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 coatBut 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 upIt'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 againBig machines all in a row
Mother with her child in tow
Change old paper for silver coins
Lose myself in all this noiseWake up from a peaceful rest
Counting down, one minute left
Cotton stops its jog in place
I hold it warm against my faceIt'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 againWhat's this in my dungarees
In my back pocket, curled and creased
My old notebook, filled with you
Our secrets now just streaks of blueIt'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 behindIt'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
Feel the threads like new again
Feel the threads like new again

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