

Water Over Time

Spindrift falls as secondary snow.
A playful after-thought.

Now, sitting patiently
waiting for the Sun to remove its crystalline structure
a memory of what it was like
to flow
would have to wait.

Instead, the Sun goes down.
It is Winters turn.

Almost unaware of the movement, despite its magnitude –
compressing, cracking and refracting –
In glacial-time, emitting a unique hue
to nobody.

Playing a game with entropy,
the goal, to return to water
meanwhile, the moraine in anticipation waits

but the journey is disparate

and whilst lifted up
on a colossal shard
the reality of the situation unfolds,

it is the ice that moves the mountain.

At last, a sudden liquid gasp
a Droplet
a Stream
a River
a Fjord
the Horizon.

In a sacrifice of identity,
if not death
so, to give life.

Surface tension, broken and re-found.
First carried by wind
then through Gaia herself
to fire.
Moving continents
like a shadow play.

Or a slow dance,
with metronome set to the constant turning
of the stars.
A great rhythmic complexity
evident in the grooves of the mountain,
that play an ancient song.

Slow your heart
slower –
slower still –
slower until –