

The difference between the rain and the shoe  
is a certain amount of moral superiority which

will be, of course, forgotten in the fall. It isn't  
anyone's fault except those who discovered

the truth of gravity. By rain, of course, I'm  
implying the worst week I've ever had, worse

than the lamp-humping days, worse than the red  
dullness of youth. By shoe, of course, I'm

implying that my soul smells like cheese. But  
at least it's the expensive stuff which tastes

like creamy leather with a name no one  
who takes life seriously can pronounce.