

## *Laundromat*

Sock to sock, the clothes  
match up and collapse  
in my hands in neat stacks.  
Static fires blue  
between the sheets.  
It's not a metaphor;  
it's a switch of electrons.

The wind is up, it tangles  
the honey locust,  
tassels the browned azalea blooms.  
I smooth each pillowcase  
into a regular pane of blue.  
Sometimes a man  
comes in here to sleep.

Someone calls the police,  
but the man's gone  
before they get here.  
And what's the point?  
He doesn't take our keys  
or wallets, doesn't steal  
a clean shirt from the dryers,

doesn't even speak, just curls  
beside the warm machines  
and shuts his eyes,  
lulled by the regular hum

beneath the thunder. By morning,  
when the dark-eyed junco  
trills in the honey locust,

he'll be gone.

Twice I've ended up  
with socks that aren't mine.

I leave them here.

The weft of wind  
beats hard  
in the warp of trees.