

# Steve Cartwright

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## All in a Shoe



Beneath the collapse and dollop of a crumpled heap of socks  
and pants and trousers shed like skin of snake and left  
deserted in the hall where last you scraped them with a frantic  
ruck of heel and peeled them from your straining jerking legs  
I saw your shoes

And something  
I can't say what exactly  
Perhaps their shape  
The fact they weren't your style  
The fact that they were strangers in our house  
The fact you'd had to wear such fucking shoes  
To get you into nightclubs in the town  
Perhaps the fact that though they'd borrowed bits of class from better shoes  
They'd somehow failed  
They weren't quite right  
And sham screamed out through every stitch and lace  
And paucity and poverty were what you saw and felt  
And something stabbed me in the heart and tapped a spring of tenderness  
A love so deep that tears welled in my eyes  
The compromise you have to make  
The being in the world  
The search for sex  
The need for love  
The search for style  
The badges of manipulation  
The exploitation of our kids  
All in a fucking shoe