

## The Man with the Holes in His Socks

Sitting across from him on the sun porch

Noticing those holes in the bottom of his socks,

Listening to the birds chirping their evening reports to their parents,

Hearing the squawk of the ducks as they teach their ducklings to swim upstream,

I wonder what it would be like.

What would it be like to have no one to talk to,

no one to report to,

no one to tease about the holes in the bottoms of his socks,

no one to interrupt my reading with,

“Hon. You’ve gotta listen to this.” or “Just a minute. Have you heard this one?”

Listening to the roiling of the steam just outside the sunroom window,

Hearing the water tumble down the man-made rock cropping,

Pausing as the mourning doves coo across the way

I wonder what it would be like.

What would it be like to be able to finish a chapter

without being interrupted,

without learning something new about something I never knew was important,

something I’d never even thought about before,

without realizing how fortunate I am to hear from the man with the holes in the bottom of his socks,

“Babe. This won’t take long?” or “Betcha never you hear this anymore.”

Sitting across from him, I watch the sunbeams streaming through the blinds,

Slipping over his shoulder and

Warming my toes,

Signaling that day is ending,

I wonder what it would be like.

Then, I smile to myself,

not having to wonder,

glad I don’t have to wonder,

thrilled that I don’t have to wonder

What life would be like *without* the man with the holes in the bottom of his socks.

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