

## FOOTWORK

I notice when I'm standing still  
my toes all toe a line  
precise as soldiers doing drill  
whose combat boots align  
in perfect military style  
to form neat rows of rank and file.

It's curious. When I step out  
my left foot leads the way.  
Perhaps the custom came about  
one long forgotten day  
I had to pattern my footfall  
to match a sergeant's cadence call.

When walking, it seems just as queer  
that as I go along  
I always keep my left side clear  
where someone might belong.  
Without a thought I choose the space  
that keeps reserved my left-hand place.

When it comes time for me to halt  
my right foot starts the stop.  
My legs respond without a fault  
to let my left shoe drop.  
Momentum slows my pace until  
I am at rest and standing still.

Exactly where my stepping skills  
were learned is no surprise.  
They were not learned from marching drills  
as one might first surmise.  
A simple answer will reveal  
I learned to walk when taught to "heel."

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