

WASHING DAY

Like symbols they hang
And flap
What do they say of me?

The oversized flannelette that I wrap myself in to sleep,
the tangled bra straps that point to my fading sexuality,
the plain cotton that hints at sense and,
maybe,
a little sensibility -
but not sensuality.

Tea-towels trail traces of sloppy cookery attempts.
A man's handkerchief:
a fluey reminder of a cold week.

Would an observer
think me
messy?
awkward?
wayward?
... or merely busy and preoccupied.

The wind collects a scarf edge,
wraps hand-woven silk around metal wire,
taking away the only whimsical item that may hint at
the young vibrant woman whispering softly to my soul.

I avert my eyes from this madness.
Yearning,
and wistfulness,
take time I cannot spare.

I shake faded jeans and tangled tights
with more vigour than necessary
and throw a faded towel
over the washer,
before retuning to the kitchen to drag dishes
from the bowels of yet another machine.

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