

Accessories

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White ice

frosted
to the beards of ailing men

contrast
blackened toes.

Wives labor on shredded quilts, their
broken boots split at the seams.

Children crawl on
strapless shoes tied with rags.

No more flour.
No more lard.
No clue it would be so hard.

They move west on waves of wind
flapping soles and blisters.

When air chills we trade sandals
for shoes charged on a credit card.

What's lard?