

Regarding Ari, Who Works at a Laundromat in Central Florida

poetry

Andie Klarin

Who fishes quarters from lint traps
And slips them into the back pocket of her khakis
Where they roll against the seam until little holes form
And they slip through
Bumping up and down on the linoleum floor
with a sad clinking sound

Whose long hair swings against her four-foot frame
like a metronome sweeping up dried chunks of detergent
waiting in the stale air
Which stick to the tips of her split ends
Riding a stretch before slipping off

Who has worked here just outside a swamp
And remained immaculately clean
Among masses of bloody sheets and mud-stained shoes
Scrubbed down on all of everybody's shit until it was better

Who isn't scared of a backroom flood
Business suits soaked through till the fabric weighs down
To thick blue whale skin
Or wedding dresses held under an iron
Until they erupt into a fit of white ash

Who has stood here so long
the blood blisters on the back of her heels
Have burst and then been reborn
Red pus oozing into her socks
And eventually drying down