

The Devil in Converse

by Scott A. Nicholson

In se'enties style serenading strut
A passin all the pretty birds in kin',
The feathered Stetson 'clipsin crimson suit,
A whistlin Dixie blues 'cross county-lines.

I got yo vice, I go yo virtues covered;
Jus' gimmie sumtin beautiful in turn.
I'll take all forms of major credit card,
Cash, IOU, or how 'bout them sweet burns?

The color of his skin's irrelevant,
He changed from black to white, from white to blue,
As easily as one might change their wants,
The shirt right off their back, or
(it should be noted that
the devil burned through shoes
the quicker he got 'em)
them sweet shoes.

Whatever it was that they wanted most
Was certainly delivered on and more,
But happ'ly never[,]mind specific ghosts,
For more importantly
(hey Mr Lucy-Four,
for these times sneakers two
i'll take an eight-ball, Lou)
was what he wore.

I got the thing you need but can't fulfill,
He said a lick of lips and grinning sly,
I'm sellin, sure, and eager to please--still,
Those things that you call shoes ain't nothin fly.

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(he wore 'em long before
they could be said to be
a timeless trend, you see...)

The devil's preference for footwear's Converse
To which he glad obliged and hipply said
Before he plucked my soul and filled his purse,
With one shoe pink as flesh,
the right one red.

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