

WASHDAY BLUES

We're two of a kind, my washing machine and I,
Holed up for years under the work surface, sitting
in the corner looking blank. We appear stable, yet
have faulty wiring, a screw loose and are breaking down.
We are regularly supplied with tablets, and swallow bottles
full of softening lotion in order to function.
No one can see what's going on inside while we buzz, steam
and bubble up, but everything in there is creased and faded,
coming apart at the seams. We heave ourselves into action, spinning, shaking and banging
about. Will we explode or burn out?
Just ignore us and we'll get on with it. We're starting to wander around the room out of
control. Well have to call a specialist in
to put things right, because the longer we leave it the worse it will get.
What is more, we can't open the door

Susan