

## Mystery

Where do you wonder wool runs to  
when the ribbed, winter warmth  
that was your sock  
works its way into webbing,  
wrestling then wrenching your toe,  
till it's winched in a woven noose?

Surely it slid to the same shrouded somewhere,  
secretly luring the string from the signage,  
enticing the knots that seemingly  
held things so stoically  
strapped to the railings,  
till the last strand slipped away.

There no doubt sped the thread,  
thickened by times it was thimble through  
buttons on thermal-lined coats,  
then gradually thinned to a thong  
that dangled pathetically,  
threatening to drop on the pathway.

Likewise I never saw love take its leave,  
for it lingered then leaked  
to a limitless galaxy  
where dare say it lazes in some sort of landfill,  
loitering idly with effortless languor  
with wool and string and thread.

