

Sock Relations

Your grandpa wore white cotton socks summers,
grey woolens winters.
Your grandma balled his socks
darned holes Thompson toes poked through.
They stayed mated.
Your ma married a man wore
white cottons and grey woolens.
The marriage endured.
You married a man wore Orlon,
knotted his socks--kept a spare drawer
with lost mates.
The marriage was a mismatch.
Your new man's got himself a darin' egg
and doesn't ask you to mend what his livin' wears out.