

Shoe Zen

It takes much tongue-wagging
to fashion speech
out of the daily rituals
of occupancy
and desertion,

out of memories
of factory beginnings
and portents
of junkyard ends
and dreams
of royal mojri-hood.

Then one day
a language is born
full-blown, runic,
with the faintest aftertaste of acid
in its bite.

Until Shoe discovers
it has a double
who speaks it too.

Then Shoe learns to shut up,
allows discovery to turn
into common wisdom.

Grows rubber-soled,
learns to walk alone.

Question: What is the sound of one shoe walking?

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