

Stop All Wishy-Washy Thinking About Water!

The cycle of Life is Water's cycle--
To be flush, to surge, to ebb, or trickle,
Then dry to dust in a graveyard-set plot,
To forego moisture and wither, dry-rot.
But one begins as fluid charged with Life
(Unlike Frankenstein's Monster and his Wife)--
Amniotic liquid electrified
That locates Creation in man and bride,
All fused by choice, as pulses demonstrate--
Pacific Convulsion that's intimate.
So Water is elemental fluid,
What embodies us--in brine, blood, bone, brood.
No fresh Water has come since Genesis.
Each inundation's the emphasis
That, what water we have, we've always had:
We make nothing truly new, good or bad;
That Water signifies, and's metaphor
For tides, mariners, soundings, plummets for
Atlantis, Titanic, other lost sites,
Disappeared into Oblivion.... Blights
Are not loved, nor "red tides," nor fish-stock deaths,
Kills, oil spills, schools of whales losing breaths,
Tangled in nets, like dolphins, or poisoned
By contaminants, corporate-apportioned.
Where's a policy to preserve this resource,
Free of pollution, but pristine, a source
Of raw Cleanliness, Purity, and fresh
Flushing of Thirst, crushing of fire, the splash
Of douche, showering away of dirt or sleep?
We need a Water Policy that'll keep--
And that'll keep Water plentiful, awash,
Abundant, renewed, replenished, a cash
Liquid, the currency of Health and Peace,
From North and South Poles to Far and Mid Easts.
Civilization commences with sewers,
But there's no feasting without oasis.
A Water Policy is the basis--
The foundation of un pays that endures.

-- George Elliott Clarke
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