

# Reflector

*by* Anthony Van Hart

I circled about six times - mesmerized by the sign that said you needed socks.

Just passing through it said -

As I made my third pass I thought - well, aren't we all.

You looked cold.

Fragile.

And younger than the wrinkles that engulfed your hands, neck and face.

I managed to make my way to the trunk - mom kept emergency socks there.

Handling them over - the reflector on your sign squinted my eye as a tear rolled from yours.

Careful, now. You're liable to soak them socks.

