

Ode to My Sandals

two good soles, gone bad,
you protected me from harm
on fraught foreign soil

for ten zillion steps
we hiked, trekked, climbed, jogged, stumbled,
but mostly sauntered

like an abused horse,
rode hard and put away wet,
I neglected you

dearly departed,
third sturdy generation
must yield to the fourth

what fate awaits you,
without proper funeral,
tossed like common trash?



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