



Water by Jodi Girouard

The water didn't flow through the veins of the earth, the dirt dry, brittle branches by the banks. Parched despair on the sides of sheer cliffs, the lips of the world cracked, and I was aware, aware, aware.

Flares broke into the darkness, into layers of cold, black betrayal. Light sizzled into the silence that hurt my heart. For I wanted the part of discovery to burst the built-up dam, the bland disarray of perfection, and to weep saturation over the fields of life.

Fifes screamed in high pitched pity back towards the building, the singing of cities still lit. Bits of beginnings bringing in the pulse, the ache, the shaking frenzy of what still could be. And simply I rose, I suppose to glean some kind of anything to mean.

Gnats by my ears, fears and friendships battled with the neighbors, the wind burrowed into sleeves, but still I believed, believed, believed. I perceived the disbelief, and yet plentiful relief of peace could wrestle its way into the cracks, the facts, its tactful way of developing the hollow reeds needed to feed.

An explosion again in the darkness. A willow tree of light, tracing the edges of stars to rain upon the grounds. I found the force to choose, to not lose the faces of humanity revealed in the fading bits that echoed remembered delights.

I released the jamming, damning blockage pressed too close, that pierced my heart. I breathed in my own remission; the parts of pain replenished with the newborn birth to come. My feet were numb, but I shook, and I took steps down the bank, from the hill to the still water.

I am the daughter who fostered tears, baptized my babies, and the face of my mother. No other could be me. And the veins in the worn world were saturated, freeing soft rushes of peace released into the beauty of hands holding through so many years.