

## THE OTHER SHOE

*Ann K. Schwader*

It's not so much a sound as sudden quiet,  
a kind of jungle hush induced by fear:  
some local carnivore whose favored diet  
might just include you has approached too near.  
The clockwork of your life is wound & oiled,  
gyrating like a gyroscope—& yet  
each pot you watch seems likelier to boil.  
Your muttered mantra, “What did I forget?”  
draws nothing but the most unhelpful hints  
from passers-by, until you realize  
your mind keeps running these experiments  
for lack of stimulation otherwise.  
Like drama queens, synapses starved pursue  
imagined droppings of the other shoe.

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