease. Heels click to break the day.  
Fallacy, fallacy, tread marks on clean carpet.

Tonight I shall wear my silver heels.  
Mystery will press its lips against mine

as the moon's articulate eyes will guide me.

Are shoes but an extension of the body?  
I have walked in mine through cities and country sides,

in color, in black patent, the horizon  
widening before me like an open road.

Fanfare to goggle the eyes, leather to wipe  
the blood away, heels sharp enough to cut

a man's throat. Toes, veering knife points  
to slice his heart in half.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Lisa Zaran". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "L" and "Z".

Lisa Zaran  
6/10/2010