

a philosopher said taste depends on class

s a m g o l i

miles away, distressed acidwashed
skinny jeans lie
folded on a table—rag
and bone,

two hundred
and fifty plus
tax

here, could pay her month's rent, could
buy her time to relax. instead
she washes and folds until her bones
show, cleans floors on her knees, ignoring
her grumble below—acid
rising. at home with her children, wiping
bread crumbs from their faces with a rag,
damp from distress and

a bit of milk.

before bed, hands folded, head
bowed, sews up holes in torn
little pants.