

MY WORN OUT FLIP FLOPS

My worn out flip flops. The freedom of the naked foot. The temperature the same as my body, the sea, the water, the sand. I sink in it. The flip flops have painted watermelons on them. The colors are faded. Where the toes are, there is only the red under color left. They have marks made of stones, of thorns. Only in the center of the foot the melons are visible. Some green and some black pips. I walk on a soft surface, which protects the foot from the roughness of the earth. Softness between me and the earth. Nothing presses on the foot. Nights by the sea, or dipping in the pool. The feet need no protection from cold, from snow, from wind. The feet are not deformed by heels by binding, the feet are free, like in the ancient statues with exquisite leather sandals showing the toes in perfect proportions, relaxed, unreformed as feet should be, as I should be, free, open to the winds of fate.

Niki Marangou Cyprus