

The Faces of Water
by Aurora Cooper

Like time it slips through our fingers,
Sustains us,
Runs out.
We are building blocks of water,
It courses through our veins
And without it we run dry
Like the wells from which we drink.
We so desperately need it
And yet we so stubbornly ignore it.
Our planet is one of water,
Like those who walk upon it
It would be colourless and withered
Without its oceans and its rivers.
Long ago, before we knew what we now know,
We thought water to be of magic.
Our ancestors created
People, creatures, stories,
Of droplets, streams, deeps.
And of course we know
That these creations
Are nothing but figments
Of a growing civilization's wild imagination.
But do we really?
It flows and crashes, it roars and trickles.
It nourishes and destroys, it tricks and preserves.
If someone decided to grant water
A form as permanent as ours,
It would shrivel, and fade,
And be gone from us forever.
For water's form is, as paradoxical it may be,
The form of being formless,
The shape of being shapeless.
Perhaps the reason we hide in it,
Dance in it,
Seek it out,
Capture it,
Is deep down we know,
We are born of water.
Perhaps water is simply more
Then our knowledge today tells us.
And at the end of it all,
Perhaps we are foolish,
For existing as beings of the land
Rather than beings of the depths.