

To the Restless Soul

I have a story for the restless soul. I am like you.

However, no matter where my heart leads me,

I always wear the same shoes.

Maybe because I love the routine that I tell myself to hate.

This makes me wonder, because traveling is my passion,

and spontaneity fuels me. A small burst of confetti

from an unknown box; surprise road trips

to places my feet have never been

nor my shoes.

The same shoes have taken me to churches, schools, cities, and countries.

They have found sand and dirt to tango with my feet and

sticks and stones to battle and break bones of my soles.

You see, my shoes anchor me to reality. They remind me that I am me.

I need a house, a shelter, food, and water,

the basic human necessities.

They remind me that no matter how far I go in reality or imagination,

that one cannot travel, spontaneously or otherwise,

all the time. Because even the weak-minded,

fluttery, depressed, and lonely dreamers

need a home

too.

Aviance Obie, Grade 10