

Water falls

water
falls

and as it falls
it has a way
of quenching, cleansing
(even the dirt --
and sometimes our hearts).

cold clear
beautiful bubbling life
as it
drip
drops,

it
drips

drops.

and away fall our tears, our darkest of fears,
the truths we drink
and the lies we pour down the sink,
out of sight,
running, gushing, cascading
through rock leaf and valley (anywhere but here) apparently draining away --

But really, just falling

right back into our drinking glass.

***A poem by Brenda Ciardiello, February 2021, inspired by
VNRA, #125 (a toxic waterfall in a national recreation area)
by Robert Glenn Ketchum***

