

Sound II in Winchester Cathedral

A handful of water deserves
Rapt contemplation.
It is the nursery of life –
Its amniotic cradle
And sustainer still.

But however lucent,
The attempt to withhold it
Both denies its purpose
And property – it cannot
Live and be still.

The allure is within
Each present droplet as it
Falls,
Flashing,
Momentarily
Prismatic
In perpetual
Light.

Stilled

In dissolution,
Indistinguishable
In the pool, except
By God who delights
In its brilliant journey –
Still.