

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.'

