

Laundry

Saturday morning and the basement glowed
light orange, sunlight creaking through the cloudy
glass windows, painting the cold grey stone floor.
With a sigh I rested my worn hands on
my jigsaw knees and pulled out the fresh clean
clothes, my morning adventure, tradition
curled up inside my white washing machine.

Every morning I come down, eight pm,
to transfer loads and pick the lint filter,
to find silver dimes and pennies in a
forgetful man's jeans. My knees crackle-popped
as they did every morning I stood from
the washing machine as Saturday church
bells chimed, the old engine began to hum.

The wood stairs were a habitual hike
and a recent disgruntled sweeping job
hid runaway cat food and Lucky Charms.
Our bedroom door at the left was still jarred
open from when I left, my pink slippers
squishing the carpet, making morning sounds.
I pulled out the first of this morning's load,
your best white shirt with stains from coffee grounds.

It smelled like you do in early morning,
I breathed in deeply bad coffee, pennies,
wood and piano keys. My crinkled mouth
rolled over my drooping cheeks as I smiled
to your side of the bed, to the money
I pulled from your clean pockets. I loved your
pillow next to mine. Good morning honey.