

## Ode to My Socks

**Date :** April 2, 2012

Mara Mori brought me  
a pair of socks  
which she knitted herself  
with her shepherd's hands,  
two socks as soft as rabbits.  
I slipped my feet into them  
as if they were two cases  
knitted with threads of twilight and goatskin,  
Violent socks,  
my feet were two fish made of wool,  
two long sharks  
sea blue, shot through  
by one golden thread,  
two immense blackbirds,  
two cannons,  
my feet were honored in this way  
by these heavenly socks.  
They were so handsome for the first time  
my feet seemed to me unacceptable  
like two decrepit firemen,  
firemen unworthy of that woven fire,  
of those glowing socks.  
Nevertheless, I resisted the sharp temptation  
to save them somewhere as schoolboys  
keep fireflies,  
as learned men collect  
sacred texts,  
I resisted the mad impulse to put them  
in a golden cage and each day give them  
birdseed and pieces of pink melon.  
Like explorers in the jungle  
who hand over the very rare green deer  
to the spit and eat it with remorse,  
I stretched out my feet and pulled on  
the magnificent socks and then my shoes.  
The moral of my ode is this:  
beauty is twice beauty  
and what is good is doubly good

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when it is a matter of two socks  
made of wool in winter.

Pablo Neruda (translated by Robbert Bly)