Time to clean out a closet and make room for whatever 2021 will bring us! I hope every one of you has a new year that’s much better and happier than the one we’re all shoving behind. This is the last column I’ll have a part in, and I’ve written a little goodbye poem for you. Happy New Year!

A Donation of Shoes

They’re on their way to Goodwill in Destiny’s old cardboard carton, the flaps folded inside, lending its scuffed shoulders a look of authority, the box knowing the route, the shoes badly lost and confused, their toes starting in every direction at once, clambering over each other, laces entangled—wingtip, slip-on, work-boot and sneaker—every pair trying to get one last, lingering look at the closet before settling down into their smell. What’s the saddest about this is seeing those insoles floating up naked, pale flounders beat flat and then dried, no longer to swim through the ocean of days, led on by plump dolphins of feet.