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Laundry

DERRICK MUND

I watch my clothes swirl in the dryer as though
 at any moment,
 the doors will pop open,
 shooting
 buttoned shirts,
 inside right socks,
 and pressed pants

 All stained free and dancing like in a fabric softener commercial.

 There's a lady who's been standing in front of her machines since
 she put her clothes in,

 cautiously guarding them, pacing three triple loaders like a drill
 sergeant upset with his company.

Curly, thinning tufts of hair spring from her head.

 The back seems to have more color than the

 top,

 front,

 and sides,

 which are painfully silver.

 She's wearing an orange sweatshirt with a black turtleneck underneath.

When she paces towards me I can see hand-stitched pumpkins of vary-
 ing
 sizes.

 A black kitten,

 wearing a witch's hat,

 rides a broom across the orange night sky of the sweatshirt,

 narrowly maneuvering through pumpkin clouds.

 Her husband's movements are old and decayed.

 He rummages through his pockets for quarters. His wife loads their
 clothes into five dryers.

 High Temprachure?

 the old man mutters to his wife,

 who disregards him,

 knowing he'll remember,

 and shuts the door on the last dryer.