

The Slippers of Serket

So many desert dawns and shaken shoes.
It was only ever shadows spilling to the floor,
no folded creature tipped out of its snug,
a sac of venom scuttling.

Wary still, here's wilderness
where caution calls for sharper counterpart.
I have slippers fashioned to my own design,
sole's brazen armoury.

These dainty boots are spurred
and keeled. I flex their jointed plates,
fix tight the buckle's claw.
The heels are curved to die for.

She who tightens the throat;
she who opens it too.
Which one are you to me?
Wait and see. Yes, I know I'm late,

can imagine, on the polished bar,
how your fingers drum.
I point my toes, and fit them on,
the slippers of the scorpion.