

'The Laundry Lady'

It piles up

As a new week approaches,  
There's leftovers from prior outings.  
Inside out and twisted,  
A haphazard of what was to do.

But every once in a while,  
I dabble in the pleasure  
Of taking time to recoup.

I break it down,  
Pulling it back to it's original form  
It takes time,  
But I enjoy the order.  
Warmly placed back together  
With extra care for the creases.  
Equipped as the new week approaches,

Maybe this time,  
It won't pile up.