



# Poets Trail

**Sam Shustorman**  
by Charles Plymell

Sam Shustorman, the shoe store man,  
Under the overpass under the manholes  
In old downtown updone Wichita  
Has like a cast iron front store you'd see like on the Bowery.  
He sold dem used shoes to da old folk,  
Poor folk and dos hipsters hopping down de street  
On Douglas Avenue, main drag, hip to de tip,  
A few blocks from the Great White Way Snooker Hall-long time gone.  
He gots da used shoe store where da Florsheims shine  
And da floor shines too.  
He gots time and dollars to climb any gamey frame.  
He gots da Wingtips, hightops, blue suedes too.  
Off-size, replete, repaired, recast, retread, rebuffed, runover,  
Factory rejects for da dejected, rejected, the prejudged multitude,  
Da crude, da recluse, da dolly moppers and be-boppers,  
And suburb sinners at the door.

He stretches da off size, puts Scholls in the too-wides.  
Black and white shoes for blacks and whites too.  
Pointy toes too for dos wid a point of view,  
pegged pachuco trousers, silver watch-chained deja vu,  
Oxfords for da saddle or da golf goof course  
Even penny loafers for a memory of swing

I'm going down to Sam Shustorman's store  
Across the Santa Fe tracks  
And get me something to bop the nighttrain in,  
Rack back my sack and lay my nod in da bog before da sod  
'Cause I got my new used kickers on  
Shufflin' and scufflin' down the street  
Swift as a sneaker's shoestring  
Long time before Doc Martin made the scene

APPROX.  
**2**  
mile loop

Charles Plymell is a Kansas poet with an international reputation. Shustorman's, located in a yellow storefront at 808 E. Douglas, put shoes on happy customers for decades.