

Timothy Cook

Washing Machine

I don't think about God

while I walk along the shore,
beach empty, lake restless.
I think . . . If I died

who would attend the funeral?

When I get home
the cat will stretch out on the couch
then close her eyes again,

the scissors will be
sitting on the kitchen table,
exactly where they've been

for the past three weeks,
the tub faucet will be dripping
& adorning the bedroom floor

will be her clothes.
I do laundry across the alley
& while machines roar

like Red Line trains, I regard
the establishment's only
employee, a one-armed man.

When he drags clothes from
a drier it doesn't seem like



he was born deformed. Often
I think about asking him

how he lost it.

