

## A story of footsteps

Two soles bared themselves to a journey;

A journey that teased the being.

Being grazed along the heated soil,

The soil slowly turned hard.

Hard yet frayed, the stone welcomes us to its moon.

The moon, a prelude to the surfaces of flight.

A flight of comfort as they brush against the cold trims of metal.

Metal acting as a threshold into the shrine.

A shrine exuding warmth with each step;

Step by step as they travel, the wooden floors succumb and creak;

Creak and groans gradually become hushed ;

Hushed by the rugged tones of stone

A stone searing under the sun.

The sun now steers the soles towards refuge;

A refuge of soft clay becomes a greet of solace.

Solace to the soles, now at the end of their journey;

A journey where touch pervades into the soul.