

I run through the rain and my dust-red-blue-laced Converse shoes squelch as I go. They have now changed occupations, from crushing my toes to keeping my feet damp all day. They both have scuffs on the toes and wear on the soles. Twins in all ways but the directions they curve. Your all-black-way-too-European-looking shoes do nothing but get you around. They are worn thin, beaten up, you-wear-them-too-much shoes that show nothing of their hardships because they blend in with everything else. In many ways, your shoes are like me. And mine are like you. Your shoes are dry. How long have they been holding you up while you waited for me? How many miles did they have to travel to get here? How many places have they seen, people have they met, things have they done that mine never will?

My shoes squeak on the linoleum floor as I stand there, silent as your shoes, and fidget. You, like my shoes, speak. You say many things as your silent shoes inch closer to me where I squeakily stand, rigid, not willing to look at you because I am afraid.

Your mouth asks a question and my shoes give the answer as they scrape an inch closer. Your shoes move swiftly forward so that your body can be there when I turn on my scuffed toes to meet you.

Our shoes are close as we stand together. They stay still for a while, then take us to the couch where they become better acquainted. They rub together occasionally, creating new stories and saying new things to each other with their rubber toes and soles.

Eventually, our feet rebel and our shoes sit in a heap on the floor. They watch in equal silence as they smile at bringing us this far.