

T H O M A S L O C K E R

# Water Dance





SOME PEOPLE SAY that I am one thing.

Others say that I am many.

Ever since the world began

I have been moving in an endless circle.

Sometimes I fall from the sky.

*I am the rain.*

Sometimes I cascade.

I tumble

down,

down,

over the moss-covered rocks,

through the forest shadows.

*I am the mountain stream.*

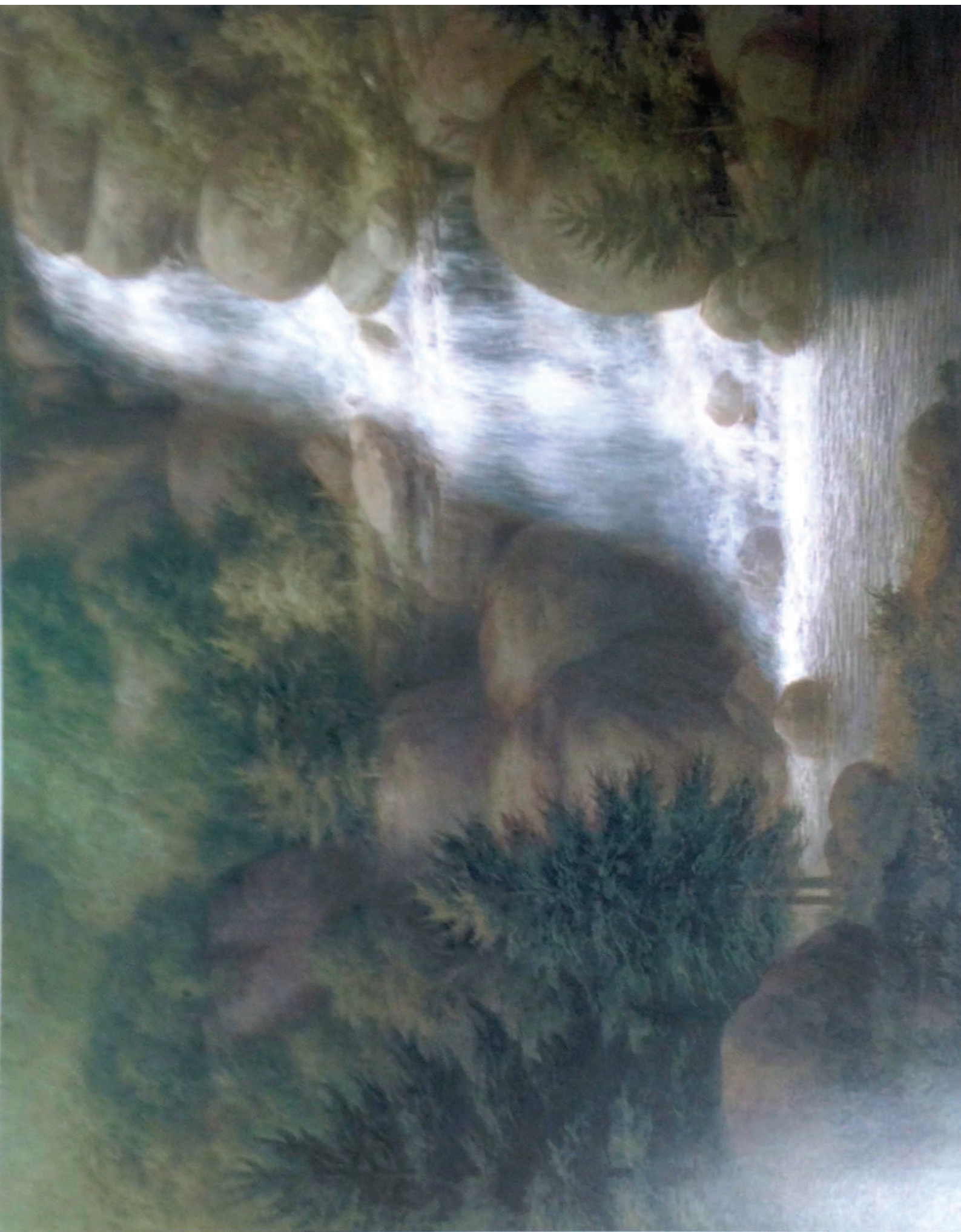


At the foot of the mountains,  
I leap from a stone cliff.

Spiraling.

Plunging.

*I am the waterfall.*



In the shadows of the mountain,

I am still and deep.

I fill

and overflow.

*I am the lake.*





I wind through broad, golden valleys  
joined by streams,  
joined by creeks.

I grow ever wider,  
broader and deeper.

*I am the river.*



I pass through a gateway  
of high stone palisades,  
leaving the land behind.

Cool silver moonlight  
sparkles and dances  
on my waves.

*I am the sea.*



Drawn upward  
by warm sunlight,  
in white-silver veils  
I rise into the air.  
I disappear.  
*I am the mist.*

