

Hanging Laundry

I hang my laundry in the Sun and Wind.
On a braided nylon cord between the Cedar Tree and the Sweet Gum Grove.

I have an enameled Tin Bucket that holds my Wooden Clothes Pins.
They make a delightful clanking sound when I throw them into the Bucket.

The Clothes Pins are made of wood
and a small and mighty spring to snap them onto the line.
They feel good in my hand.

I take each piece of sweet smelling moist clothing
shake them and stretch them and fasten them
onto the braided line with the wooden pins.

I admire each piece. I inhale their scent.
I straighten their collars and secure their buttons.

If it is a Sunny Day, I hang them between the Cedar Tree and the Sweet Gum Tree.

When I am finished I stand back and admire them. I love the fabric and the colors.
I am blessed to wear cotton. I watch them move in the wind.

I remember my Mother's Laundry.
Hot and Steaming in the Basket, the fresh fescue lawn beneath our bare feet.
And Her talking to me. Teaching and Talking as we hang the laundry together.
Folding the sheets like she had learned when she was a Laundress.
I Love to Fold The Laundry.
I like to caress each piece and be sure the corners match and the collars are crisp.
I like to organize them into the basket.
They have a marvelous scent.

When I hang the laundry it is always a summer day in my Mother's Garden.

I like the sun in my eyes.
Bright in spring but not yet high on the horizon.
Overcast and Brooding before a Rain.
Hot in Summer burning my head
the clothes drying as fast as I hang them.

I watch the sun through the year as it moves up and down in the sky.

In Deep Summer I hang them in the shade, so miserable is the Memphis Summer Sun.

As Autumn Approaches the sun lowers itself slowly and the trees reveal it a bit at a time
through their brilliant leaves.
The Sun in Autumn is always in my eyes.

In Winter the sun abandons me
coming out brief and low
cowering against the cold.
The Laundry Freezes Stiff and Dries Very Slowly.

The wooden clothes pins are frozen on the nylon cord between the Cedar Tree and the Sweet Gum Grove.

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