

## More Than a Shoe

I conjure you now,  
swifter than the sorceress raised Samuel.

Summon you to my office room,  
ask what happened to your words?

When I sat next to you I tried  
to draw you closer than a handle to its blade.

I tried to hold your gaze  
though your eyes always found a way to stray.

Now what I see is you shaking your head,  
no answer.

The slight movement of your head tells me  
I better put down my words.

Brandishing them at you, I carry  
high-powered rifles.

It's your sudden glance that leaves me  
stuttering.

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I am alone now.  
Alone, I said.

I am counting like a stopwatch,  
Counting past the thoughts you kept to yourself,

Counting past the day you slapped me for wanting sleep  
when there wasn't even a bed.

I am counting past the day of your death:  
the fifth, eighth, nineteenth, thirtieth,

Counting moments between us like lights  
jumping seconds before a power outage,

Counting gray hairs on your head,  
your love cached in small gestures,