

***Flatley***

**Electric Clothes Dryer: circa 1961**

Manhandled from delivery van,  
trundled over doorstep  
from parlour to kitchen,  
unveiled on linoleum.  
I traced the interloper's name,  
chrome flash, aslant on white enamel.

Mother disappeared inside  
its mouth – her head, both arms,  
peach woollen jumper;  
lucky-dipped a doll-sized copy  
of the working model: Mother  
& Daughter, a pair, of sorts.

Lifting the lid on washdays,  
I'd lower my face to Flatley's  
heat, rising through wooden ribs;  
inhale steam, laundry-sweet,  
from matching garments,  
steeped in care.