

Our souls have been inside our socially prescribed shoes for too long. They are aching and tired, confined and contorted by the walls of synthetics or dead flesh. Sometimes we have blisters, or weeping sores from new or fashionable footwear. Confined for so long, they have certainly begun to stink. We are afraid to take them out, for their smell would make us outcasts. Also, how ugly might they look? What would others think of our lack of fashion, our uncouthness?

But, without being exposed to the air, how will they ever stop smelling, and how will they ever heal? How can we ever learn to savor our natural beauty, and enjoy the feeling of being in contact with the life of this Earth through the soles of our feet?