

ROGER NASH

WINTER WASHING-LINE

On wash-day mornings in winter,
after hearing the hubbub of world-news,
we hang out clothes on the line
to freeze-dry at 30 below.
Jeans immediately stand stiffly
to attention, all board-hard
blue backbone, though slightly frayed.
Shirts form disciplined barriers
of sanforized, striped and swaying shields.
Ready for riots of winds.
Socks cock pre-shrunk grey
pistols. And panties peg out
systems of rigidly regimented geometry,
one triangle for each equilateral
day of the week. How else
to keep order in a noncompliant world?