

An angel laughs about laundry

by [D. S. Martin](#) in the [December 16, 2020](#) issue

after Wilbur

If ever we wanted to hide in plain sight
it would be out in the pure light
of washday where the homebound hope
the soap & sun will wash away each stain

Unashamed they air their laundry luminous & white
strung from building to balcony at unlikely heights
where we'd fly amid flapping frocks & smocks
& bright billowing blouses far above other earthly concerns

Behind suburban houses in playful turns
& fleet flips we'd slip our arms into shirtsleeves
or bulge bedsheets like sails for ships
if ever we wanted to hide in plain sight

Does such frivolity strike you
as unbecoming to angels of light?
Know then we continually dwell in joy
& when love calls us we respond with what's right