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Composition

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The Miracle of the Spring

1

If I follow a white cloud,
one white cloud in a blue sky,
perhaps I'll find the place
where water waits.

Or maybe the cactus wren
who drinks from white blossom,
will show me where
the flower of water opens.

If I sip the burning air
as if it were a question
perhaps I'll learn to taste
the smell of water.

At night the brilliant stars
are raindrops in heaven.
Each of them ready to fall
as the light of water.

2

In the bed of a dried-up river
I found a broken boat
swept away by floods
and stranded there.

Today I'll repair its hull
and heal the gash
where its floating
was eaten by a stone.

Tonight I'll make an oar
from a desert tree
and row myself to sleep
by following a star.

Tomorrow I'll drift on a lake
and go wherever I'm taken
until in the end I find
the source of the spring.

3

The desert opens its mouth
to sing of water,
as if the sand was asking
to be a beach.

Once, a lake was here:
under the surface are fish
made out of stone,
but still swimming.

Go down deep enough,
and you'll find the place
where a wave
is waiting to break.

Under our feet is a sea,
I feel it call in my blood
as if I were a fish
who longed for the ocean.

4

I went to the desert
because I was so dry
I knew the sand and rock
would be like my skin.

I came to the desert
because I wanted to taste
water that fell as rain
where the light was young.

I stayed in the desert
because I learned its name
was a drop which washed me
clear of all my days.

I became the desert
because I wanted you to come
and let me show you
what it means to drink.

5

Under these rocks
I hear the voice of water
speaking a cool language
beneath these scorching stones.

The soft voice of water
asking if I am thirsty,
how can it know I am dry
as an autumn leaf?

O water rush to touch me,
gush and dash in streams.
O let me hear the tears
a mountain cries.

O water speak to me now
and I'll listen by drinking.
O let the voice of water
sing in my mouth!