

# We Are Water

And the water is us...  
Or have we forgotten that?

When juice—wine—soda—other beverages  
Land on billions of dining tables every single day,  
*(How lucky we are)*  
It's the water that we often overlook,  
Don't think about it,  
Often throwing the whole lot away  
There is more,  
Always more

Water in the glass waits patiently  
It is familiar—humble—perhaps a bit boring,  
Also clear—cold—pure  
*(if we are so lucky)*

Despite our ambivalence,  
It is thirst (not hunger) that waits until too late to tell us  
We need it

Water gives us opportunities we don't know we long for:  
*Ice cubes?*  
*Carbonation?*  
*Lemon or mint?*

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It fills us:  
Each gulp becomes a reunion of microscopic friends  
Your tissues welcome them home after a long, wandering journey among time and space  
Because like attracts like

These molecules bind us to our origin  
Just like you, they have changed form in almost unimaginable ways  
Behind each drop lies an ancient time we can only imagine  
Through eons it arrives here... for you—about you—in you

There are many bodies of water:  
From a wave-free lake staring upward at stars that wave back in a language of colored dots of light,  
Or a wandering river weaving the earth's stories with the planets,  
And mysterious, deep lakes that preserve our self-awareness  
*(even if we don't know it)*  
To forgotten small, black ponds that pulse with the forest's heart  
Under storm clouds raging towards the lightning,  
Deafening—abrupt—dangerous—  
Where we hear mist crashing with the power of a billion Niagara Falls

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Does water remember its earlier iterations?

Perhaps they were locked in the first glaciers,  
Or hung from the smallest spider's web on a beautiful spring morning before anything had a name,  
Or rushed over fish gills, ten kilometers beneath the surface,  
Or once measured a rainbow across the equator where no one even saw?

What we know is  
That the small, composite elements have come together now  
In the unique, miraculous, and slightly odd water bag that we call “a body.”  
Unusually enough: water fits us quite well  
The body you inhabit now is 60% filled with the stuff  
How are we really different from the sea or river or glacier?  
Is the water we live in... is it a cage?

Water never forgets itself.  
Recall that you once swam in—and breathed—water before you were suddenly forced to breathe air  
*(what a strange shock that was!)*

And that saltwater runs from your eyes when your insides can no longer hold your emotions,  
While sweat is the way we keep ourselves moist  
As we navigate a life trapped on the surface

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Once,  
We worshiped our water sources  
We knew that we needed the water and that the water did not need us  
We pondered the water's contrasts: Salt - fresh  
Light - dark  
Above - below  
Live - die

We understood that water reflects our good and bad habits  
*(whether we want it to or not)*

The transparency of water shows us our authentic selves  
Who really reflects whom?  
No one owns its beauty—especially when we let it be itself.  
Can we do that?  
Water takes what we share, over and over again  
How much more, then?

Whether the water is still—violent,  
Whether it evokes admiration—fear,  
Whether we have sorrow—hope,  
Its modest reflection is more honest than we might wish:  
We can no longer avoid overlooking  
Our own greed—mistakes—nightmares

Yet still we turn our backs on our impact  
There are too many terrible truths  
Our health needs, dreams, and addictions are too strong

Perhaps the planet's water is too kind to us.  
It accepts what we throw into it without protest  
The vulnerable surface is so thin, just one molecule thick  
While the depths are so far  
So unlike—distant—different,  
And the sound of a “splash” creates so much fun there and then

As the water receives us,  
Its silence is deafening.  
There will be no storm in the water glass—not this time either  
We, too, are deeper than we appear  
And more important than we think

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So,  
When an ordinary, humble glass of water stands before you  
*(how lucky you are)*  
With its calm—universal—miniature—tale of life itself,  
Let the water greet you,  
As a dear old friend  
Let it share a glimpse of eternity both backward and forward.

Because while that small gift waits patiently  
It reflects all of us  
In a tiny part of nothing,  
Yet still,

*...everything*