Her Feet On Fire

Morgan ran through the green

Heat on her face with

Red shakers in her hand.

The audience waited,

Waited for the music and sharp moves-

For the show to begin.

Once in formation,

Ready to march to the beat,

Anticipation quickly turned to fear.

Her heart going a mile a minute,

She realized she had fallen victim,

To an army that she had awoken.

A large city of ants began moving up her leg,

Her foot in their home,

And panic in her head.

How much power could they have,

She asked.

The pressure to continue

Felt like bricks on her shoulders.

“Go Morgan!” she heard,

From her familial fans.

She put her body in form,

arguing with the intense

Feelings fighting her leg.

Soon enough,

The pain became too real,

Too real to worry about embarrassment now.

She let her battle cry out,

And surrendered to her struggle.

Making her way to the background,

Losing some fighters with each step,

She was relieved to return to her

Once known comfort and obscurity.

Kicking the weights off her feet,

Drowning the fiery soldiers in a manmade

Waterfall.

The mound her foot was once in

Was now replaced with smaller mounds

On her calf.

Next week she’ll get back in line

But before she does,

She won’t break into another home.

Marching to the beat,

Without any more soldiers

On Morgan’s feet.