

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Laundry Load

By George Kalogeris

First, the measuring cup that's filled with Tide.
Then over and over the clothes keep falling all over
Themselves—the shirts and pants, the skirts and blouses
And socks, the undershirts and underwear.
And me with my nose to the glass, as mesmerized
By the sudsy portal as by those stomach-churning
Stories of elders in steerage, put through the wringer
While fleeing their villages... A memory hatch

Swings open, and I'm still wet behind the tribal
Ears as another load emerges. And now
My mother holds up one of my father's aprons,
And dangles it by the shoulder straps—inspecting
The cotton bib for the slightest trace of blood
From his butcher's block. Turning it this way and that.