

# The Mate

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In chaos, there is heat. Emanating in waves as it's mixed around.

I dump them out, watch them scatter, settling in their separate territories, claiming them, protecting them with their threads.

I bring order through action. I create a balance, piles of similar attributes, create friendships.

But one, one is always alone. No matter how much I try, one is always the lone wolf, holding its own territory on the vast sea of piles, foreboding a battle for another time.

It sits there, watching, waiting, multiple cycles over.

Then one day, one day, as more chaos rains onto the sea, I see it. For a split second, as all of them collapsed and claimed parts of the plain, I saw it.

Immediately I begin digging, throwing everything off kilter, unbalancing the system—

I find it! I go to my closet, grab the lone sock, and with tears in my eyes, pick up the long-lost mate.

I put them next to each other, bundle them together, and throw them into the basket. I turn back towards the chaotic heap of clothes on my bed, a smile on my face, and continue to strive to bring perfect order to my fresh load of laundry.

