

## Dryer

by Felix Jung

Small wonder I envision love when  
I hear the sweaters and the shirts  
tumbling into one another's arms.

The buzzer sings. I crack the door  
and feel a warmth that reaches out  
to me. I think how, over time, our

bodies cool and lose the heat once  
given them. I tug their arms. I grab  
them all and hold them to my chest.



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