

MATT ROBINSON

Morning, Laundry

the fact that i have again not properly made my bed introduces itself as a tangle of duvet, a pressure on my chest as i lie prone; as a wrinkle of sheets that patterns my elbow like sleeping in grass in july. and here in the sheen

of morning through windows, shadow and some other of night's composite parts are soaked into them, the sheets, like a thinned paint; a varnish or an antiquing—a recognition of aging, or at least some other, less formalized process. our sheets

are a reluctant mapping of last night; are the remainder of most everything this venetian blind dawn has erased. to the left of my shoulder there is a bit of life left on the burgundy linen: white, dry and cracked, like old school glue or forgotten

semen. the only hair on the pillow is mine. later, in the impersonal grey of the laundry, the industrial rumble and whirr of the rinse-and-spin cycle is a critical theory, a re-thinking, a new historicism. the iron is an amnesia; a steamy forgetting haze.