

Gilles Hosch

Ode to water

I am water. I am life.

I go by many names and am thus known to all.
Вода, Agua, Wasser, Paanee, Vatn, Vai, Ma'an, Shui.

I am the beginning and I am the end.
There is no You without me. Most of you is actually me.

Mother Earth and I are one. It's a rhapsody in blue.
I am her daughter and I am her face!

I am cardiovascular.
My springs, my brooks, my rivers and streams irrigate Earth to carry my lifeblood.

I rise as vapour and I fall as rain.
My cycles embody the breathing of Earth.

I flow. I move. I shake. With Wind as my companion,
I sculpt the valleys and spawn the mountains.

The gas of life and the light of the sun mingle with me.
Through photosynthesis we swing and nurture the air.

I am a mother, I am a womb, I am the egg.
My rivers and oceans teem with the living. I bore the spark!

On land, I rise inside trees and descend into soil.
I seek out the seeds to instil them with life.

I freeze. I am snow. I am ice. I sparkle, I twinkle and glitter.
Like the father, the son and the spirit, I am a solid, a liquid, a gas.

I am time. The water in my rivers is the first and the last.
The first of that inbound, the last of that gone by.

I am history. My glaciers encapsulate eons.
You drill for my cores seeking tales of Mother's moods past.

I call the Ocean my home. Most of me is here.
I am salty – it's a love affair.

I cool and I warm,
Following the whirls of the Sun and rotation of Earth.

I am a hunter. I predate.
My oceans trap heat and take it below. Climate is mine to rule!

I am fuel. My H and my O both pack a punch.
I drive tropical cyclones; soon cars will be me!

You may call me Miss Trade Routes.
Like giants, my seven seas carry world trade on their shoulders.

I am a commodity; I am traded too.
As goods I travel in tanks, and barrels, and bottles, and cans.

Don't come to me unprepared, for I am devastation!
My tsunamis deliver the power of doom vested in me.

I am a tomb. I corrected and re-corrected your boldness for ages.
The darkness of my oceans abounds with your sunken ships and corpses.

I am a victim of rape. Your effluents are pumped into me – relentlessly.
It hurts! I can't breathe! Let go of me!

I am your bottomless toilet.
I am choking on the rubbish you dump into me.

My oceans are stains of human greed and sorrow.
With impunity you plunder, enslave, and you kill; your own – and all that is in me.

Though freely available, and a portion of life,
To your barons I am naught but money, money, and yet more money.

I am twisted into a tool of inequality and war.
Those denied access to me must rise and fight... or glumly expire.

Many lived without love but none without me.
Your children, your pets, the air that you breathe,
The flowers you gift, and the food you consume,
The very body you inhabit – your soft transient shell,
Are all made of me, and me, and more of me.

I am water.
As Mother and Medium,
I flow – I provide – and I catalyse.
Beware the day when I must sneeze.