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WHAT'S BELOW MY FEET

China.
China is right there
Below my feet.
There is a man walking to work now if you look closely
Waiting for the bus and laughing with his neighbor
It's night there so it's hard to see from here
His little daughter is playing with a hoop and kissing him good bye
They are singing a song
But it's hard to hear from here
He laughs I'm sure thinking that my feet are facing his
And he recognizes my soles as the ones he made
last summer.

Alan S. Kleiman's poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Verse Wisconsin*, *The Criterion*, *Camel Saloon*, *Fringe*, *Eskimo Pie*, *The Montucky Review*, and others. He lives in New York City and works as an attorney. When not practicing law or writing, he spends as much time as he can in the open air.