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Category: Poetry

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## **Warm Socks, Florida Trip**

### **Warm Socks**

I'm sorry I took your fuzzy socks  
I thought they were mine,  
Turns out we have similar taste in fuzzy socks  
It was a cold morning and I was in a rush  
My feet felt like icicles. Each step  
Felt like a drop coming off  
When I finally went to the dryer I saw them  
They were so comfortable and warm  
And soft and cute and just what I needed  
Put the red Santa hat on my left foot  
Put the green Christmas tree on my right  
Took a step and half the icicle fell down  
Took another and it had melted off the roof  
I went and got my hot chocolate  
Said, "Good morning. Watcha doin'?"  
You said, "Getting my Santa hat and Christmas tree socks,"  
You had put them in the dryer  
To melt your icicle feet  
I said, "Here" as you held my hot chocolate  
and I took off your socks  
They had gotten cold again  
No longer would they melt your icicle feet  
You stomped off to put them back  
I followed to make you a hot chocolate  
As I'm sorry for taking your fuzzy socks  
To melt my icicle feet

### **Florida Trip**

I walk and see a castle  
Inside the castle there are mice and dogs  
I eat a handful of popcorn  
Conversations walking by  
Take a sip of lemonade  
Not sweet  
Nor sour  
It's just right,  
What I needed on a warm november afternoon  
  
A shop with shining mouse ears glare in the light

I walk inside and buy the ears  
They shine on my neck

I ride my way up a mountain  
A log and I slide down  
Cold water splashing in my face  
I make it to the bottom

The sky looking like blizzard stone  
Returning to the castle  
Colorful sparks light it up  
Each one exploding with a boom  
The last ones goes off  
Lighting up the sky so much it looks like noon  
I walk back under seeing a duck,  
I wave,  
It waves