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**WHITE SHOES / *Roy Bentley***

I was fifteen and soft-faced  
wholly inarticulate

and bought ice cream from her  
weekdays and Saturdays  
most of one digressive summer  
just to watch through the serving  
window of the snack trailer  
her terribly eloquent bending from the waist

her smile and a peek down blouse-  
top kept me in line in the heat  
behind half the restless children of Kentucky  
who seemed never to note  
the bronze chocolate heaviness of eyes  
milk-white beginnings of breasts  
strawberry rosettes of nothing less than  
what stops the heart

that same year walking in some unpeopled place  
she unearthed a girl buried and shallowly  
beneath a sighing peninsula of poplar  
in the papers she remembered everything  
the gray of exposed skin  
the absence of one half the face  
the surface hunger of the other staring half  
the black lakebed of blood by living curves  
of root the musculature of intended cruelty  
the white shoes

I heard she rode horses after  
rode in light and long breeze  
asaddle and bareback above the dead  
not so much to ride horses I imagine  
as hold to something anything of flesh  
whose movements seem to hover  
like the heat of fields like summer