

Dry-Cleaners

the hotels
send us their customer's
dirty clothes to clean

and they send us
their clothes
special

and you'd be surprised
what these people
turn in

shitty underwear
panties full of period blood
piss and discharge...
you name it

if it comes out of an orifice
I've cleaned it

I have to stick my hand
into the filth
and put little
numbered tickets on
each article of clothing
and then separate them;
dry-cleaning and wash

it makes you look at people
on the street differently

because you think
how many of them
are walking around
with shit in their ass
at that very moment

haven't these people
any shame?
I ask myself

but it isn't
really the shit and the piss
that bother me

it's the people
that don't ticket their clothing

because that means
I have to go through
each piece
one by one

and I imagine
strangling them
with their own garments

with their
expensive turtle necks
and their *Gucci*
underpants
that they pay
a small fortune for
just so their balls
can sit in comfort

but it's a humbling job
because I may be a poor poet
working this job
to survive
but at least
I know how to
wipe my ass