

Parachutes, My Love, Could Carry Us Higher

I just said I didn't know
And now you are holding me
In your arms,
How kind.

Parachutes, my love, could carry us higher.

Yet around the net I am floating
Pink and pale blue fish are caught in it,
They are beautiful,

But they are not good for eating.

Parachutes, my love, could carry us higher

Than this mid-air in which we tremble,

Having exercised our arms in swimming,

Now the suspension, you say,

Is exquisite. I do not know.

There is coral below the surface,

There is sand, and berries

Like pomegranates grow.

This wide net, I am treading water

Near it, bubbles are rising and salt

Drying on my lashes, yet I am no nearer

Air than water. I am closer to you

Than land and I am in a stranger ocean

Than I wished.