

## shoes ( for Peter Kowald )

i bought these new shoes today  
& the arches are so high  
that i no longer need a ladder  
to climb my way up to the stars  
she opens the box of bass string sonatas  
& the skulls of 3 gentle men  
rattle off all the names of all the heart bowers  
that ever sang on this lonely hungry planet -  
Blanton Brown Mingus the Clown  
Morris Slam & Kowald  
now jam in the roots of the Baobab's shadow  
in there where we stood invisible  
& shed our humble breaths  
within the hollow of our lover's neck  
*don't fret don't fret don't fret*

i bought these new shoes & the arches were so high  
i was able to climb to the top scales  
the scales so high-tipped in the blind goddess' hands  
where you now walk the line between death &  
life & what lies between  
the serpent wraps itself around my heart  
like a one bass hit  
like a giant stepping over new terrain  
the Bird of our Ancestors flies above my head  
empties itself into my eyes & i am born again  
a winged creature with the life span of a wind  
the motions of swift fingers stolen within a dream  
there is no blame to be placed  
only the responsibility of what we ourselves have done  
it's what's behind the blood that counts  
what's behind the blood that keeps a person warm  
what's behind the blood that carries the rhythms home  
i am a candle on a foggy night  
a foggy night what better time to look for the moon  
let's look for the moon together

these shoes they walk me over sand  
they walk me over stone they carry me over cloud  
& sun & rainbows coveting pots of gold  
these shoes they deliver me toward tomorrow  
away from yesterday closer to you  
to what our moments together will become  
as the trail turns cold & our passions grow hot  
play me like a fiddler plays the fiddle on a foggy night  
wear me like you wear yourself  
inside outside inside outside  
play me like a heartbeat like a tick - tock  
like the whole damn band  
sing me monstrous histories from the belly of your throat  
then let's go look for the moon.

steve dalachinsky

