

2nd place, poetry

Socks

by Barbara Blanks

What do I do with socks now that my legs are gone?

Do I leave them in the dresser drawer,
rolled up and tucked together like eggs in a carton,
to be cracked open when I get my prostheses?

Do artificial feet need socks?

Do I leave the drawer slightly ajar so I can
too late appreciate what I took for granted—

The simple ease of standing,
the unthinking act of walking
the ballast of all things physical.

How do I kneel now to thank God for what I have—
had.

What do I do with these socks
now that half of me is gone?

Do I bury my socks in the drawer, shove my dreams
in after them, slam it shut, seal it with duct tape,
never to open it again?

Of course not.

I will open that drawer again.

Eventually I will move forward,
but for now, let me grieve.

Because—I need to know

what do I do with the socks in a drawer

when then dresser that was me

is gone?