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## My Shoes Are Wet

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## My Shoes Are Wet

### Author Bio

Hannah! Evans has been writing her name with an exclamation point since first grade. She's currently a Senior English Major with a Writing Concentration and Educational Studies Minor. As a lover of the multidimensional, Hannah! considers herself a writer, an artist, a thinker, a creator, and more, and she hopes to follow her inspiration into a career which involves many things. She hosts poetry recitations and analysis on [twitch.tv/hannahex](https://twitch.tv/hannahex).

# My Shoes Are Wet

HANNAH! EVANS

My arms weep, my skies ache, my brow furrows at the sight of it. How could I

Become like this, here, now, after all, after the work I've done?

I need to smell the water of a creek. I need its memory. I need to laugh and flutter along. I need to watch the sun glance off the surface of the water. I need to cry, and stand tall, and clench my hands, and stomp my fist, and tell, not the world, but this thing which I can't touch,

You don't have me. You can't stop me forever. Today—but not tomorrow. I stand on the bridge and look out over the little landscape, small ecosystem; here, a place of nature, somewhere to belong. I trudge with carefully placed steps around the bridge and to the stream's edge, and make my hands dirty in the water. I am not the typical me. How do I accept this self, too? I move to stand in the water, in the middle. The halfway point. The flow of it.

The water's warm. I feel it through my sneakers, as it curves around each one. People pass, as they do. They don't see me down here. I'm the troll of this bridge! I love it. I leave a secret note of thanks tucked up in the curved metal of the bridge's underside.

How would I explain this? (I'll have to).

*Been kinda having a down day, had a down moment, and now I am standing in the creek.*

*I was upset and I wrote a poem and I wrote about being in the creek, so I had to hop into the creek.*

*My shoes are incredibly wet because I got in the creek because I was sad.*

Logical progression? I don't know. I hope people wonder, though. Now I'm dancing. Now I'm good. Send creek pics. Get into it.

My shoes are wet. The wind breezes the leaves, the leaves are so green, and I'm here. My dress is beautiful today. I get depressed, I'm saying it, I'm saying sometimes. I'll give it a name, I'll give it a moment, but just a moment. The sky's too bright for more, and I'm in the creek. I'm a little choked up, but not crying. This is just a moment. This is just a 'me,' and I love her. My socks are soaked. I'm still here. I'm everywhere. This is a self I can believe in. This is a 'me' whose hand I can take, gently, and lead to salvation. Or peace. I believe in the 'me' who can do this. This is a project. This is a process of the soul. This is not "never." This is "not yet." This is my own self-fulfilling prophecy. I wrote this as it happened.

I spot a crayfish. A gasp: childlike, unrehearsed. A little miracle. A little beauty, a little something special. Extraordinary experience. Damp shoes, I don't take them off. I walk back home, up the carpeted steps. Faint footprints mark where I've been. The hardest part is over, and returning soon, and I'm ready. I know. My shoes are wet. I'm taking the creek with me.