

# Washing Day

Amber Rubarth

Walking past my lover's house  
Bitter taste still in my mouth  
Too much whiskey, too much smoke  
Last night's tears hang on my coat  
But now the rain has stopped its fall  
Streets shine like a mirror ball  
Sun comes on, it's just enough  
Watch the flower's waking up

It's washing day  
It's washing day  
Colors run and they fade away  
It's washing day  
It's washing day  
Feel the threads like new again

Big machines all in a row  
Mother with her child in tow  
Change old paper for silver coins  
Lose myself in all this noise  
Wake up from a peaceful rest  
Counting down, one minute left  
Cotton stops its jog in place  
I hold it warm against my face

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Feel the threads like new again

What's this in my dungarees  
In my back pocket, curled and creased  
My old notebook, filled with you  
Our secrets now just streaks of blue  
It's all a mess, but beautiful  
This emptiness, a gift I hold  
I write a poem with you in mind  
And leave the memories behind  
I leave the memories behind

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