

Year 9 & 10 Category Winner

Two Pairs of Shoes

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Two pairs of shoes.

Two pairs of shoelaces.

One pair, shiny, clean, uncomfortable; confining.

One pair, worn out, drawn on, loved; my favourite pair.

Admitting you prefer one over the other, fills the stomach with a gruesome feeling. The feeling that floods and fogs your thoughts.

Guilt.

I keep wearing the shiny, clean pair, hoping; waiting that one day they will fit just right-become my favourite.

But as I tie up the shoelaces, my toes start to cram, my other pair sitting, waiting to be worn.

Always there for me.

One day I'm in one place, the next I am in the other.

Two birthdays.

Two christmases.

It's during the night that sometimes, just sometimes,

I'll wish upon the stars soaring the skies, that there were two of me.

Two of me to fill two pairs of shoes.

Two of me instead of one.

Instead of one so the constant pulling, side to side will dull completely.

But there isn't.

I am a product of two worlds, constantly at a silent war.

A product of vows turned into broken promises.

I stand in between, eagerly waiting. Waiting for nothing.

I live out of two packed bags, never bothering to fully unpack.

Why would I?

I'm going to have to pack again in a week.

It's only a week.

I would tell myself over and over again.

Only a week of wearing the uncomfortable pair of shoes.

Only a week until the familiar feel of the cotton laces.

I would never make it.

Never make the full week.

My feet would start to ache too early,

blisters would form too early,

the shoelaces would come undone too early.

But the feeling of guilt will always hold me back.

Will always hold me back from wearing my favourite pair all the time.

My parents never showed favourites,

so why would I?

But somewhere, deep in my heart, I know there always will be.

Always will be the more comfortable pair.

The more fitted pair.

Always will be a home I feel more comfortable in.

Always will be a person who knows me almost head to toe and a person who can't even name my favourite colour.

The eerily clean laces,

too clean to hold any memory of their own daughter's interests.

Too shiny to remember a simple colour.

But tied up just tight enough to remember her mistakes.

I'm grateful. Grateful I have two pairs.

But that only reaches to a certain extent.

Should I be begging to feel comfortable in a pair of shoes that were bought for me?

Maybe not.

But at least I have something to walk in, right?