

# “Life in Kenmore”

by

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In Kenmore we all start the same way:

Dripping

Dripping

Damp

Wet.

We all hear the same sounds—the slow *chh chh chh* as we churn and bide our time. We turn around in the dark before emerging fresh-faced, like new, into The Brightness.

So innocent, so innocuous we are then, the calm before the storm. That time doesn't last long. We are shoved into life. *BANG. CLICK.* Into the dark. Where everyone knows, so nobody really knows.

And we live. And we learn.

We'll heat up.

And cool down.

And heat up again.

*What do you say I take you for a spin?*

*Is it hot in here?—*

*—Or is it just you?*

*How about you and I go back to my apart-lint?*

Heh.

The delicate will

Tumble

Tumble

Fall.

Sometimes we'll feel out of place—A red among whites.

Pink

Pink is our love

And we are all the same in Kenmore.

Pulling on our own threads; coming apart at the seams

*It's all right—it's all right*

We cling, make ties, wrap around each other, until the force of being separated shocks us all. In Kenmore, we all fall, we all rise.

We all

Fall...

We all Rise...

Some of us will be lost.

*I know I put a pair in. How could one just disappear? Who took it? Elves??*

And we laugh. Because we're learning. We're living.

We're heating up fast.

And they tell us we're spinning

but we just can't feel it 'cause we're always

Spinning

Spinning

Spinnin'.

We're cooling down slow.

Some will leave us early. But most will stay. Our generation will grow colder. Our time is coming.

Spinning

Spinning

Slow...

*When your world is always spinning, how will you know when it stops?*

Not much longer now. In Kenmore our bodies try, try to hang onto the heat, but then we all lie there

Cold

Dry

Done.

And we will go out like we came in. Forcefully. Our souls will quiet down enough to let us hear the dying of a familiar *chh chh chh* as we bide our time and wait.

Then we emerge *CLICK*

Fresh faced

Like new

Into The Brightness.