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Laundromat

Zach McMasters

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Laundromat

Zach McMasters

Best Poem Award Winner

Her eyes stared out
from sunken trenches,
begging for reprieve.
The plague of age
had maimed her so that
she was unable
to walk away from it.

Her mouth hung open
like a gaping wound,
screaming silent pleas.
The curse of time
had hurt her so that
she was unable
to find a place for it.

The woman on the
motorized scooter
holding money
between her knees

steered herself
toward the laundromat
and made me think of

war.