

THE SOCK

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by Steve Wessels
to my wife Carol

**This poem is simply meant to be
a stocking stuffer, for, you see,
you didn't buy our socks in time
for me to buy you things that rhyme.**

**The gifts for kids took all my cash,
there wasn't the means to build your stash
of baubles and trinkets with great care,
I'm sorry you didn't get your share.**

**But in your Christmas Sock this year
beats a heart that beats with cheer,
a heart that beats with yours each night,
and thanks God for such great delight.**

**Your sock holds no tangible thing,
but wait to see what next year brings,
a year of hopes and prayers and dreams,
I trust the Lord, He'll bring in reams.**

**Then come next Christmas Eve and Day,
we will look back in awe and say:
*Your empty sock was filled with hope –
and with this poem from your dear dope.***