

Shoes

I see you are observing my shoes
Your head tilts
Your head bobs as you consider them
A grin my play at your lips
Or maybe a full-blown smile
A giggle or two
Your brow furrows
Your eyes water at their beauty
Or their ugliness
Do not claim to know my shoes
For I have many
You may have a similar style
But life has molded these to my feet alone
I can feel you want to try my shoes
To see if they feel like yours
You may borrow them,
but I must warn you
They may feel too tight, stretched or too worn
Too high
Too low
Too bland
Too weird
But they are *my* shoes
They are scuffed and worn
They have their own matching baggage
My old shoes knocked me off my feet
Falling on my hands
Skinning my knees
They were not like these shoes
They were not made well
They fell apart whenever the path was not sturdy
But not these shoes
The shoes I am sharing with you
They are different shoes
They are strong shoes
They have carried me through hell and back
And I'm still standing