

MY SHOES

So there we were arriving at the Mosque
Leicester way I seem to remember
Taking shoes off at the front door
It was, I think, the first of September

My shoes were new and bought from Clarks
I had saved up for the finest leather
I even cleaned them the night before
And blessed them with a feather

Jazz was a college friend getting married that day
My shoes joined other pairs
It was appropriate to observe his faith and call
Leaving my shoes at the bottom of the stairs

After his wedding we all filed out
Collecting our shoes on the way
But my shoes had gone and all that remained
Was a tired looking pair I'm afraid

We went to the nightclub hired for reception
A lavish affair and staged
And there was Ranjit a lovely chap
Wearing my shoes I was outraged!

Ranjit I said "may I have my shoes
I'm happy to return your pair"
He said, "this is not our way I'm sad to say
But I understand your despair!"

"I like these shoes they are indeed
Made of the finest leather
Our Iman will bless them soon no doubt
But I am happy to use your feather!"

"I hoped my old ones tattered and torn
Would stay together and last
Alas not the case I'm sure you agree
I should run off with your shoes fast"

I laughed at Ranjit's sincere words
Although cheeky I would say
Beginning a new we agreed to shake hands
And enjoy the rest of our day.