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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!