

WALKING ON WATER

That day we walked out on the water
Dangling our fins above the echoing blue
Distances our feet could not disturb,
Hanging like glass chandeliers in the depths
The familiar striped fish nosed our wake
But there on the floor your letter lay,
The one you dropped yesterday, shimmering
Among the flowering coral, calmly
White, illegibly scrawled
But unmistakably yours, the single leaf
There on the yellow sand
Shining like silk, shifting with the slow current—
So I decided to dive for it, down through the azure
The aqua the navy the green layers of light
To the bottom, my ears beginning to tingle
Even as the clear vistas turned
Quieter and quieter,
As your mislaid words loomed
Larger and larger—
But long before I reached you the wet tissue
Like soggy rice unraveled;
Suspended in the sky blue galleries it hung
Motionless, the white frazzled shreds
A miniature blizzard of thin pieces of flesh
The fish obviously thought, moving among them
Nibbling a word here, a question there
The gaudy parrot, the inquisitive
Decorous silver backed bream
Eating your words, I cried to you,
Eating your words.