

# The sound of your shoes

*by Allison Rose*

as you slam them across the pavement  
the gust of wind taking my hair away with it  
flowing into the night as the dark water does

moving about so fast that you could barely feel anything  
if you aren't paying  
much attention

there isn't much to show for it  
but really

listen to me this time and stop looking away  
look into my eyes, as pretty as they might be  
as vein as you are  
believe it's true, and stop searching because I'm  
right in front of you

It's a story book writing itself, it's a fairy tale  
but will it have a happy ending?

Who's going to eat the bad apple this time?  
Is it worth finding out, is falling far enough  
keeping you crawling back

Back to the mattress and head on the pillow  
hand in hand, breathing  
rolling over, rolling joints  
keeping me sane

The smell of your chest, and the taste of your lips  
as they touch mine for the last time, right before  
you whisper

"Goodnight"

