

Benjamin Jordan Culver

Soggy Socks

Gray sky days
watered last week
down to the basic elements
of hot chocolate
and rain coats. Hopes
that snow will come soon
replaced by
that something
about being washed
for six straight days—
when the scents
of dirt and water and smoke
and cars and people
mingle into one
puddle
of smell that sinks
into clothes and hair. Then
even soggy socks
become treasures
as they dry by the heater
or on the back
of my old green
floral-patterned desk chair.