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Parachute Playtime

Back in my younger days of school, my class
enjoyed the rare occasions Teacher brought
his coloured parachute for play. *En masse*
we clutched the circled edge, pulled it taut
and with it caught the playground ball that, when
we raised or dropped our arms, would roll about
the ruffling rim. And in our favourite spin
we'd send it straight across with laughs and shouts.
Today, the frosty mountains where I live—
they seem to me the grasping knuckles of
those laughing children lifted high to give
the parachute of sky the thrust to shove
that shining playground ball from end to end;
together hands and chute and sphere ascend.