

## Happy Feet

*By Carole Gauntlett*

Shiny Mary Janes,  
Tiny buckles on each side,  
Walking off to Sunday School,  
I'm filled with happy pride.  
We drew pictures of ourselves that day,  
And you'd have laughed to see  
That the shoes I drew were bigger,  
Than all the rest of me.

The next pair tied with ribbons  
Had taps on heels and toes.  
The sound they made was beautiful  
In all my dancing shows.  
Dad worried about his hardwood floors  
And Mom about her ears.  
So luckily for each of them,  
They didn't last for years.

My snow shoes were a novelty  
That let me walk up top  
Among the dunes and drifts of snow  
That made other people stop.  
They still hang on a cabin wall  
Like rackets now retired.  
They're taken down just now and then  
When snow has people mired.

We called sneakers "gym shoes"  
When first they came around.  
Tying was a challenge  
But they didn't make a sound.  
You could sneak up on a friend  
Or run as fast as lightning  
But they were always much more fun  
Than ever they were frightening.

Pointy high heeled shoes at last,  
A woman of the world,  
With such sophistication  
Even though my toes were curled.  
No complaints about the pain  
Of wearing them or not  
Just looking down at those red shoes,

I knew that I looked HOT.

Of all the shoes that I now own  
The ones that pass my test  
Are the ones that I'm not wearing  
Because bare feet are the best.