

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.