



3-15-1988

Note in a Washerwoman's Diary

Sandra Soli

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Recommended Citation

Soli, Sandra (1988) "Note in a Washerwoman's Diary," *Westview*: Vol. 7 : Iss. 3 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol7/iss3/17>

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illness, he first prayed and sought God's will. Then, together, David and Sarah accepted that God's way is sometimes mysterious and often all that is left is believing, even when it hurts."

Dr. Thomas snorted in disgust. Beth looked even more confused. Reverend Jones continued. "There is a time to die. David accepted that it was his time and in accepting that, he chose to die without fear. In David's eyes, Sarah's also, this was his final witness. To face his death with that same belief that enabled him to face life was his last desire." With these final words, Reverend Jones walked toward the door.

Dr. Thomas looked after him before turning to Beth. "I'm still looking for that miracle." Sadly, he turned and also left.

Wearily, Beth picked up the phone and placed that call that alerted the

appropriate people. Then she began preparing the body for its last trip.

Shaking her head, Beth pondered all that had happened this night. She was sure there was an answer if she could only find it. Finished with her work, she glanced toward the table. Lying open was that same Bible Reverend Jones had been reading. Drawn like a magnet, she walked over to it. Bending, she read one verse that had been marked and underlined heavily. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. ▀"

MARYBUJNOVSKY has spent several years working in a hospital setting. Currently, she is enrolled as a junior in the Division of Nursing at SOSU. After she completes her degree, she will work in Southwestern Oklahoma as a registered nurse.

the power of fancy

Note In A Washerwoman's Diary

By Sandra Soli

While hanging out laundry
I make sail in a good wind,
Visiting women from all ages,
all histories. They tease me,
beckoning through holes in my
used-to-be-striped dishrag,
unfit lately for such public display.
Kitchen secrets, bedroom pleasures
brazenly flap KER-FLAK! KER-FLAK!
I smell a fine whiteness in sheets,
worn but nicely straight because
I pinch their corners, thinking
all the while of clean pages
in a book I will carry it,
a present to the women of
many centuries. They remember me.
We have the same wrinkled fingers.



SANDRA SOLI is an honored writer who came to America from England and now lives in Oklahoma City. This poem originally won First Place in a Poetry Society of Oklahoma Spring Contest.