

#### Step One:

I pick them up from the floor and shake them out. They're clean; I just must have carelessly tossed them aside last week. A whole is starting to wear in the knee and they are becoming discolored near their bottoms, but I am just now getting used to them. Brown, but not with age, and loose enough to slip right into. I pull them up over my legs, and the corduroy covers all but the top two inches of my scars. It's no fault of the pants though. I was born without formed hip sockets, but it's no fault of mine. The surgery was done well, and I can walk and jump and run for now. I can't run fast enough to escape their future though. Even if my clothing is comfortable, it hurts to stand in it for any length of time, and I'm just a kid still. I'll fasten them shut and wrap them with my belt. I'll walk on and jump over fences and run into adventures, even if my birthright is a Proceed With Caution sign. Fuck it. I'll like these pants and live my day.

#### Step Two:

The shirt is black, of course, but not because I'm Goth. It's just that the lettering shows up better against a black background. For the first few moments as I pull it over my head, I can't see a thing. I reach up with both arms, groping for holes to manage through, then I find my way and pull my arms down bringing the shirt with them. I can see again, well enough to determine if I put the right arm in the right hole. The shirt presses tightly against my chest, which presses tightly against my heart, which presses tightly against my sanity. That is not a cause/effect statement though: my sanity has been pressed long before I was clothed in this shirt. Ever since I first heard my dreams of music, my heart was aching to reproduce it. But in fact, this shirt is comforting to me. The lettering clearly reassures me that I Am A Musician.

#### Step Three:

I have to sit down for this one. Brown, but not with age, and blackened with wear. I slide my feet in, one at a time, and writhe in them until everything settles comfortably. Of course, the shoes have molded to my shape after many years of abuse. I kick them and stomp them and scrape them every moment of everyday, but they still carry me everywhere I need to go. Their padding is good and their traction has held. My feet are hardened and broken, but that is only the result of denying them these shoes. With great emphasis, I tighten each lace and firmly tie them to last me the day. I just need to make sure I do this tomorrow, because my feet cannot carry me where I need to go, alone.

#### Step Four:

Lastly, I pull my beanie over my head tightly, and fold it so I can see, and twist it to comfort. I slide my sunglasses (weather permitting) in place, beneath the beanie and over my eyes. Everything has to be right, in my head, or everything else is just a cover. I may not know where I'm going, but I must be aware as I am going there. I will remember everything I do, and I will do everything with a purpose in mind. My beanie keeps my hair close to my head and keeps things out of my hair. My sunglasses keep me from squinting and blinking all day. Besides that, this is just insanely comfortable.

And I do this everyday.