

Hope Like Water

by Jessica Arms

It falls straight through our cracked fingers
too thin to grasp

It drifts into shallow rivers
without even saying
goodbye

It runs down dark drains so
fast we let it float away

We hold it in our drowning hearts

It spills out through our crying
eyes

We conceal it all too much
in tattered plastic bottles

At the days end, we can't seem to find
any no matter how parched we are.