

Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities

Volume 5

Article 39

2023

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Recommended Citation

Love, Sasha (2023) "Poem Water," *Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities*: Vol. 5, Article 39.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/rwc/vol5/iss1/39>

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Poem Water

by Sasha Love

Long waves of heat made the world hum in a sweltering drone of summer. The warmth seeped through your blood until you were a lethargic soup more than eager to bow down to scarce shade. Hiking, we were, if I can remember past the haze, legs now nothing but boiling spaghetti as beads of sweat lurked from even the most obscure nooks of our persona. Reaching a rock we sat on piercing heat—scaring your tender skin

Thankfully, there was a small pond— if it was big enough to even be called such— created by the reluctant drip of a creek above. Mud boiled up as we immersed weary feet in the cramped water pit. Like hippos relishing the last of a comfortable life— at a time of year that *must* be the end of summer. Wiggling toes in the gargling sludge... and we were laughing in an echo of delight deeply submerged in weary fatigue. Our giggles were an abrupt and childish language, hitch-hiking along sluggish heat waves still flowing through us. What we were laughing at, not even the subjects themselves could answer, but the electrons inside of us would not stop buzzing in giddiness.

There was a time like a dream... that came and went that day. When I put my— loose fingers out to catch the falling droplets, and they sang in my hand a simple song. Springing in joy, giving solace to any wandering thoughts as they fell. Precisely in tune to the beat of a natural metronome. A rough but gentle palm bore a connection so strong that the scene around was rightfully blurred. Carefully, as curvature came to a close in a single thirsty droplet ready to fall, I traced my finger along its edge and it danced to my command in fragile gestures of polarity. I controlled the summer stream at the tip of my finger and I danced to the water's movement like a snake charmer with a *hypnotized beast*.

But we counted on chaos and we desperately wanted our feet to be swept from underneath us; boy adventure was growing on us! Adolescence of the storm. And Fall was what we prayed for. Pattering rain sliding off the giant maple leaves that grew in our imaginations before they grew beside the creek...

But sure enough they did spring from the true branches soon enough.

Soft showers that slid down our greasy hair fell well after the heavy hand of school plucked us from our respective happy places. As we were brainwashed, the rain made us remember more...

Tucked behind a log. We spoke peacefully about none of anything that anyone would ever say mattered...

But that was okay.

Frogs we were, soon enough. Absorbing rain through our skin as the rainforest grew temperate. Sometimes, on our way up to the Falls we would stop for nothing, but we would always learn something. Sometimes, we would pause to let a weary drop slide off a heavy branch. It would hang- suspended until a sudden shift of wind, or quake of the earth, or nothing anyone would know, made the drop let go and gracefully plummet to our expecting tongue. Thirsty we were to stay, and the fleeting moments could never wet our tongues enough.

Banana slugs suctioned to soft sopping pine needles- and left a trail of shimmering magic that I've never seen any leprechaun carry. Despite some squealing I led my own children to the falls. Up rotting and sprouting logs, and over mossy boulders until the rush of the falls was at our weak fingertips. Holding open palms to a gushing flow, our small hands were pounded by the sheer water, that numbed my arms with such cold force. Spring from the sides of the gushing steam were bullets of life shooting into giggling faces greedy with youth. A plethora of opportunity sprung and the holy water, it was the only bath that ever refreshed me.

Nothing could be heard above the harmonious falls, and when we left... the echo could never leave my mind. A memory I want to crawl back into when language and numbers float weakly and meaninglessly through short-lived soundwaves. A memory that stains your bustling mind with a refuge of life, all life that came to the stream that day, that drank from the stream that day, that lived from the stream that day.

"And don't you know, child, that summer is just around the corner, don't you know of barren desert lands that crack under pressure".

"Well don't you know Mr. grown-up, don't you know the world is never over; someday it will rain again. The Fountain of Youth is always there if we fight for it, the children never doubted it, did they."