

A man does not need his arms, for they only encourage us to maintain our dull grip on reality. We do not need our legs. Robbed of their ease, more of us would be challenged to find new and alternative paths. We can shed too our ears, for they only leave us vulnerable to the naysayers and their poisonous notions of impossibility. I do not even need my eyes, as I have seen and done more original things when they have been shut. My existence has simply been that of a heart and a brain, laced together inside the torso of a tender pair of sneakers.

I feel a second wind is coming...




-perfection?

All Day I Dream About Sneakers



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