

The Elves and the Shoemaker.

Night falls amongst leather and tan
bereft and sullen, the mood of the man.

Proud of his trade that put fleet in the foot
aghast at the meagre returns that he took.

Always brave of face to the women he wed
a comforting hug as they shuffle to bed.

They feel his lost cause, empathise with his plight
quick to the task these elves of the night.

Technicolour in thought, designs like a dream
mesmerising skill that turns dull into sheen.

Stitch leather and sole, craft unsurpassed
mere mortal alone could never have last.

Row upon row, town's lady delight
their miraculous hands have answered his plight.

Dawn starts to break, elves on their way
never be seen in the light of the day.

Face all a glow the proud man of trade
scratching his head at the shoes they have made.

Open shop door to colours so bright
coins cascading from hand, a seldom seen sight.

Curious that night on their way up to bed,
they wait on the stair, cast an eye out instead.

They marvel in awe at the sight that they see
elves of the night making shoes, can it be.

He crafts tiny clothes with a shoemaker's art
left for the elves from the love in his heart.