

Sunday Service

The place is packed.
Maybe e a new religion was created
and services began at 10:00 AM.
I'm not sure
everyone puts their clothes in the machine
then chants "Clean my clothes,
clean my soul,
I have sinned,
restore my life to cleanliness".
People are standing and sitting
waiting for washers,
waiting for dryers.
Services last for one hour,
then a new service starts every time
another soul walks through the door.

The Unknown Man

You, with the pipe in your mouth,
sitting four seats from me;
how much do we have in common?
You look over at me while I write,
probably wondering what I am writing.
Only if you knew that it was about you,
then you would ask why I am writing about you,
and I would answer,
because you are here.
I do not need to know your name,
your actions may not be interesting
unless someone else can write them down
as being interesting.
Take your pipe out of your mouth for a second
and give it a thought if you wish,
but it is not necessary for me.
I have already given it thought.
Maybe next time if you are here
I will continue on writing about you.
If not, someone else will be found.

The Clothes Hotel

A man just got out of a cab,
suitcase in hand,
wearing green corduroys
and a blue and white checked sport coat.
He puts his clothes in the washer
like he was putting them in a dresser drawer
after having checked into a hotel.
It only costs fifty cents.
Room service is more,
and he pays for it,
buying a small box of detergent from
the vending machine.
Next, I am waiting for him
to put out a sign,
'Do Not Disturb'.

No Pot of Gold

What can be said?
All that exists right now
are dirty clothes to wash.
Outside somewhere there could be a pot of gold,
but that is not my concern
at this place and time.
Later on, I may search for that
which lies inside my world
as I try to make the most of it
spending my time wisely.
Who knows how time is spent?
If I had a dollar for every hour
I have wasted,
I probably would be able to
buy that pot of gold,
instead of searching long and hard for it.
Taking the easy way out,
that's what happens most of the time,
to my misfortune.