

Ode to a pair of Socks

pablo neruda

Mori Mori bought me a pair of socks that she knit with her shepherd's hands
Two socks as soft as rabbit fur
THE **RUST** my feet inside them as if they were two little boxes knit from threads of sunset and sheepskin

My feet were **2** wool fish in those **OUTRAGEOUS** socks



2 **GIANT** Cannons black birds
impaled on a golden thread
SHARKS
thus were my feet honored by those heavenly socks



They were so beautiful I found my feet unlovable for the very first time

Nevertheless I fought the sharp temptation to put them away the way school boys keep fireflies in a bottle



the way scholars hoard holy writ fought the mad urge to lock them in a golden cage and feed them bird seeds



like two crusty old firemen
like jungle explorers who deliver a young deer of the rarest species then wolf it down in shame
I stretched my feet forward and pulled on those gorgeous socks



and over them my shoes
So Beauty and good things are doubly good
the is this is good things are doubly good
when you're talking about a pair of wool socks



in the dead of winter

