

Seth Oelbaum

## Female Stockings (Elizabethan Sonnet)

whenev freezing feb. comes, teddy and i  
chew blessed chocolates, whose sugar is sweet,  
but not like yell-star scabs – their hollow eyes  
acquired from tins filled with b's high heat.  
do we envy those un-christmas trees' ash –  
to touch the tender bricks of... ooh... ovens  
instead of tearing mummy's knockoff bag  
'cause we crave candy and choc. chip muffins?  
to be so ticked we'd chip off her earrings  
and like right boys send them to can-duh-duh  
where you'll find holler-slots' tennies/bling.  
do they stock female stockings there? uh-huh,  
but since yell-stars are starving there might be  
holes, but no returns – that's store policy.