

Fall 12-1-1998

Naked, She Irons

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Recommended Citation

Georgalas, Robert N. (1998) "Naked, She Irons," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 19 : No. 1 , Article 51.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol19/iss1/51>

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OLD ON NEW

You came wondering into my second-hand shop
sleek-limbed raisin-skinned saucy bright braids tight
smooth glinting golden eyes eyeing the used stuff
in the used shed.

Everything used but you.

Teetering on balance woman-child
spicy alert desirous of touching trinkets
previously-owned.

A torn and worn t-shirt a frumpy skirt scorned
On you they would be classy lassie.

“Can I use your mirror, Ma’am?”

You don’t need it sassy lassie.

Everything on you is new.

— *Patricia L. Karwatowicz*

NAKED, SHE IRONS

Naked, she irons
my clothes, steaming the wrinkles
to save me from shame.

— *Robert N. Georgalas*