

6 A.M. MONA LISA

CHRIS HAUG

*Nothing in life has any business being perfect.
-James Goldman*

Early this morning,
when light was just a rumor,
I spied one of your green socks
on our bedroom floor
next to the white plate
with the silent remains
of the dessert you made for me
still clinging to it,
and I started wondering
if the Mona Lisa
ever wore socks.
Probably not,
but if she did,
I think she'd leave them
indelicately out
wadded up and just out of sight
near the hem of her black dress
perched there on a remnant of beige carpet
beside her own half-eaten brownie.