

Folding Laundry

Across the fence, white magnolias open.
I fold cloth, slowly, gently,
as if someone were leaving.

Across each sheet, I place my palm,
hold it there as if over a body breathing.
I smoothe after each folding
to erase every crease.

Outside, the magnolias' thick
white petals spread to their reach,
yielding so freely to summer heat.

Inside, I fold from whole, to half,
to quarter.

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