

An angel laughs about laundry

by [D. S. Martin](#) in the [December 16, 2020](#) issue

*after Wilbur*

If ever we wanted to hide in plain sight  
it would be out in the pure light  
of washday where the homebound hope  
the soap & sun will wash away each stain

Unashamed they air their laundry luminous & white  
strung from building to balcony at unlikely heights  
where we'd fly amid flapping frocks & smocks  
& bright billowing blouses far above other earthly concerns

Behind suburban houses in playful turns  
& fleet flips we'd slip our arms into shirtsleeves  
or bulge bedsheets like sails for ships  
if ever we wanted to hide in plain sight

Does such frivolity strike you  
as unbecoming to angels of light?  
Know then we continually dwell in joy  
& when love calls us we respond with what's right