



rusty nails,  
                    and then I wash  
all of my clothes  
                    in our Electrolux  
washing machine.  
                    Lux for light, white,  
bright...  
                    spin cycle.  
For decades,  
                    the Electrolux headquarters  
stood on the corner  
                    where Main meets Walnut.  
Before that, the site  
                    was home  
to the Mennonite Sanitarium  
                    which included  
a surgical suite,  
                    the autoclave room,  
an eye bank,  
                    a child care center,  
and a birthing room  
                    which in 1918  
welcomed George Lincoln Rockwell,  
                    founder  
of the American Nazi Party.  
                    Now,  
it is an empty lot  
                    that faces  
an out-of-business gas station  
                    that fueled  
the dream  
                    of Route 66,  
which today is just a distant fume.  
                    Our new garden





she wasn't too surprised.

In 1974,  
George Lincoln Rockwell  
was murdered  
by one of his own  
outside of a laundromat,  
and after his death,  
American Nazis  
came to the Mennonite Sanitarium  
to lay a wreath  
by his birthplace  
and march the street.  
The marches fizzled  
once Electrolux  
bought the land.  
My Electrolux, though,  
is a marvel.  
The whites are whiter  
than I've ever seen,  
but there is no joy here,  
no way to talk happily  
of washing and whiteness.

When I look back at the poems that I published in *SRPR* nine years ago, I see that they provided the foundation for what was a shift in my work towards longer, more discursive lines and a more explicit engagement with politics and history in my own life. "Electrolux" is a part of that shift as well. In my recent work, I continue my explorations of politics and cultural memory with a particular focus on the history of colonization, technology, and ecological crisis. This poem foregrounds the intersection between technology—the washing machine—and the history of the place that created it—a fairly ordinary place that gave rise to one of the most prominent Nazis in American history.