

The Water

You cry your first in your mother's arms.
The water trickles down the drain.

You soon grow into a toddler's knowing.
The water flows beneath the streets.

You attend your schools for diplomas, degrees.
The water enters a nearby stream.

You have your wedding, children, career.
The water joins a seaward-flowing river.

You make mistakes in ethics; health goes weak.
The water reaches the peace of the sea.

You retire from your career to savor life.
The water now is one with all the seas.

You suffer through precursors of mortality.
The water feels a need to rise.

Your body quits, and you leave it where it is.
The water rises through a mist into a cloud.

You enjoy long bliss in the space of Light.
The water joins a darkening cloud.

You feel a longing toward the physical again.
The water rains down and seeps into a well.

Your vision of the Light has faded now.
The water is drawn from the well for drinking.

You feel confined and utterly doomed.
The water breaks.

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