

Truffle Socks

by Cooper Renner

You can imagine the canvas in centimeters (centimetres if you prefer) instead of inches. Instead of feet. It's 61 centimeters by 91 and a half, or two feet by three feet, a number you cannot purchase socks for.

I'm sorry. It was a sterile mockery, a wholly inadequate stretch into puerility. Imagine instead the skater's lean feet, the toes which, honestly, may represent 25% of the entire length. The superb way she slips them into the boots. They smell like truffles. It keeps me in stitches. There is not a single corn. Put your blade away. No baggage, no secrets, nothing to sterilize. No husk.

It's not a curtain, my lovely. It's a robe. I am the bull behind it.

