

The Judge Wore Pumps

It's hard to look people in
the eye when your hand and
foot shackles drag you down
but you see plenty on the scuffed
linoleum of the corridors checked
in schoolroom patterns of light and dark
not white or blue anymore because nothing
here is the way it started but is worn by
the passing of the prison chanclas on your feet
and the disguised running shoes of the
dragon slaying public defender who
just starting tilting at dragons and hasn't
yet found the place to press the spear
but the heavy cushioned shoes of
the court sheriff reflects one surprise
of kindness as he kindly, kindly!
helps you through the bars and
doors of a day that is only
erosion
how does a sheriff do that? but still
your eyes fall into the deep pools
worn in the marble steps wondering
how many scuffs does it take to curve
the marble and you imagine standing
there for a year endlessly twisting
on the cold stone sinking slowly
as you watch your feet and
then your legs
grind away