

Tennis Shoes

They're always "tennis shoes" to me, though no one in my household ever held a racket. Mom called them that, no matter what. "Grab your tennis shoes on the way out," I'd pick the ones with the scuffed edges. There's no court in sight, but I'd run—
Across fields, through puddles, over roots and stones;
My tennis shoes striking the ground like thunder, as if they had something to catch up to. The kids at school called them "sneakers."
"Love your sneakers!"
But I'd shrug it off—they weren't sneakers.
Not to me, or my mom. Not to anyone who knew how they held your heels as you ran from nothing but yourself.
Some people call them "kicks," but kicks sound fresh and too new. Something you'd only buy to show off.
My tennis shoes weren't bought for showing. They're worn with frayed laces.
They're for crushing the pinecones and running through the blades.