

# ***Solitude***

by Joyce Carile

Crumpled clothing  
lies damp  
with sanctified sweat.

Scrubbing away grime from hearth and fields  
her distorted image  
Melts  
into the metal coolness.

Left are footprints  
that rise  
On silent wings.



Edgar Degas, *The Tub*, 1886, Hill-Stead Museum

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