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In My Sock Drawer

Kathleen Hernandez

College of DuPage

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Ten years of her presence kept me warm
every year a new keepsake
a slot for the money
a birthday card
but I took it all for granted
the time I barely spent
the little whispers behind her growing-old back
unappreciated
Oh, I remember the Christmas fudge.

Every year the candles would fade
the party would die
but the sounds of joy still remained
no one could predict what happened next
not allowed to know
feelings couldn’t show
She was growing older, sick and shriveled
the candles never faded because they never started,
not that year.
No birthday card. No slot for the money.

A year barely passed and in my sock drawer
lies the slot for the money,
and the joy of the candles burning.