For all the time poets—especially female poets—spend on domestic chores,” writes Ellen Taylor of Appleton, little of their poetry “includes those activities.” With today’s poem about spring cleaning, she helps set things right.

Spring Cleaning
by Ellen M. Taylor

Why are there no poems of the joy of vacuum cleaning after a long winter? Of the pleasure of pulling the couch back, sucking up cobwebs, dead flies, candy cane wrappers, cookie crumbs? The sun rises earlier now, flooding the room with daffodil light, enough to see long unseen clumps of dog hair, wood ash, needles from holiday greens. The vacuum crackles over a spot of gravelly dirt, until at last the carpet pile is clean, floorboards gleam.

Then, the bliss when the machine is pressed off, no sound left but the tick, tick of the clock.