Ode to Pablo Neruda's Ode

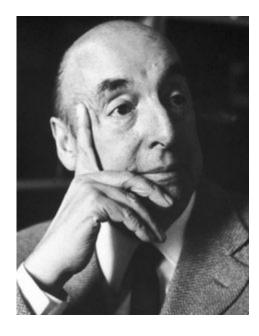
read aloud, I learned about socks and poetry lyric metaphor

my friend Penny saw a nexus not seen myself socks ode spawns haiku ...

soft as twilight threads knitted in one mad impulse weaving sacred text

born in coarse raw wool fed birdseed, it grows, smoothing to fit golden cage

> trying on for size, moral of my ode is this: your socks warm my art



Inspired by "Ode to My Socks" by Pablo Neruda (1904-1973) Image source: poetryfoundation.org