

*For You, and Alison Knowles' "Shoes of Your Choice"
on the Night that was
May 11, 2016*

By Misty De Berry

A simple choice
this gathering of faces-

 some loved ones/
 a few friends
 with
gentle familiar
strangers.

 such wonders then-
from
flying and flight-

to hitting walls
and floating
 down
the murky
 waters of Dayton,
 Ohio.

A submergence of chemical substances\
 from cancer research
to
crouching among
the stoned-high
in Sydney, Australia.

from barefoot and trembling
to flat foot
and proud.

Pope-mobiles
and 10 mile dashes towards dusty
mattresses-

to replacement-boots/
second-fiddle-boots/
 Beyoncé// RIHANNA- Boots

and brown/black

polka
dot
socks.

My shoes
your shoes
and other people's shoes.

speaking shoes\
and shoe string budgets//

From missing home
to getting to know
ex/tended
family.

From trying on new lives
to finding
comfort.//

And
super(!!!)
red shoes-
the forever child at heart shoes-

to becoming/ accepting
adulthood
even if it's with two left feet.

From visiting shoes-
to *I don't do cute, I do comfortable*
shoes.

and compromises not to be made/

To conjuring
butterflies
made like
Victorian-lady-boots-turned-Alexander-McQueen-expressions-of-defiant-brides\
doing it my way
shoes.

and librarian shoes\
fabulous shoes,
high white go-go boots
Mercutio in Santa-boots

shoes\
and making the occasion.

From around the block shoes-
these shoes!
and presentable shoes.

To imagining pocket-size shoes,
inflatable shoes/
online eeeasy spirit shoes.

Criss-cross\
a giggle feast of nerves shoes/

and *how nice it is to finally meet you shoes,*

to
salt
over the shoulder
from grandmothers who
know much better than
any of us ever could shoes...

First pair of gym shoes!
Octopus stuffed and
sent spinning in the cool night skyline shoes.

Then trekking to Florida
for boots- *Brazilian!* on sale shoes
to barefoot
in the snow
shoes.

From slip-slop
sliding
flip-flops and
Chekov (in) good shoes\
to walk the dog shoes-

When cracked linoleum
never felt
so good
on tender
moist feet, spent from wandering in the tepid autumn sun
in swollen
shoes-

there be a quickened catch of the eye
and a tilted spark of
 inhibition
shoes.

This simple gathering
of *come now* faces\
 delirious tongues
gone lax at becoming known-
 an accidental touch
 lingering
 at the forearm
known.

 With not one promise for certainty/
these simple choices:
a meandering of mouths, spirits, souls, and well-
shoes
 that never shined
so brightly.