

Magic Carpet

Forever poised for flight, arranged
 With care,
The seven wait to be exchanged
 mid-air;
A moment of release, a change
 So rare,
The forces of the world are held at bay.

When kept in flight, a tapestry
 They weave
Whose untied threads are ever free
 To leave;
This hopeless task may never be
 Achieved
For all too soon the balls forsake their play.

Though now my work dissolves before
 My eyes,
Sometimes the cloth remains to soar
 Through skies
Above the seven on the floor,
 And flies
With me to seek exchanges far away.

Cindy Marvell, 1988
Suspended Animation