

Red Krayola

"Ravi Shankar: Parachutist"

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Seven horses for seven kings
are never enough in the fields
Where the targets are built
that sport may remain
And sky is black as night
divulge the presence of parachutes

Now've we've got brown shoes
and roads now lead them there
What will become of them now
that spotlights shine now and then
and show parachutes

There was a flying constellation
Ravi saw it far below
In the air he drew a picture
What he saw I do not know
Through the air I saw him gliding
All above him stood the silk
Parachute of my memory
Where he landed no one knows

For I too am lame
and feeling as she pleases
Pleases me

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