

Steel-Toed Boots

—Deb Hamilton

Tan, like the camels
of this ancient, arid land,
are the boots on my feet
as I tread upon the sand.

Their eyes keeping watch
over every step and turn;
laces hugging tight
'round my ankles hold me firm.

Soles bound underneath,
clinging tightly like my soul,
marching on together . . .
in my boots I know I'm whole.

Rarely off my feet—
then, still close 'case evil shoots;
like my vest and my gun,
I must have my steel-toed boots.