

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Small Feet, Big Shoes

by Stuart Carruthers

Too shy to ask
Too venerable to catch your eye
The boy in the dark blue duffle coat
Stands in silence
Hand's buried deep in a man's coat
Eyes fixated on his feet
His mind consumes words yet unknow
Excitement, fear, love, desperate to impress
Older boys smoke dad's cigs
Girls laugh.
On empty street corners
I sense your unease
time to go.
I feel your peer's laughter
this is me being you
Or trying to.
My feet in your shoes

conversations alien to me.

Yet In our room

I dream as you pull his shirt over your head,

Smells, unfamiliar to me, excitement,

His shoes reflect your smile

The man I need to be

The man he wasn't

Downstairs she stares into the dying embers

Ignoring you, for she knows you are twice the man he was.

Opening the window, I follow you up the hill

Your sharp words in anger, I can live with

Your shoes, my feet.

Desperate to be you.

It's gone twelve, creaking stairs

Stale Ale, endless questions

The house sleeps

Over breakfast I sense her anger, his rage.

You smiled inside,

Tomorrow you'll be gone

One less at the table

My feet in your shoes.