**A line of washing underneath the stars**

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A clothes peg held aloft could pluck the moon;

Between two socks, the majesty of Mars.

A meteor shines bright before it chars;

An echo of its arc that’s gone too soon-

A line of washing underneath the stars;

Juxtaposed infinity, it jars

With moments pegging clothes where I find room;

Between two socks, the majesty of Mars.

Shirts against the ropes, the gentle spars,

As fresh air punches fabric to perfume

A line of washing underneath the stars.

I see the twinkling sky through crooked bars

While standing like a shadow in the gloom;

Between two socks, the majesty of Mars

For those times when my hungry spirit starves

I store this memory of heavens strewn;

A line of washing underneath the stars,

Between two socks, the majesty of Mars.