

THE HOUSECLEANER

Gail White

My mother gathered balls of dust
from under sofas, tables, chairs;
bits of paper, single hairs,
all were gathered in her lust
for a desperate cleanliness.
Now I live in dunes of mess,
calmly facing mold and must,
storing in my attic head
all the lint and thread and fuzz
gathered, in a past I've shed,
from the dust my mother was.

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