

Thistle Tea

by Sandy Brue

I grip wooden pins between clenched teeth.
Stiff joints finger damp clothes
Hanging laundry under a cold blue sky
Before sunshine erases early morning frost.

Through the fence I hear male laughter.
It melts my heart like gutter snow.
Hanging laundry under a cold blue sky,
I watch him swing down the road.

Later, folding fresh, warm cloth against my chest
Bare feet and legs tickled by the long grass,
I see him return from town, walking
Without a glance at me.

He doesn't suspect I know his pattern
Never dreams I know his name.
Sitting at sundown, mending tatters
I sip a mug of thistle tea.