

Well Water

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In the valley floor the wind is the only thing that moves
Wide expanses of waving brown grass under blue sky
This quiet is not the silence of dead things,
Only life waiting in soil and stem
They know that the wind will bring water again
Time has taught them this

There is, however, water that the wind does not touch
There are no waves underneath earth and stone
A dark ocean, unmoving and unknown
To the movement of living things
Sunken, memory of the sun on the earth's surface
Left behind, year by year, layer by layer

Made pure, made primordial, life giving but not yet alive
It rests in a bed of restless rock, grinding and scraping
Pushed to the surface it is born again in a quiet trickle
Sunlight welcomes it as life gathers around the spring
It gives voice to the drone of insects, the noise of small things
Saying nothing of where it came and where it will go

Another valley, an emerald set in ochre
A garden formed from the work of human hands
Sustained by water drawn from the earth,
In defiance of the sky above, in defiance of nature's caprice
Not yet subject to drought, not yet given to thought
Our minds do not appreciate its roots in the past, how long it will last

Time will teach us.