Spring

the way that can be named

is not the way

but the way that cannot be named

is not the only way

as the end of winter approaches

my eyes open wider

i can feel things waiting

to be born

water passes through me

and there is always more

water wants to be with water

it flows downhill, because it knows

this is where all things meet

water will pass through things

will seek its depth

and i want to be there

i have taken the way

that cannot be named

and named it

in summer

green will weigh lightly on the world

the river will seek calm

you may say

that if i have named it

it cannot be the way

that defies naming

even so

i have named it

i call it Water