

## **In the Laundromat**

she sat in the middle  
I next to the door  
sphinxes with a riddle  
silent ever more

black and white together  
instinctively on guard  
neither knowing whether  
the other to regard

united for the moment  
uneasy in the truce  
imposed by dirty linen  
washed in public view

tending to the washing  
watching the machines  
taking in the tumbling  
like television scenes

each of us behaving  
according to the law  
pointedly ignoring  
the human being we saw