

Carry You

Mac Powell

Green river flows
like grass melting
later it will flow back down it's track
into an ocean.

She stands on the bridge
dimlight on the back

Someday

I will carry you
I want to float higher

above waves of electric wires
stare down onto the street
see a drunk with kiln-glazed eyes
telling me about a girl I should meet

Someday

I will carry you

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