

# Neighbourhood Laundry

Raphael Diangkinay | Poetry

A long string reaching across  
brick and concrete buildings.

Tethering us together,  
our laundry kept us bound  
against the wind.

Like how we used to speak,  
with tin can telephones,  
door to door visits and  
yelling through windows at windows.

In the transition,  
they took down  
the cobwebs of the city

Then came the busy laundromats,  
the hypnotizing whirlpools  
and pockets of change  
that made us discreet.

Talking only over  
silent whirring and soak cycles.

Now we barely speak,  
marooned within our own homes  
with a power wash and dryer  
bundled in together with  
the only shared experience left,  
that of quiet folding.