

Old leather boots

I want to see Caribbean Islands that have no pavement, no busses, or trains
only hibiscus-
and barefoot children that smile so big-
so big that their whole body glows

I want to see ancient cities-
their walls etched with stories-
their red shingle roofs bright against the topaz sea

I want to meet all sorts: the pirates and the princes, the slumdogs and the elites
I want to feel the winds of time blow hot, then suddenly cold,
and to see the shining eyes of a village matriarch, looking up from where she sits,
sifting rice in woven baskets.

I want to smell spice on the wind and jungle in the air

I want to hear nature's music
echoing over flatlands, foothills, and trees

and reminding me that
the earth is my home
its people my family
and that my feet are most comfy in these old, worn out, leather boots

Rebecca Waines
Bamfield, BC
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