

Sunday

By Dilantha Gunawardana

It seems in Manila, the day of the Sabbath
Is when you remember to do the laundry.
When a young woman washes her dirty linen
In the town laundry, loading the clothes
Into a little grotto of an electric washing machine,
Pressing a button and waiting
On a paint-eroding wooden seat in front,
For a good hour, rising and sitting, unsteady with impatience,
Having a drink of red-berry juice
And a donut from the near-by diner,
As she washes the lingerie from the previous night,
With all the foul smells and the filthy intoxicants.
And she will hang them, on a clothes line,
For a light shining from the heavens,
To parch the skintight moisture,
To wane what must go on, with check.