

# The Boot

*by* Philip F. Clark

Omen of the foot.  
Black, weathered,  
slick with a snake-tongued step,  
the calve's leathered matador.  
Heel, buckle-belled, silver-edged  
finger grope, one slow toe tap  
urges 'Come here.' I bend to  
the hand's companion, my lip's acolyte,  
a crotch-heavy press of 'Yes.'

