

The Sad Shoes

My poor old shoes are on the floor.
Last winter they were new.
Now I don't wear them anymore.
Too many holes came through.

Today they had a nice time though
Climbing up a tree:
Tomorrow they'll be thrown away
And cannot play with me.

And doesn't this seem sad to you?
And do they maybe know?
I think perhaps they do—they lean
Upon each other so.

By Dorothy Aldis