

# Shoes

There are multiple styles of shoes.

Some wear Vans, and others wear boots.

Shoes protect you from the things that cause you to feel blue.

From the dirt and the awfully sharp roots.

From the things that make you stop walking the walk of life and remember the memories of your mysterious youth.

From the deep, dark and ugly truth.

The war and the violence, the nasty, nasty brutes.

The fear and sorrows that you felt in your youth.

The sight of the men scattered all over the fields like little toy soldiers that were never picked up.

The pain and the blood all covered up by a pair of slick and lean, black leather boots.

You can always tie them tighter or wear 6 inch black heels.

But the fear and the sight of soldiers dropping dead like flies will forever play on loop in your mind.

The terrifying sound of the unpleasant bugle telling the soldiers to load up their guns.

Efforts to remember the time before the declaration of war was signed.

The memories of a peaceful time where villages thrived and plants grew high.

The memories of nice warm meals and family time.

The memories from the happy times, all fade away with the blanket of night.

You lose your white shoes as you trudge through the mud.

For eventually, the sole is lost and the shoe decays.

Leaving your bare feet exposed with the memories of the brutal,  
awful, violent and painful days.

- by Charlotte Guest

7<sup>th</sup> Grade

Telluride Mountain School

Mary Hearing's English Class

Honorable Mention #5 2020 Rella Award

K-8 category