

Our Lady of the Odd Sock

All winter, at the bottom
of the drawer, flaccid
or spent, the thing we can't
talk about, definitely used
but useless. And I think of how
we have not been matched
for three years now and how
all of our walking out together
returns to this one seam. I see
your grey cotton with the scarlet heel
but I cannot raise you a pair.

Sophie Nicholls. In *The North*. 54. Summer 2015. pp14-15