

Leather Slippers
Brian Allan Skinner

Leather slippers,
empty, at the foot of the bed,
the imprint of each toe,
the weight of each woe
inscribed in them.

Their frail owner
treads no more
from bed to window
on worry-worn carpets.

There they sit,
empty, at the foot of the bed:
Things gathering dust, waiting,
mocking their owner's impermanence.

Leather slippers,
master and slaves.
The master is dead.
The slaves are freed.
But the slaves remain,
accusing, at the foot of the bed,
mocking their master's impermanence.

Things. Just things
waiting, forever,
at the foot of the bed.