

Hung Out to Dry

The frayed yellow rope, I used as a clothesline after doing laundry, swings gently from the tree in the backyard.

I was active once...before you stained my life, putting a crease through it. Your raging passion left me spinning, breathless.

I know I pressed you hard. Your temper was delicate, to be handled with care, but I thought we could iron things out. Instead, you rinsed me from your life and carried me here, hanging me out to dry.

And the frayed yellow rope, I used as a clothesline after doing laundry, swings gently from the tree in the backyard.