Jeff Round

WEDNESDAY MORNING LAUNDERETTE

the socks of a god
are not like these
not refined
square checks on black holes
drifting off into clouds
representing eternity.
Dionysus

would not wear wool
except on religious holidays
even then
it was not combed through
more than once

twice is too often
for such holy ones.

Mercury would wear Nikes now
or something with a buffalo on it
representing playfulness
of the godly life.
wine and orgies lasting
for weeks on end
no wars now
in 20th century obsolescence

my pristine manners
would not hold up there
in the space beyond
clouds

if I hold my socks up
I can see through the holes
to the space beyond
the clouds
where light dwells
pristine examples of the saintly
margin beyond margin
extracting the pure
filtering through the web and weft
flecks and fibres
caught
like little flies down here
on the mortal side of the weave
the socks of a god

are not like these