

No Boundaries

No Boundaries – that’s what they call me and I have a lot of sole; yes, that’s what I mean – s o l e. That’s because I am a shoe, a dancing shoe. I used to dance all night with total abandon. I was noticed; I sparkled and glowed. I even enjoyed walks in the harbor – in fact, I loved walking anywhere.

But after years of happiness, there came a period of darkness. There was no music, no parties; no one gave me a second glance. I thought my life was over.

Six years quietly passed before I saw the light of day. I was thrown helter-skelter, tossed and buffeted, bruised and scratched – but there was no more darkness. But somehow I became permanently attached to – my twin. I pondered as I didn’t know I was a twin. But there we were, drawn together strongly. My twin was identical to me, except everything was in reverse. She had a ribbon on her left side; I had an identical ribbon on my right. There we were, displayed side by side under bright fluorescent lights where anyone could stare at us. We still sparkled, but neither of us could dance anymore as our movement was restricted. It seemed we sat together for a lifetime, when once again we were buffeted by the winds of change. I saw the sun; it was a gorgeous day. Maybe I’d be dancing again soon – maybe my twin was a great dancer, too.

My hopes were dashed when suddenly the sun disappeared and again I was thrust into darkness; I’d begun to enjoy the company of my twin, but I seemed closeted in the dark alone.

Weeks passed before I once again was lifted out of the darkness into a shining light. I heard a musical lilting voice – “Oh they are

so pretty.” I will admit a thrill of joy passed through me as I started walking again – And there I was with my twin, putting my best foot forward.’

Then I heard a voice filled with pain; “I’ll never do this again; I hurt so badly; luckily I only have a short way to go.” That’s when I realized my dancing days were truly over and I soon was returned to the darkness.



Maybe someday, someone will find me who will appreciate my sense of fun and my beauty. I can always hope.

Story told by a “no boundaries” shoe;
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