



a Foot
Fantasia

poetry from
assorted artists

from a show with music
by Francois LeRoux
(aka the Ha!Man
of South Africa)

the carpet factory, the shoes

i heard a story today
about a little boy
one of many who was enslaved
by his country
in child labor

in this case
he was working
for a carpet factory

he managed to escape
he told his story
to the world
he was a hero at ten

put the people from the factory
held a grudge
and today i heard
that the little boy
was shot and killed
on the street
he was twelve

and eugene complains to me
when i buy shoes
that are made in china

now i have to think
did somebody
have to die for these

will somebody have to die
for these

by Janet Kuypers

Those Special Shoes

with spikes to reach the moon
powder sugar glaze of candy confection
the point of which makes bubbly toes
makes the man in the moon smile
wobble bobble knees knocking
upon cornflower calluses
red carpet swagger boardwalk
strutting stars receives stares
curvaceous calves taut poised postures

the wedge way out, the pump for plump
along with the flat—fit for feet—merrell's are mellow
doc marten's perhaps on a motorcycle astride
loafers for boaters—sandals are sloppy—new balance arch easy
mules break no rules—but with spikes—bunions burn
I lay upon my back—view moonshine dreams
lay me down to sleep—I pray the lord
an arc de triumph—a piece de resistance
the sign of victory—legs spread wide

fly me to the moon
all for the love of those special shoes
my spikes driven through a heart
aorta pumps—valves releases
as long legs strike a pose—hammer toes
wide eyes bleed teardrops pound
follow the line of curve and curb
lost in the recesses and creases
of the side walk—watch your

step in the crack and
break your mothers back—blisters boil
get astride that cow that
jumps over the silvery moon
spike his sides to make sure
he makes it—takes it all the way
to the Broadway side show in
my blue suede high heeled pointed shoes
hot mamas' toes all black and blue

By D.R. Pecore

Yeah

Yeah. He can really move.
See him on a dance floor.
He swings his hips like no other
white boy. Yeah.
But he refused to slow dance.
He was cool. Just ask him.
But he couldn't slow down.

Yeah. He knew how to dance.
He barely moved. But he moved.
And he looked so damn sexy.
He knew what to do.
But he smoked. And hated
the world. Yeah. And
no one could ever get close to him.

Yeah. He could hold his own
when the lights flashed and
the beat quickened.
But he didn't know when to stop.
Enough is enough, I said. Yeah.
But he didn't know when the
dance was over. And he crashed.

Yeah. He was a klutz.
Didn't like to dance. But he
loved music. And when he liked
a song, he never wanted it to end.
Yeah. And he never wanted to hear
a new song. But the songs he loved
wouldn't play for him anymore.
Songs don't last forever.

Yeah. On a Saturday night
he would hit the dance scene.
he was the best looking thing
on the floor.
His moves were almost awkward.
Do the California Twist.
Yeah. But he couldn't accept
the idea of a new step.

Yeah. He wasn't the best dancer.
He swayed back and forth.
And he snapped his fingers.
He danced like a child. Yeah.
But he had fun. No worries.
He danced in a group -
no partner, but many friends.

Yeah. He liked to party.
Mister cool. He'd dance to be
shocking. Yeah. Caught your eye.
Hunk-of-burning love.
Always laughing. Always joking.
And just when you got used to him,
he'd dance with someone else.

Yeah. He had a bad knee. He
limped. Old war wound, I suppose.
But he liked to move. Yeah.
As much as he liked to get wasted.
Or steal the show. Or flirt.
And it was a party mask he had
to wear. Too heavy.

by Janet Kuypers

Standing Strong

He wore the mismatched shoes he said in style
when one of your boys was gunned and it could go either way and you
wanted to say
you were with him step for step still tight.

When I asked what each either of the way was he said it wasn't
nothing just mismatched shoes no more shamanic a dressing up than
that as if he could not see what he sees to

wear what he seizes on as medicine
from here from standing strong canonical
incantation and station of the street
for keeping on his feet washed by the hands

of black angels of pavement of dark roads towelled in lynch linen
basins of shadow.

He wore his mismatch with the dead as night
a night like living sun among these shades
of dragging down hooked up with even darker;
each star a stare down a bore of light,
each flare of gunshot bull's-eyed lights a hole through the gang of
hours from start to finish of

a life until that blue blocks out a sky,
the night crimes pile their empty chalked off
figurine prizes into a down

He wants to walk away from this,
This rough
odd luck how many in his make up brought
-walking away from rope irons the capture -
up through him
his hair the glide to his feet
the tendency to go fu'tuh in life Somewhere
a couple decent pair of shoes

By Ed Roberson

When I die - I don't want to rest in peace!
Make a polyurethane mixture
with the ashes of my body a
nd spread it on a big - Be Bop -
Hip Hop -
Salsa -
Merinque -
Live Music!
Dance floor -
beat beat beat
pieces of me
into the soles
of dancing feet
in celebration!
Not because I died -
but because I lived!
Lovers kissing, tongues entwined
feet in dirty dancing time
beat beat beat
pieces of me
into their feet!
Take me home with some of that energy!
Feeling angry?
Dance!
Burnt your house down?
Dance!
Lost your lover?
Dance!
Broken-hearted?
Dance!
Broken-leg?!
Dance...?

When I die
I don't want to rest in peace
I want to be ground
into your souls
and...
dance !

by Cathleen
Schandelmeier
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Soul of Soles

In the search
for his dream of true love,
his soul had soles
where he wore
black lace leather shoes
with little fancy holes poked in them
in a pattern
like Swimming ballerinas.
His soles wore those shoes
around the world
Alaska Cuba Hong Kong Germany
in those shoes , he wooed
with salsa, cha-cha and tango
he played hot jazz, cool classical
and rhythm & blues
He ate Beef Wellington every week
Traveled with the circus
Played his love-lorn music on Cruise ships
from here to Siam
He hung with the high brows
Sang with the beats
and knew up from low
no Big Time Star Shoes
Changed every day
These were I've got a Dream shoes
These were I'm working on my dream shoes
These were I'm walking towards my dream shoes
When love came twitching her hips
in Salsa time
his way....

the shoes he cherished
caused his soul to come bursting out
to meet hers
in an ancient ritual
splitting the soul with a knife
man and wife
Two candles: one light.
As for the shoes, they just
flip-flopped apart.
Blue holes in their soles
like Charlie Chaplin's little tramp.

The shoes had done their job, and they were through.
Because they helped a dream come true...

by Cathleen Schandelmeier

for my husband, Peter C. Bartels

CATNAP

Eight furry feet walk
through my night darkened bedroom
Fall warmth develops

Where is the pillow?
Another leaf fallen, gone
dark blue night slips by

Before dawn comes in
dreams of silken tassles twirl
a kaleiscope

Tamara LeVille

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You Did Your Part; We Miss All of You

This black wall
engraved on my fingertips...
names
names
names
names
my fingertips graze intaglio
a wound
blood-soaked
raw
pull out muscle and sinew
bone black
anti-birth
feel America's heartbeat in endless names
tiny names
Screaming to see with human eyes
the Grandchild kneeling in tears
Screaming to touch with human hands
the mother sobbing "Unfair!"
The football he left in the yard
waiting.
The now a man
then a baby
he will never
hold bathe cuddle tickle raise.

the empty breasts bed legs a-tangled up in nothingness
empty arms at home...

The tall dark friend with big broad Marine shoulders
shaved head-do trembling with faintly wilted red bouquet in made for ball
hands

sun-drenched

Made a trek across the country to see one simple name - to honor one life
(precious)...

Feel American's heartbeat pounding out through a wall -
surrounded by flowers and light

(Passion)

a heart beating truth

in a pair of baby shoes

(so fragile)

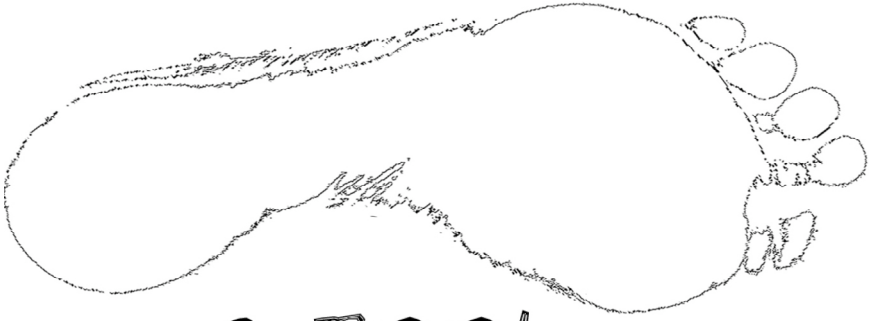
Grown into combat boots

Marching off to war.

No More.

by Cathleen Schandelmeier

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a Foot Fantasia

assorted artists, October 2007

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