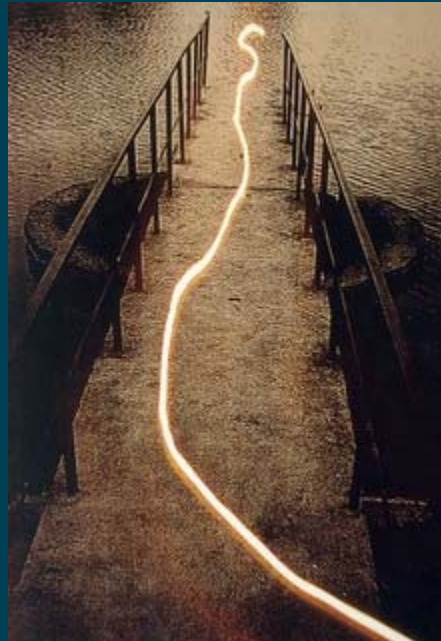


## THE DANCE OF MANY SHOES

A serpent slithers through the tall grass and lands himself in a murky grey stream. Further along the drone and grumble of highway noise colors a suburban summer. A small man with a red face offers you a drink and welcomes you inside his house. Inside you are greeted by unfamiliar faces and strange smells. It reminds you of vinyl and forgotten memories.

You are a stranger here, though you do not seem strange to yourself. A plate is put in front of you and it is filled with money. You are expected to share your money with others who will not share their money with you. A needle falls upon a slow recording of some old jazz singer and a man of faith begins to talk to you of redemption.



*time passes and the sun sets.*

You find yourself in an alley, alone and cold. You are hungry, and dirty, and the sun has awoken you in a cruel way. Your life is filled with doubt and self regret; you have asked for everything and received nothing in return. You begin to ache as eyes pass you by, and you realize you have become a ghost in the world of the living. You have paid the price of dreaming.

*A whirlwind and a cross country flight*

The night is setting and you are caught by a cool sea breeze. In the distant small specks of dancing light play hungrily towards the stars. You begin to approach through the darkness and are made aware of vague shapes twisting through the shadows with you, stragglers, and strangers, without the fear of harm. The sky begins to ignite in brilliant reds, blues, and greens, you are reminded of colored fog and Christmas morning. Soulful sounds awaken a yearning within your heart and the beat of a small drum occupies your mind. Tall rocks echo the ocean and the pier tips you off as to the direction of freedom. Your feet begin to sink into the sand below your feet, and you begin to feel them taking root, you smile sadly, as you step quickly so as not to become planted. A sense of peace and understanding.



*an anguish and longing throw themselves upon your heart*

A man begs a small fish to you and you take it for you are hungry. You do not know how to eat, and you begin to cry into your hands. The man returns the fish to his pocket and shakes his head as he returns to his home.

A young boy pours his heart into a small bottle and places it upon his shelf. Inside it is feeling and hope that has become heavy on his heart. He places a tender hand upon his chest and gazes out his window towards the stars. He wonders vaguely whose eyes could also be cast upon the pyres of heaven. He sighs as he closes his eyes and wishes for time to pass.

Fortune my friends, is in the eye of the beholder, and the plans of tomorrow have little bearing on the actions of today. Spirituality is stronger than steel or metaphor. Purity is in perspective, and emotion is not to be wasted or questioned. Self control can only occur in the laid back and cause and effect is but a match on a blazing inferno.

Until we meet again.