Until about a hundred years ago, the worth of a poem was measured by how noble and elevated was its subject and its manner of delivery, but with the appearance of modernism all hell broke loose and suddenly there were all sorts of subjects one had license to write about. Here's an example of a fine contemporary poem with a richly detailed subject that no doubt wouldn't have seen the light of day in the 1880s or '90s. It's by Sally Van Doren, who lives in New York, from her 2017 book from Louisiana State University Press, entitled Promise.

Housewife as Poet

I have scrawled audible lifelines along the edges of the lint trap, dropping the ball of towel fuzz in the blue bin lined with a thirteen-gallon bag. My sons’ wardrobes lounge on their bedroom floors, then sidle down to the basement, where I look forward to the warmth of their waistbands when I pluck them from the dryer. Sometimes I wonder why my husband worries about debt and I wish he wouldn't. Sometimes I wonder how high the alfalfa will grow. Sometimes I wonder if the dog will throw up in the night. Like my mother, I'm learning not to tamper with anger. It appears as reliably as the washing machine thumps and threatens to lurch across the floor away from the electrical outlet. Nothing's worth getting worked up about, except for death. And when I think of the people I have lost, I wish them back into their button-down shirts, their raspberry tights.
This column does not accept unsolicited poetry.