**Ode to Fuzzy Socks**

By Madison Vaive

I grab you from my crowded drawer,

and hold you as if you are my new born child.

As your feathery material soothes my rough skin, I sigh;

your thick fur warms my frosted toes.

Immediately I feel my cells relax from

the perfection that you offer my abandoned feet.

Each step is like flittering on a world made of cotton candy –

my smile deepens.

You are better than any Christmas gift;

You are better than any expensive gadget.

Comfort. You are my comfort in this stressful world.

You are imperative for my feet!