

*I have an antique iron that has a detachable wooden handle so you can clamp it another iron that's been heating on the stove. My mother found this in an antique shop when I was a little girl.
This poem is for all the women who ever used it.*

A Shirt Not Her Own

By: Charlene L. Edge

By a window a woman,
heavy in her shoes,
labors in the heat,
shoves an iron over a shirt.

The iron steams through wrinkles
mindless, plows through its field.
Steam rises, she barely breathes,
her mind weighted with stone gray years.

She loosens the handle from the iron,
clamps another, ready and hot,
presses another
shirt not her own.

This woman by the window,
glances up, sees a child at play,
smiles, does not wave.
Her hands hold an iron and a shirt

Waving, the child spins away.
The woman breathes.
Her hands lay down their chores
and wipe the window clear.

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