

Kelli Rush

Laundry: Three Poems and One Line

I. Keep me, collar me

Cuff me, collar me, keep me
tattered, splattered,
flung and scattered,
wrung and strung
and stretched and hung.
Me. The sovereign hon.

II. Put the queenie on a horse

Behold her, bring her
wagonloads of sock and towel,
domicile by sack and barrel.
By caravan. With Pete O'Toole.
Bring Hollywood. Bring Holy Rood.
Bring royal hound and royal horn
and put the queenie on a horse.
Bring ermine pinned with amethyst.
Bring pointy hat, bring fatted goose.
Bring paunchy man who plays the flute
and leaps, in purple tights
and sleeves with poofs.

III. Showered

Now jiggles by,
scrubbed as a pup,
hup as a squirrel
with a boodle in its paw,
pert It:
Boffo, Boinger, Bonus,
where do you fit?

Bingle on off now,
bangle on.

IV. Hamster

The lint ball under the dryer is the missing hamster.