

# The John Carroll Review

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Volume 74 | Issue 1

Article 26

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December 2019

## Socket

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### Recommended Citation

Bordley, Emily (2019) "Socket," *The John Carroll Review*: Vol. 74: Iss. 1, Article 26.

Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol74/iss1/26>

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# Socket

Emily Bordley

Lost a finger in Casa Blanca once.  
It flew off me like a flake in the wind.  
Not gonna miss it much.  
It was just a little guy.  
Called him Mike – Mikey, for long.  
Not that I worried.

Carried the pal for twenty years.  
But I lost it in a split sec.  
A snap and a snort and a snuff.  
I wouldda stuck it in a splint,  
Drag that dead weight some more,  
But it was gone.

Not gonna lie, I lied.  
Got no balance now.  
I'm still sore in my hollow socket.  
Got that gentle itch but no itcher.  
I was better then, no doubt.  
Feelin' I was better than.