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Sweat Socks From Hell

Christopher Howell
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They were like trumpets announcing something to cows asleep in a snowstorm. Wherever they passed were bent little scorchmarks and athletes hopping on their amazed toes. Fountains embraced them with a kind of sneeze and spit them out again and were ever after lustful, greedy for coin or virgins—of which there are now so few. Everywhere populations buckled their boots and sent up for word of new powers to set against these marauding equipages, for new kinds of foot death and disease with which their favor might be bought. But it was no good; they kept coming. At last everyone could see them, an army of random quote marks on the move, burning and sweating into everything as they cackled and ran and ran.  

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