

Identity

By Leanne McNiven

Let them be as ankle socks,
always convenient,
but never seen by the world. ✓

I'd rather be a psycho pair of knee socks,
preparing for peoples' stares like a lively butterfly,
soaring freely and being admired. ✓

To have broken the shackles of shoes,
to live, to be exposed to the madness
of the world at shin level. ✓

*Lovely!
imaging!* To be cooled by the small city breeze,
or gawked at by onlookers with ease. ✓

I'd rather be out in the open, and if
then made fun of by most,
then to be hidden in the dark,
where it's made sickeningly smelly
by sweaty tennis shoes. ✓
nice alliteration!

I'd rather be vibrant and outlandish,
than dull and useful.
If I could stand out, strong and free,
I'd rather be a psycho pair of knee socks. ✓
I love this poem!