

The Dial Keeps Spinning

Molly Campbell

My love sits in the washer:

rotting.

Time escapes me.

I wasn't ready to wash myself clean,

but

You –

You picked up all the baggage that seemed fit,

squeezed it in to the machine

and left me there to rotate.

Was I just another chore on your to-do list?

I never thought of myself as being too

tainted, too

soiled,

though I remember when the couch cushion sank too deep,

you made quick work, tossing it aside.

Leaving me with blood-soaked teeth, an empty cabernet,

and nowhere

to sit.

Was the remedy not worth your time?

Was I not worth your time?

Or was it that my love grew too big?

The pile on the floor was now reaching new heights and

the commitment

peaked and all the sudden,

I

was too much.

When the buzzer finally rings,

I know you won't be there.

I can feel the memories seeping out of me

(one spin at a time)