

Tell me about your Shoes.



Unblemished Soul

There I was, with centuries bearing down on me. It was my father's funeral and I was contemplating my shoes as they reflected the rays of the noonday sun. They were polished just a few hours earlier. My story is simple. Every ritual is simple. Polishing shoes was a daily ritual. Growing up, I had to polish my shoes before school, my father saw to that. It was his privilege, I suppose, but I was sure that he thought that it was one of his fatherly duties. His shoes were always shiny like fresh plums before they turn into prunes. He must have picked up this habit while in the service. There it was a highly refined ritual. Who knew it would become one for me too.

Slides have been my go-to footwear since I was a child. I still remember my hip aunt gifting me this because I was her favorite niece. To this day, I do not know why I was her favorite. But, as long as I am receiving branded slides every summer, it doesn't even matter



Slip & Slides

Slides are part of my mid-year closet and my first pick whether be at home, at the gym or in the shower after a long day of work. Head to the pool for a dip, take to the soccer field for a game or give it a touch of an easygoing athletic streetstyle look. Slides have been by my side since the beginning, keeping me snug 24/7.

Red. The only color that matched me and she knew it. I was a gift from her mom that she was saving for prom. Oh, how pretty she looked. Dancing under the disco lights with the man of her dreams. But then, he whispered something in her ear and pulled her to a corner. And the whispers turned to shouts and the shouts turned to tears. I was her last ray of hope. She swung me, at him, with a force that I didn't know she had in her and ran. I broke in the process but, more importantly, she broke free.



Uncensored