

Ode to the Sock

Part 1: Ode to the Dirty Sock

There you lay,
neglected
gathering dust
increasing your stench.
You, o dirty sock
are the king
of my room

Your malignant scent
frightens my dog,
ignites fear
in the bravest of launderers.

Of all the time you've spent
in my unwashed gym bag
waiting...
waiting for a renewed purpose.
Well, now
now, you will have a purpose
now you will be restored.
Restored to your old use.
Now new,
fresh,
clean once again.

Prepare dear smelly sock
for you will no longer be
repulsing to the
Nose and eyes
useless,
alone in the pile of clothes
all too long ago washed.

You, my dear dirty,
dirty sock,
shall be renewed
to your old potential
your old scent.
For here,

here is the washing machine.

Part 2: Ode to the Clean Sock

There you lay,
in my folded laundry,
all clean and new.
You're ready to keep my feet
warm and cozy
even in the depths of winter.

You sit in the pile
of my newly cleaned laundry,
unlikely to be put away.
Mixed with jeans
and tops
and shorts.

Your significance is small,
but your job is great.
You mask the smell of ripe feet,
until you surrender proudly,
until you return to power
as a dirty sock
once again.

Here you will return to
your never ending cycle.
Here, I grant you the pride
of being worn.
You will no longer be clean,
but now happy because
of your reinstated purpose.
You will no longer be free of smell.
You, dear sock,
will have a new purpose.
For here,
here is my foot.