

The Laundromat

Ramen noodles, Pop-Tarts,
and drunk 3am phone calls,
forgotten tastes.

Loneliness.

I ripped your pictures from the walls.
Fingered the jagged
 edges of
f o u r y e a r s shattered
lays in greasy back ally light
behind the laundromat.
I wash stains from my sheets.
The metronome of off-balance dryers shrinks
you out of me

Four hour motel vacancy sign clicks on.
the buzzing neon keeps me
company.

I fall asleep waiting for the phone to ring.