

Dainty toes and decking

The geisha left her left slipper for me.
She raced across the decking
trying to beat time and nature
before changing back to the soot
maiden, frog, pumpkin, or was it a mouse?—
but the decking tripped her up.
Her heel caught in between the boards—
(it does that to left slippers all the time;
I have a collection)—
and before you could say
Jiminy Cricket, I had another slipper.
She was half-barefoot, limping
like a wet dishrag across the yard as her clothes
unraveled, her hair frizzed, her makeup
smeared, and the prince—who followed behind her—
got confused and ran smack! into a tree, knocking
some sense into his head, realizing she's just a dream
he once had, but I'm here with all my slippers—
real and available—without soot.