

Ode to the Sock Burners

By Jefferson Holland, Poet Laureate of Eastport, 1995

Them Tidewater folks got an odd tradition
When the sun swings to its equinoxical position,
They build a little fire down along the docks,
They doff their shoes and they burn their winter socks.

Yes, they burn their socks at the Equinox;
You might think that's peculiar, but I think it's not,
See, they're the same socks they put on last fall,
And they never took 'em off to wash 'em, not at all...

So they burn their socks at the equinox
In a little ol' fire burning nice and hot.
Some think incineration is the only solution,
'Cause washin' 'em contributes to Virginia's pollution.

Through the spring and the summer and into the fall,
They go around not wearin' any socks at all,
Just stinky bare feet stuck in old deck shoes,
Whether out on the water or sippin' a brew.

So if you sail into the harbor on the 20th of March,
And you smell a smell like Limburger sautéed with laundry starch,
You'll know you're downwind of the Nauticus docks
Where they're burning their socks at the equinox.