We Are The Water

In the beginning
We were the dew-
rare, and infinitely precious
swallowed by the Earth and again dripping from her,
rising in cumulus clouds
to blot out the sun.

Soon, we were the air--
that weak and devastating
ever-blowing breath.
‘Where we go the land shall be afraid’
for we the people
leave none unscathed.

Now, we are the poison--
that brackens the sea and fouls the water.
We seep out of pipes like serpents, hoping to lay our claim.
They say there is too much here
—too little there--
an imbalance in the tides.

But our hopes do not lie with the fishes,
for we are the water:
the power of the sea that strides,
the glaciers that grind,
and the shimmer of red in a rainbow.

We are the water--
the people ever-changing,
This is our story.

- Isabelle Decher