

On Socks

by Jacquelyn Bengfort

There's a hole in my sock, just large enough that my big toe keeps slipping out. I should throw it away, this sock, but I know I'll put it in the basket to wash so I can use it as a rag, and that by the time it's clean again I'll forget the hole and fold it with its mate, and together they'll return to my drawer with all the other holey socks in it, to lie in wait for me, to torment my toe again on an uncertain future date.

