

Good Boots, Goodie Two Shoes

~Union of Saints, D. Cowdrey

Marching orders of the saints,
etched in the dust of morning light,
drums in the distance call us forward,
a cadence of faith, steady, unbroken.

Sometimes we stumble,
sometimes the road bites our knees,
but still—we rise,
for we carry two good boots.
Good boots, goodie two shoes—
the armor of the steadfast,
soul-bound by prayer,
laces tied with courage.

Through smoke and sorrow,
through whispers of war and shadows of doubt,
she marches—
a woman of fire, a sister of dawn,
her face lifted to greet the sun,
her stride unbroken,
her spirit unshaken.

The saints march beside her,
their orders clear:
stand, protect, endure,
and walk with grace upon the earth.

Even in battle's storm,
even when the night grows heavy,
she wears her two good boots,
a reminder that no ground can claim her,
no enemy can silence her song.

For beauty is not the absence of scars—
it is the light that rises after them.
It is the woman who walks forward,
bearing her wounds like banners,
meeting the day with steady steps,
and shoes that will not fail.

Good boots, goodie two shoes—
march on, beauty,
The road is long, but the dawn is yours.