

A Mile in My Shoes

By Anthony Billings

A gathering among some placed in different categories.

They have all led different lives and these are their stories.

I've been on the road all day and hardly took a break,

Been running a triathlon that I'm hoping to take.

I know I smell funny even with all this air,

But this is a race and it's been competitive out there.

The taller one spoke up bigger than the rest.

Scars hard to miss and this is what was said.

"If you say you got it the worst then you're clearly a liar.

I might be tougher than you but that's not much help in a fire.

And I go on races too but it's usually towards a threat.

My reason isn't competition; it's mostly life and death."

The smaller one spoke up and sounded frustrated

With a hunched back look this is what was stated.

"I got you both beat I don't care what you claim

At least you don't have to walk on what resembles a cane.

I've never gone on a race; some say I'm too fancy.

The only fun I know is going out dancing."

The last one spoke up never once given a try.

Very clean but lonely and this was the reply,

"At least you all have gone out and lived out a life.

I've never had an owner or someone to wear me with pride.

If I vanish no one cares, so what purpose do I got?

My whole life I have spent living inside of this box."