

## *In the Garden*

## *In Deep Water*

I'M a water molecule  
In a far from tiny pool:  
Many billion chaps like me,  
Failing wetly to agree  
Who shall be the next to fly  
Through the fountain to the sky,  
Glinting gladly, briefly freed  
From the silt and tangled weed –  
Adding splashy, peaceful noise  
To the prospect's tranquil joys;  
Sunshine-dancing, having fun.  
But the journey's scarce begun,  
When we're landing, playing rain,  
Sparkle-sprinkle, back again.

It could be I'll never fly  
Through the fountain to the sky:  
Odds against my cue for song  
Would appear extremely long.  
Suppose instead that Fate's decreed,  
"Stay for ever with the weed. . ."

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