

## Impossible

Shirt sleeves lift as if filled with arms. Checkered torsos  
heave with breathing. When one clothespin comes undone,  
breeze leaves that shirt to scare crows.

From the bar, raucous voices disturb air. Domino players slap  
rectangles down on the table. The loser cries:  
—*Carai, me cago en Díos—Damn it, I shit on God!*

The clothes continue to breathe. Across the plaza Dolores appears  
to check the state of her laundry. With large, cracked hands  
she re clips shirts and sweaters, permitting heat to reach still-damp cuffs.

Then she frees one of her aprons, crumples it close to her cheeks—  
inhaling what sun and wind left there.  
Impossible to imagine Dolores—*shitting on God!*

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