

Idle Thoughts

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. . ."
