

## Dirty Shoes

Distant motion from the rearview mirror  
escaped me  
as I left this immobile home and the regularity of my heartbeat  
behind, to the wind  
and I will surely jumble my words and entertain the  
echoes of our satisfaction, mere moments  
in a still and tepid bog  
and this dried paint on the ceiling won't give me any answers,  
I know

Your moist breath in my ear told me you wanted to be a man,  
but the only man I knew was my father;  
weathered leather;  
a mess for a love who searched, dirty from the city  
in the worst place imaginable to find warmth in her shitty glares  
He grew relentless and grey while dear mother was so busy living,  
but would rather have lost himself than his love  
to that filthy street corner

The shadowed contours of your profile blur,  
even now,  
with the lines that I simply will not cross  
yet still I stand, transfixed in place by taut threads  
shorn from this mottled sweater,  
and though I'm not unfaithful,  
I will stray down the winding path I once believed  
I could travel to make sense of it all  
Everything that keeps me up at night sounds like your voice

As the pieces of this love crash down around me,  
each as heavy as the heart I now hold,  
I am mighty in my efforts to catch them on my tongue-  
like the rain from your eyes that covered the rooftops  
and smudged the lines of our floor plans,  
a sodden blue mass of reverie

And though I tried to shy from the unsightly remains  
of our plight, a tale of futile, softly spoken moonlit promises,  
I am walking in shoes whose stains,  
like the imprint of your teeth in my skin,  
will never really wash away