## Amber Rubarth, Washing Day

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 coat But 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 up It'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 Big machines all in a row Mother with her child in tow Change old paper for silver coins Lose myself in all this noise Wake up from a peaceful rest Counting down, one minute left Cotton stops its jog in place I hold it warm against my face

It'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 What's this in my dungarees In my back pocket, curled and creased My old notebook, filled with you Our secrets now just streaks of blue It'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 behind It'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