**Morning: Laundromat**

Fredric Hildebrand

A tattooed couple by the bank

of video games are fondling

each other. Fluorescent lights, lime

green walls haven’t dampened their

ardor. Loud cartoons on the single

TV. The overwhelming scent

of Pine-Sol. A cleaner wonders

aloud about the stupidity

of someone who would use powder

detergent in a slot clearly

marked LIQUID ONLY. Coins clink

into the tray of the change machine.

I open the lid of a washer.

Next to me a young mother,

with two infants and two carts

of clothes, recommends the triple

loader instead. *It costs more, but*

*it’s a better wash.* I take her

advice and stuff in two dog beds,

measure out the Tide, plunge quarters

into the box. She returns

to her pile of clothes, smiling,

her babies cooing. Happiness.

It comes on unexpectedly.

It is enough.