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# Walking on Water

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## 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.*