

## Those Old Roller Skates

I suppose if those old skates could talk  
she'd speak of lives  
that did not walk

lives that swoosh and glide so free  
while walkers look  
with jealousy

shining with a depth of beauty so rare  
fifty odd years now  
she's had a lot of care

no less for wear no hanging on the wall  
every scratch, every wrinkle  
tells the story of a fall

but the falls that happen every man would take  
regardless of the fall  
regardless of the ache

the freedom she gave could not be surpassed  
she makes them fly  
while hearts beat fast

I love those roller skates