

Cotton, Rings, and Rubber
by Natalie Ryan

Cotton laced through silver rings,
Weaving tightly for narrow it clings.
All twisted and fastened with a bow,
Then tucked under to slip on and go.

Ruby red slippers are what they seem,
When they stroll across sidewalks with a certain gleam.
Track by track, leaving a mark,
For once they stood, but now they embark.

Where they lead, as they hug the pebbles,
Dirt and soil, no longer focus on troubles.
Hot and cold and every extreme,
Wavering experiences, creating a theme.

Expediting one's duties in this every day scene,
Adventures their seeking—not the world between.
Bright and lighthearted in a world of gray,
From business paths they have gone astray.

People walking with their busy heads down,
All caught up in thoughts in becoming renown.
While searching for answers, try raising the glance,
That life they offer might provide a second chance.

Don't think twice and don't disappoint,
Allowing for a different viewpoint.
Color is worth having in any shape or form,
Endeavor to finally break the norm.

They created a new person who's waiting to brew,
Who knew what could come from the life of a shoe.