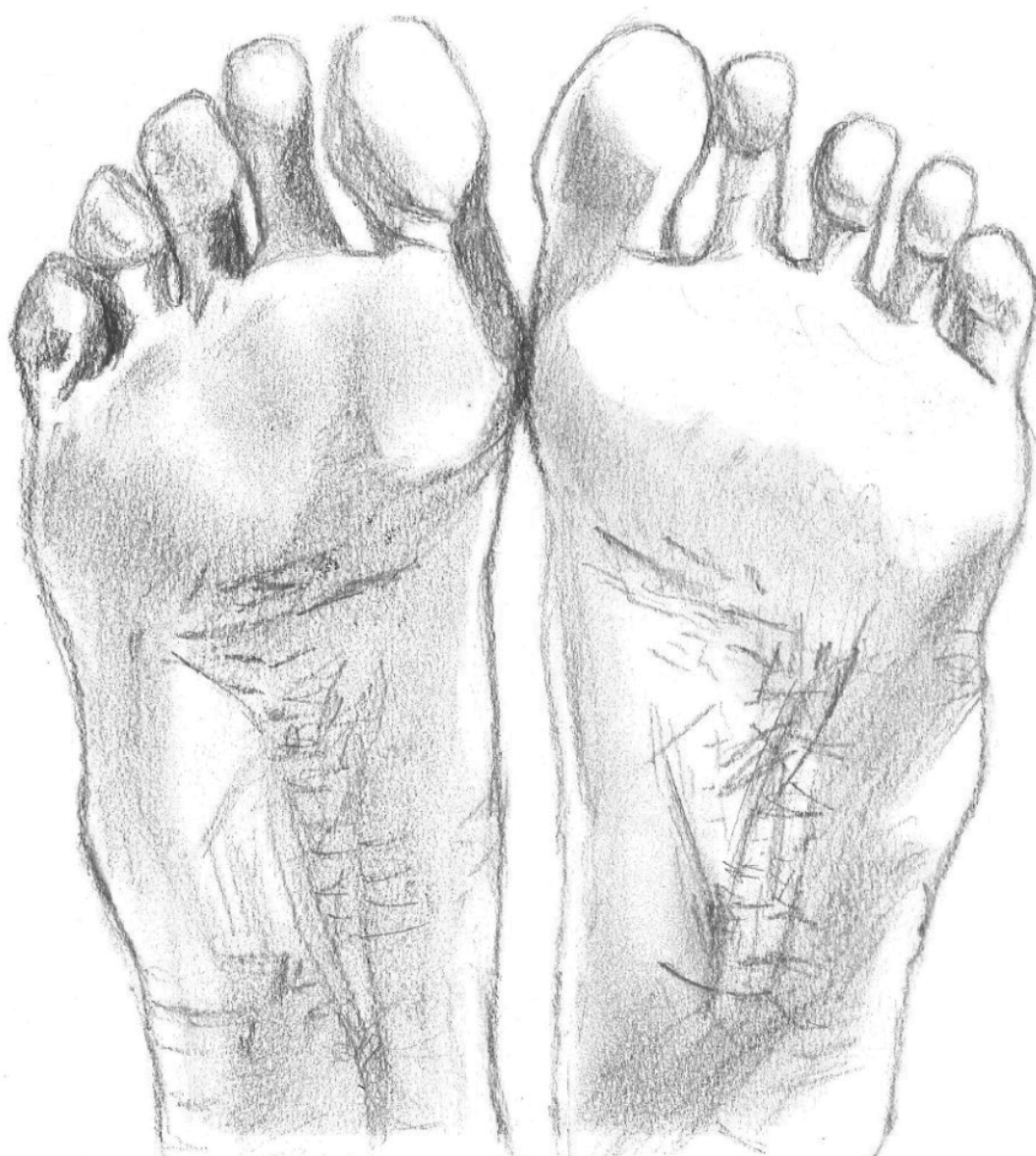
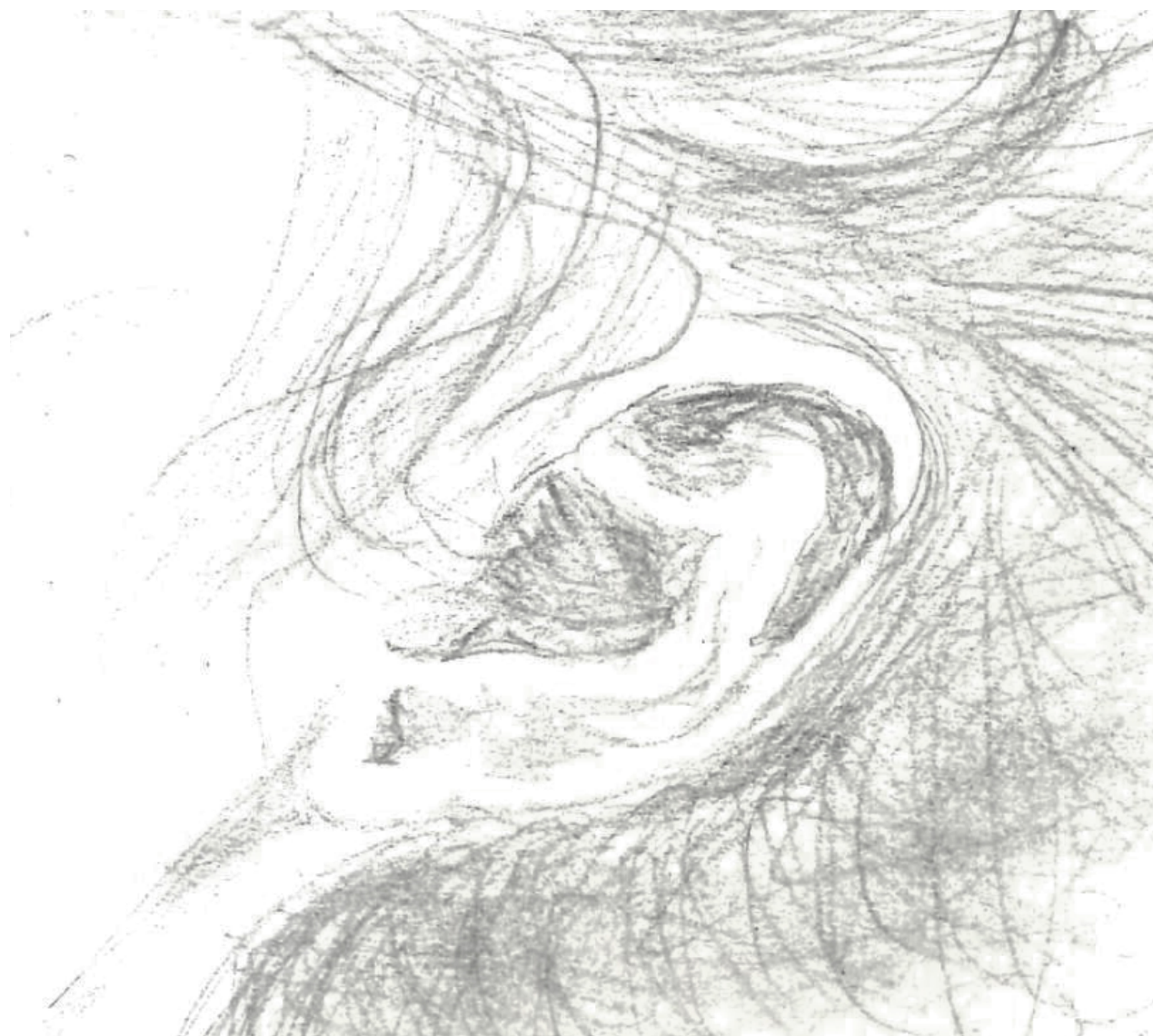


LIFE ON TWO FEET

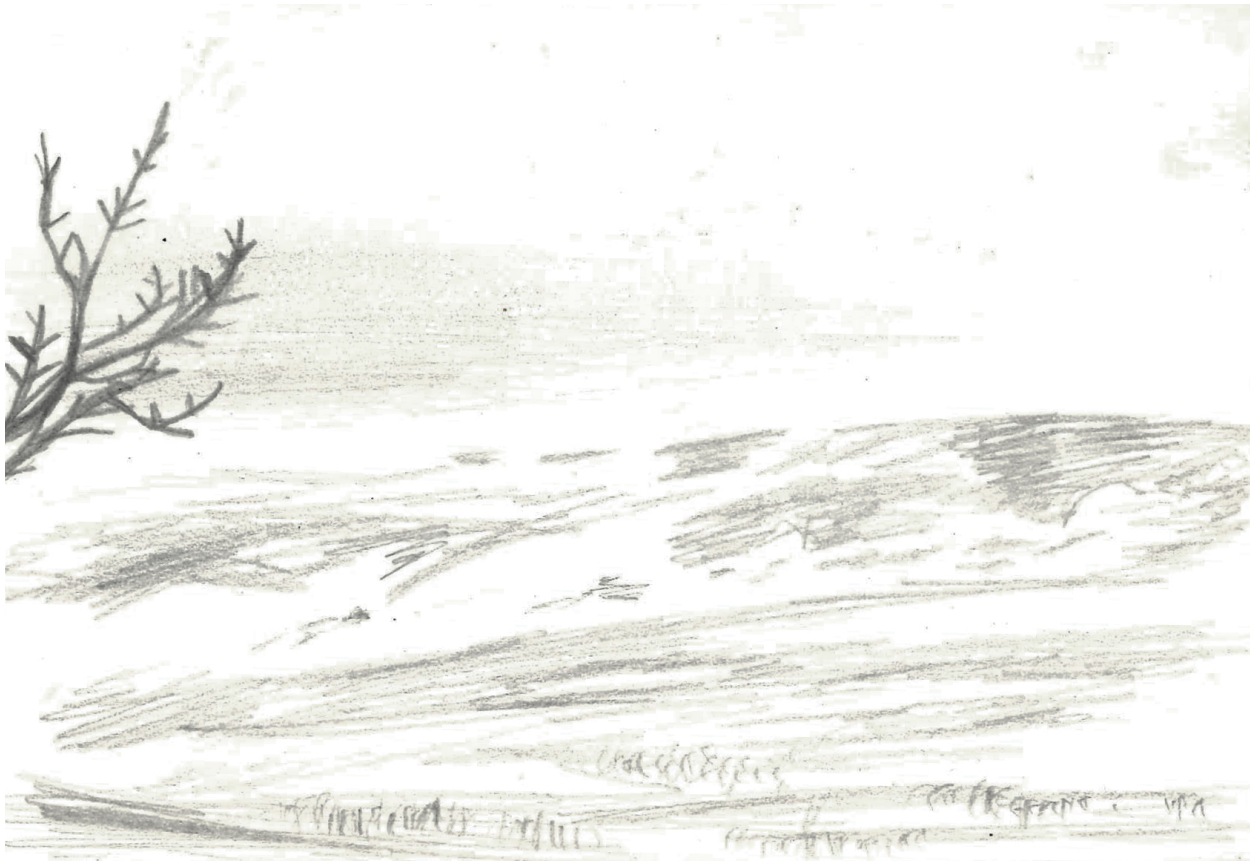


Written by: Maria Yli Myre

In my darkest periods of life, my head was packed with voices of negativity, and I would listen to all of it, not knowing better than to believe what I heard.



At some point I told my self, one day I will get past all of this and it will be a journey I can write about. And this has kept me going, tapped me into my creativity, and moved me towards brighter paths in life.



Following are some words from my path:

My feet can not stay angry.

They can run and kick things, with tremendous power.

But that anger that gets stuck in the jaw and goes on and on for days do not happen to them, they are too busy moving on and finding new ways.



I don't think my feet analyze, they have it in them, to walk just the way they do.



My legs always goes in the same direction. No arguing, no one commanding.

Just a quiet conversation that always goes like this:

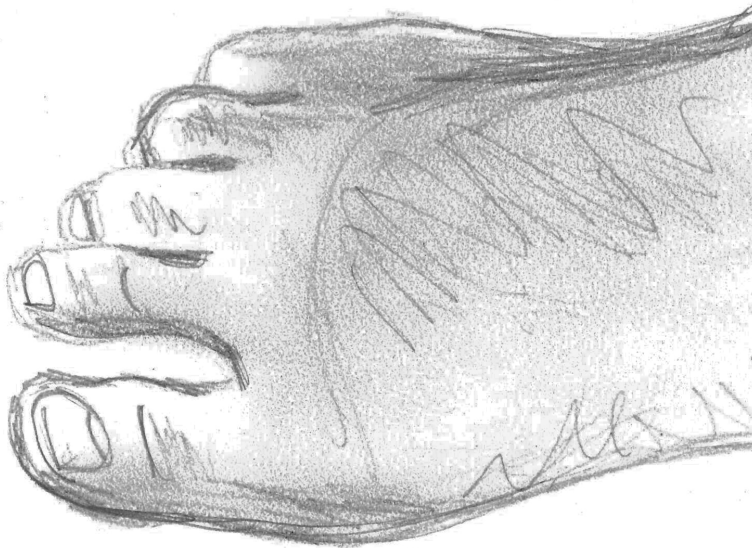
One leg: This way!

And the other: Yes ofc!

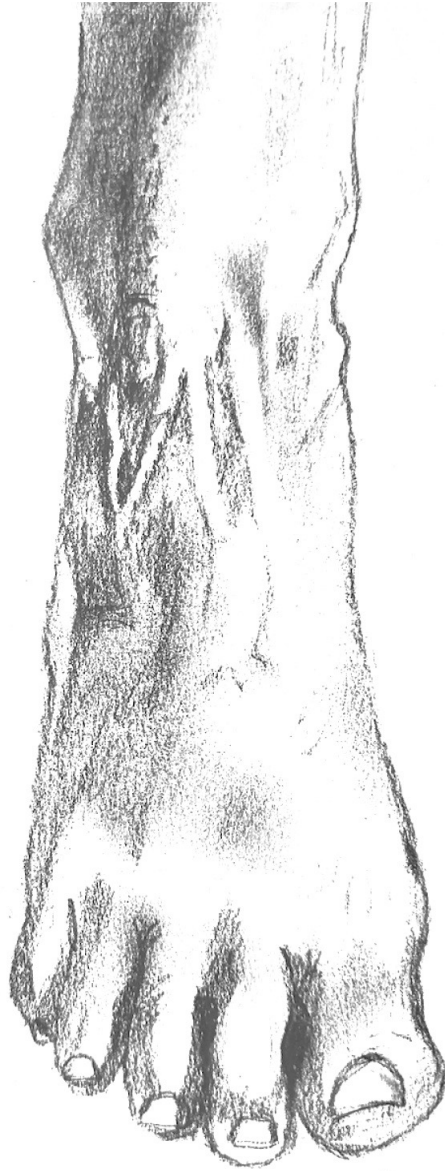
Then the other way around.

A dance always on the same path, together.

My feet do not bother if I feel happy or depressed, they do not care if my emotions are good or bad, high or low as long as I watch where I am, and do not stand too long in snow.



When I ask my feet how they are doing, they always answer with contagious happiness.

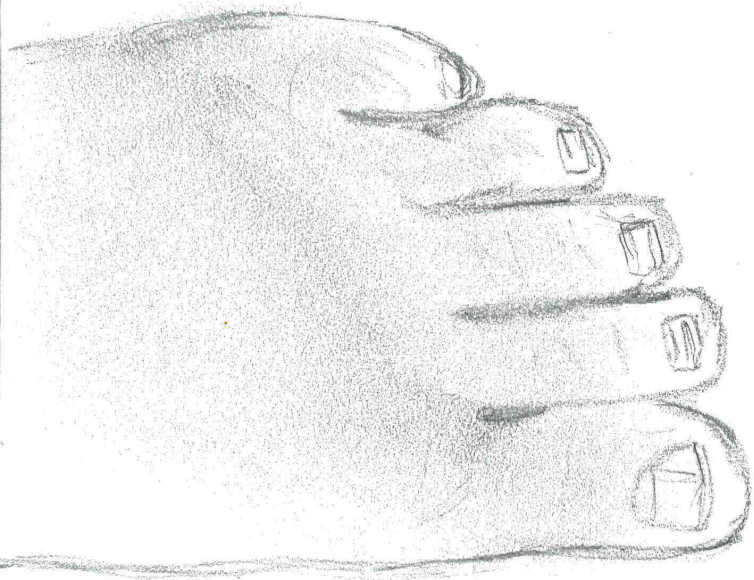


just as my being, when I take on societies rules.
But I have danced myself out of many shoes,
and will dance my self out of any rules.

My feet know how to go through heart aches crisis and the worst kinds of pain. They are never regretting where I have been or not. They only want to know where I am going.

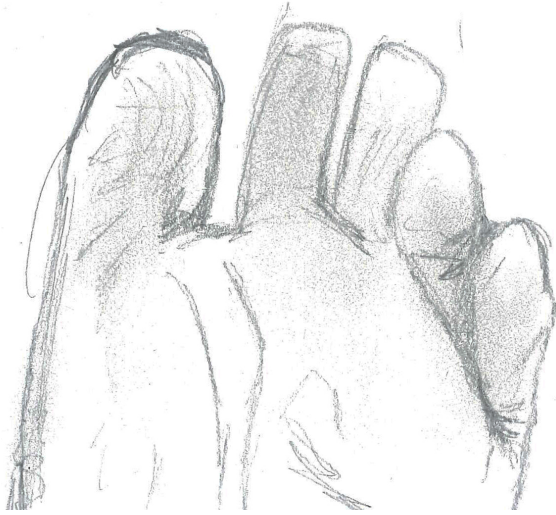
What a balance my feet have. They will balance anything from heavy thoughts to jumps of happiness. A chest full of sorrow to limbs flying, everywhere.

I really think they can balance anything, as long as they feel the ground.



My brain is so
close to the chest
and it never thinks
of breathing while
my feet always has
a gently reminder
when I am with
them.

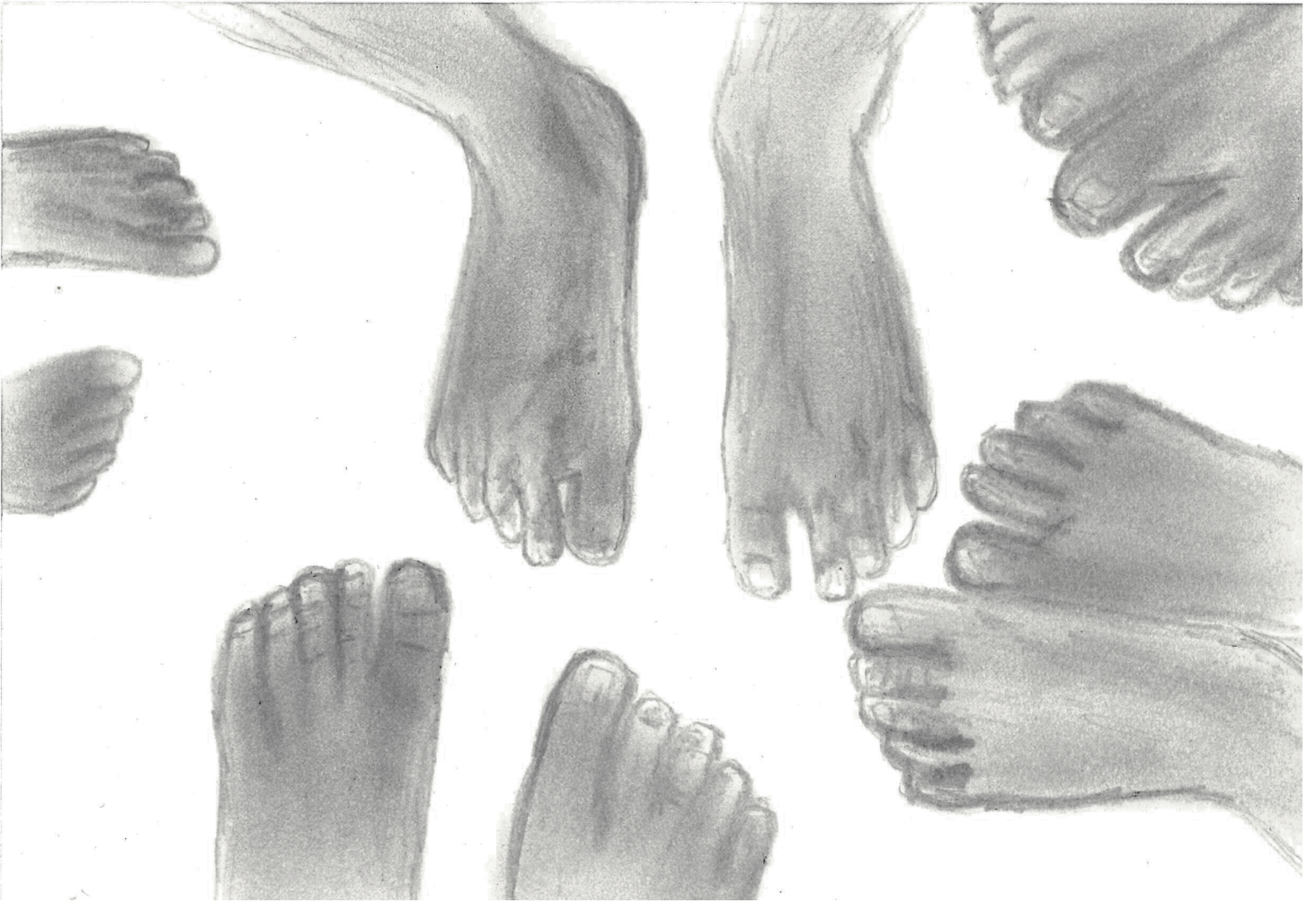
My breath fills me with peace,
as they begin in my feet.



I have two legs that have never been rooted far into the earth
yet I stand in almost all situations and all types of weather, like a
grand old tree.

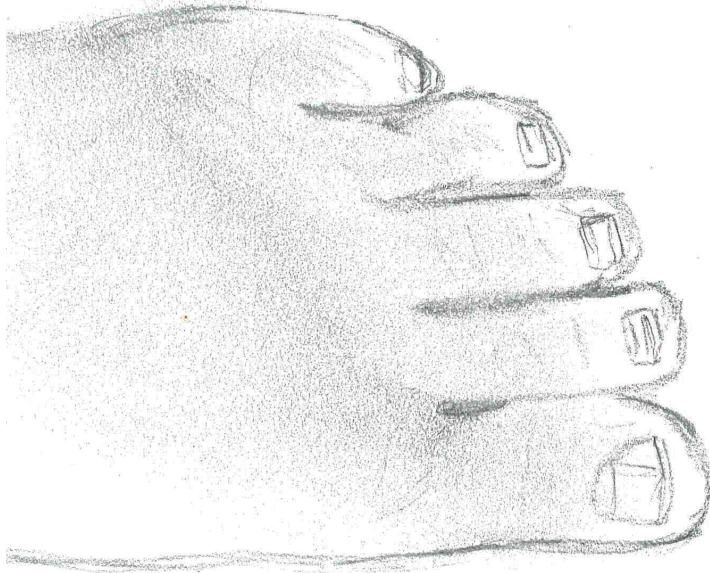


My feet show me how to love my mother,
as they caress the earth gently with every step.



My legs will tell me when I need to change gears while I am biking,
They let me know when people do not talk with every ones best
interest in mind, and when I am losing my power, from engaging in
things I don't believe in, but one thing they never tell me: to worry.

My feet are always following the dream of being alive on this planet.



It tingles in my feet when I pass by rivers, share successes with friends, and during expanding conversations.
Just as it tingles in my toes, when I find new paths to walk.

I don't think my legs know how to hate, in fact I don't think my body hates at all.

4

My feet are like a child, looking at an adult
Wondering what on earth is going on up there, what are they
thinking about, and why do they not share the same limitless joy of
the moment.

Sometimes I foolishly think money, systems, people doing their jobs,
is what keeps me going, until I look down at my two beautiful feet
and remember what keeps me standing.

