

RITA WONG / after Wen I'to's "Laundry Song"

Wash them (for the Americans), wash them!

from soapworn hands to toxic coughs
sputters patience rubbed too thin
the season of grease never ends but squeals
into perchloroethylene lesions
kidneys and livers mumble
to the brass of cash registers
ching chong rings
the water turned profit margin
laundered in endocrine disrupters
the sudsy chemicals gurgle fumes
sulk in your blood for a decade

you might carpenter a tree house escape
but the assiduous rain will find your pores
one big inhale, washing washing
thyroid, chrysanthemums, duck eggs all together
from contaminated basin
onto tampered scale
for the check out:
bark odes or bark owed
how to recompose clean
in body burden times?

