

## Open Twenty-Four Hours

I thought the place would be empty  
Who goes to a laundromat at 5 o'clock  
on a Sunday morning

Drunks maybe  
seeking porcelain basins  
willing to catch the overflow

Or sleepless loners  
trading one overrated silence  
for the lull of another

It was the vibration of the sun trying to stand  
trying to shake off the last of the night

that drew me in  
headed me in the direction  
of vending machine coffee  
and the fresh squeezed sludge  
of a four second brew

I almost didn't see her  
curled to the corner  
knees pulled to her chest  
Rocking, rocking

Paperback novel  
balanced in one hand  
chin on the other

And she began to sing  
pale lavender blues  
warm  
fragrant  
spreading lullaby over the room

I couldn't move

She almost had me convinced

Nothing else was real

