Good Laundry Day

Monday, 22 October, 2007
The sky is red and quiet

I wake up to its blood darkness
believing the day has been slept away

From my bedroom window screen
in my Oceanside flat
up on the Sepulveda hill
it is curious ash that drizzles to the ground
choking the land like two-faced snow

The smell of burning homes
cleansing away the over-brush
has drifted this far

Thankful for the warmth
I grab a V8 from the kitchen
stumbling into the living room

Cecilia is purring on the dark gray IKEA Karlstad sofa
as I click over to the KFMB news
talking at the misfortune of neighbourhoods not far from me

Shuffling to my veranda
I snap pictures of the sun
a silver-shadowy mass in the apocalyptic sky
and video-record the stillness

Hustling back to my computer den
moments of history from my Sony Cybershot
are emailed to inquisitive friends from foreign lands
telling them how close I am to danger
how choking the air is around me
Then from my second story window
realizing it is only noon
I notice a woman treading tepidly across the glitter
a week’s worth of her family’s clothes
shoved carelessly into a hamper

and I wonder if today is a good
laundry day

Dean Gui