

Global Water Dances
Willamette River Flow
June 25, 2011

Look to the sky.
We wait for clouds that carry
the waters of life to let go
and rain down on us.

Ever so gently
water from the heavens
bathes the landscape
washes the leaves
returns to the creeks and rivers and oceans
to be taken back up again
when the sun claims the sky.

We are thirsty for it
to fill our bodies
and all creatures that carry life.

Each drop becomes a pool.
Each pool whirls and eddies
finding its way to a stream
cutting its way through rock and soil
winding its way past cedared mountains
wearing its way through valleys of grass.

We dance the dance
of returning to the sea.

The black jagged rocks
born of volcanoes
will wear away with time.
The crash of the waves
will tame stone into sand.
for the waves are fierce
along the Oregon coast.

We swim out into the deep
and float back to shore.

When lightning tears the fabric
of their water laden sheets
we are sometimes afraid.
We hide inside if we can
huddle together and shake
for dear life.
We are torn apart by these storms.
The earth is carved out by them.
Our creations are washed away.
All our attempts to tame water
come to an end.

The air is electric.
Surfaces shake and vibrate.
New life is born.

When the calm comes
we open to the gift of moisture on our faces
drops of water on our tongues.
Then we part and return to the flow.

Some of us come from a dry place.
Search for an oasis
a pool by a cave
a hidden spring deep in a gorge
found only by the scent
and sight of green.

We dig for water
pray for a well or a spring
wait patiently for signs from above
stand in awe when the rain falls
catch it any way we can.
We share it.
We drink it in.
We cool our skin
cleanse our bodies and our souls.

The joy of it is innate.
No one taught us water.
It is our nature to be in the flow.

by Martha Murphy Hall
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