

The cobbler goes out of business

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [March 15, 2017](#) issue

We check the empty rooms, close the door.
Music vanishes. Finches flash by
and disappear.

Everything we long for,
we make ours through longing. Apples sigh
more crimson when they're conjured
than if they're on my tongue. May someone find
here what heals her. May absence cure
our craving. May long silence not confound
us. Goodbye, good path, good rooms, good shoes,
good walking.

Dusk falls. So much goes on
that we can't grasp. Someone lowers the vast
dimmer switch of sun.

Finale.

Did we choose

Finale?

Our shoes are worn. The cobbler's gone.
And in this empty shop stands the last last.