

Socks

He sharply awakens to marching steps of a new day.
They are bringing a morning kiss from the one
That provides guidance against the trendy sun,
That sun that pretends it isn't cold beneath its bright ray,
Yet lets the chilly winds bully his limbs as he makes way.
The day was never as good as way it had begun

This laborious first step, with a deep breath, is taken
Among large cars, rude alarms on their dizzy ways,
And, like a reluctant mouse evading death in a cruel maze,
The cars terrorize his will, which is already shaken,
By throttling puddles that thoughtlessly awaken
Him, and unglue him from his home's lucid haze.

His mind begins to awaken despite the sun's false ray.
Then a storm cloud grows. His timid legs run
But his socks are soaked before his march is done.
He tries not to pay attention to what those children can say,
But a full day is left, to his heavy heart's dismay.
The day was much longer once it had begun

When home bound alone, sensations begin to grow
With a slow beat, as the gravel grits and plays,
Like nervous teeth, sounding different in strange ways.
While the leopard skin patterns of the sun spinning slow,
Like cascading rain, through the tree boughs glow.
He hopes this awakening is just a phase.

*This was the routine of his cement-slogging day,
Which shackled his two legs heavy until they felt like one,
But the moon, earth, and spinning sun
Were inconstant next to the warmth from his mother's ray
Which guided him to push on until he found a way.
The day is forgotten now that it's done.*