



Endquote

The Fisherwoman

*The fisherwoman
in her boat
under the sky,
deep blue above,
deep blue below,
hat
salty, skin
rippled,
waiting,
the fisherwoman
sings.*

*A soft song
o my love, o my lord,
carry me, float me, rock me, rescue me
a soft song for the fish and the sky
and the broad ocean and all the things on islands
that call to her.*

*Buildings, streets, people, suits
on green islands
across the ancient ocean,
the endless sleeping sea.*

*Through the light she sees the islands
and the fish watch
and wait.*

—Janet Jackson