

The Lost Sock Dimension

This fag
Has packed
His bags
For the land
Where the missing socks go
I can't bear the fact
That my mismatched ones
No longer have a home
What else could a sock be
If it's not a duo?
So this fag
Has packed
His bags
Filled with socks
That have lost
Their identity

There are rumours
That this dimension
Is also where
Many of the men
That I haven't seen since
They were first invited to my bed
Have also been trapped

Lord of The Flies
Comes to mind
Because these men
Were last seen
Lying naked on my bed
But they must've slipped
In between realities
Marooned like sailors
Of a sunken ship
They have tailored
These socks into garments

And do they burn
An effigy of me?
In memory
Of their last glimpse of humanity
I've heard they are no good
At keeping each other company

So this fag
Has packed
His bags
For the land
Where the missing socks go
Even though their reunion
Might be sad
For me
They have the chance
To never be lonely again
Because what else could a sock be
If it's not a duo?
So this fag
Has packed
His bags
Filled with socks
That have lost
Their identity