

# Labor Day

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [August 25, 2009](#) issue

Soap foams like spume on waves  
    sloshing toward shore. And the water  
is warm as I wipe each dish and fork  
    like the sea wipes its sand-caked brow.

Summer is over. My kids sit at the table,  
    doing their homework. My husband  
outside, his tractor chugging  
    as he whittles away his work,

cutting square after shrinking square  
    into our lawn. Clouds crowd the blue  
in the September sky, squeezing  
    the sun into one long beam

leaning like a ladder against our house,  
    stretching through my window.  
I sense the cold feet  
    of winter on the top rung,

heading down. But the water is warm  
    as it spills from the spigot like light.  
My hands clinging to the cup  
    that now runs over.