

# The Sock Conundrum

By Robert Prins



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They slip on my feet and slide into my shoes,  
My socks are the clothing that I love to use:  
They comfort my feet on days dark and cold  
And colour my ankles in tones plain and bold.

At the end of the day, I get ready for bed  
And the socks on my feet are eventually shed;  
Into the basket of dirties they drop,  
But that not where the story of my socks will stop.

The next day I put them into the wash  
To cleanse them from odours and help keep them posh.  
They tumble around in the water and soap,  
Where enzymes eat up all the nasties, I hope.

One hour later, they're out on the line,  
(Or in the dryer, if it's not fine);  
Pinned up like foot soldiers, pegged at the knees,  
And happy to hang there, growing dry in the breeze.

Then before nightfall they're unpegged from their post,  
And put back together with the sock they love most;  
A left for a right and right for a left –  
But wait, one's left over, like an orphan, bereft.

Where do the socks go between basket and drawer?  
I've asked myself thousands of times, maybe more.  
Do they leap for freedom when they're dropped on the floor?  
Or do sinister forces lurk by the door?

I've heard stories of cats grabbing socks off the line,  
Carnivorous washing machines that need protein by nine;  
I've heard that the fluff in my dryer is sock,  
Fierce stories of goblins that make my knees knock.

But the socks have been lost, whatever their fate;  
It's a terrible shock for their partner of late.  
No more can they cuddle or bunch up together,  
A left and a right, together forever.

So now the odd socks go into a box;  
All the singles together, where opportunity knocks.  
But dating's no option, and everyone knows  
That dating a stranger will curl up your toes.

'Cause each sock is different, there are pinks, there are greens,  
There are short socks and long socks, but no one, it seems  
To suit the left-rights that are left right alone  
Without even the hint of a right-left cologne.

So show me the monster that eats up my socks,  
Who kidnaps and steals when opportunity knocks;  
Just let me at him, I'll give him a fight:  
I'll knock both his socks off - the left and the right!

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**I've asked myself thousands of times, maybe more.**

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**Or do sinister forces lurk by the door?**

