

Summer Soles

When we could be our own heroes, we started at our pampered soles. Three seasons in socks and shoes had turned our paws tender, spongy and pale, from peasants' tools into princes' dainties. Come summer we were warriors in training. Our chosen Parris Island is the two mile course of stones, concrete, and sun-hot asphalt across town to our cousins'. Hardening our feet seemed brave, and defiant as we ignore orders to wear sneakers. *Ouch* prancing over sharp street alps soon gave way to striding. Puerile daring won. In movies, TV and comic books, pretend heroes fought and flew. Kids knew nothing outshines light from inside. We beamed bravado.

Copyright © 2019 Michael Ball
All rights reserved.