

Weird Little Sock

-Alessandra Samuels

Why is this sock under my bed?
I'm pretty sure I put it in the washer.
It's so gray and linty,
like it's been in a caterpillar's cocoon.
Dusty and torn, it doesn't seem to smell
like anything. It feels like pillows from heaven.
No, even better, pillows from sleep number.
Yeah that seems right. Dirty little sock,
I'll have to put you in the washer
and wash you away like my childhood memories.
You'll be better, improved and gone
because knowing how my washer works,
I'll probably never see you again.
By the time I find you,
it will be too late to remember.
I will be married with kids
and growing old, with new socks
to be found and new textures to remember.

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