

Puddles

by Patrick Shiefen



Shoes,
not rain boots
pattering
through the puddles
pooling up on the
pavement
on the way
to the station
Socks slowly
becoming soaked
as you curse
the clouds.

You can no longer
hide
behind
the distracting warmth
of a blue sky
because your shadow
has stopped
nagging
has stopped
nipping
at your heels
as the wet cement
reveals
instead
your reflection.

Wet shoes
have never been
a good excuse
for you to lose
your integrity
It is, in fact,
a good opportunity
to show