

## A Quiet Praise For Water

--for those remaining, in memory of d. a. levy

First dust, fear,  
nervousness  
Then a quiet praise for water  
River that courses through you  
in the course of time drop by drop  
River that courses away drop by drop  
in the day time  
In the end  
it is dry dust again  
Be patient of the end, love only  
the moment of water  
Love the drops in the cloud  
Love the drops in the ocean  
Love the drops in the basin, the cup  
Love the drops in the engine  
that frees you  
We are these in this water  
We are aflow  
with you, water  
drop  
in the grass,  
the lingam,  
the yoni  
Love the drops in the morning,  
at noonday,  
in evening  
Love the drops in the beak  
of the bird  
and the leaf of the cabbage  
Water, come soft, come gentle  
Be patient, accepting -- you and I  
Water, come a long time, let  
old age only be victim (nature-al, order)  
Let dust in this river  
come out of this river  
Let creatures not stick here,  
this water their quicksand  
Or, you who are light, not to  
grow heavy, not sink,  
but to flow  
without fear of the end,  
like a river  
Love, like the river within you  
And. Love, the jewel drop  
in water  
and in the eye  
of each flowing creature

-- George Dowden

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