

Washing Line - By Maria Josey

my pants are dry, they're flapping in the wind  
flapping in and out, in and out, in and out again  
they're waiting till I want to wear them, waiting  
however  
it'll be ages before I need them, so I leave them  
leave them till I need them, leaving them drying  
leaving them flapping away, fading in the sun

my t-shirt  
is soaking  
wet, I need  
it quickly  
it's my favourite t-shirt in the world  
I bought it ages ago and it's really old  
but I love it and always wear it often  
much more than any of the others  
the collar is starting to fall apart  
moths have begun to eat holes in it  
but I don't care, I care that I want to  
wear it now  
dry fast I  
say so I can  
wear it today

my tea towels are old and grimy, stained with grease  
barbeques that I took less care of them than I should  
using them to pull tins and pots out of the oven with  
also carelessly cleaning up spills on the kitchen floor  
when they were just new I vowed to not use them on  
any thing other than to stack or dry the dishes with, but  
here they are, freshly washed and flapping in the wind  
looking neglected, like I never really wash them at all