

ALL BAREFOOT

By Elaine Macmann

Written when she was working on her Ph.D. at Columbia University

I am a little boy
 all barefoot,
barefoot hop on the rough floors,
 barefoot feeling rough on wood,
rough on wood, but soft,
 soft on grandma's braided rug
 and cold shiny
 in the kitchen,
barefoot on the grainy beach
 running over the hot sand
 toward cool and wet into the sea
and in bed-at night,
 a little bit of sand between
 cool white sheets.
Barefoot feels like
 rough and dry,
 cool and wet,
 and most anything
In the wide world like what it is -----
 Barefoot.