

BEAUTIFUL MONOTONIES

TIMOTHY LIU

He says, *if you want to love me, go hang
my laundry*, the basket heavier now
as I walk across the sun-scorched lawn
than it's going to be when the wind

gets done, the weathered clothespins
like finches sitting on the line—boxers,
socks, briefs—is this not a bliss even as
the days pass? He says, *now let me sleep—*

touch me again and I'll take the couch,
his laundry swaying under moonlight
beyond the sliding glass door—trousers

taken down but a crumpled flag at dawn,
the sheets all twisted, our knotted selves
entwined—no need to share another word.