Untitled (Flying Carpet)

John Godfrey

This gold be it
imminent glass or
bleached stubble
This gold pushes
It wants to reach
as far as the eye
She’s not bulky
It’s the blue that is
And his roundedness
wears just that size green
Their carpet now
that’s real golden
They hover
    prepare to fly
He parts her buttons
reaches through and
straightens her legs
You get to keep this
loosely in perspective
Like the planks that
drain the sand unnoticed
So sure no one’s
going anywhere