



A Glass of Water

Here is a glass of water from my well.
It tastes of rock and root and earth and rain ;
It is the best I have, my only spell,
And it is cold, and better than champagne.
Perhaps someone will pass this house one day
To drink, and be restored, and go his way.
Someone in dark confusion as I was
When I drank down cold water in a glass,
Drank a transparent health to keep me sane,
After the bitter mood had gone again.

May Sarton (1912-1995)

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