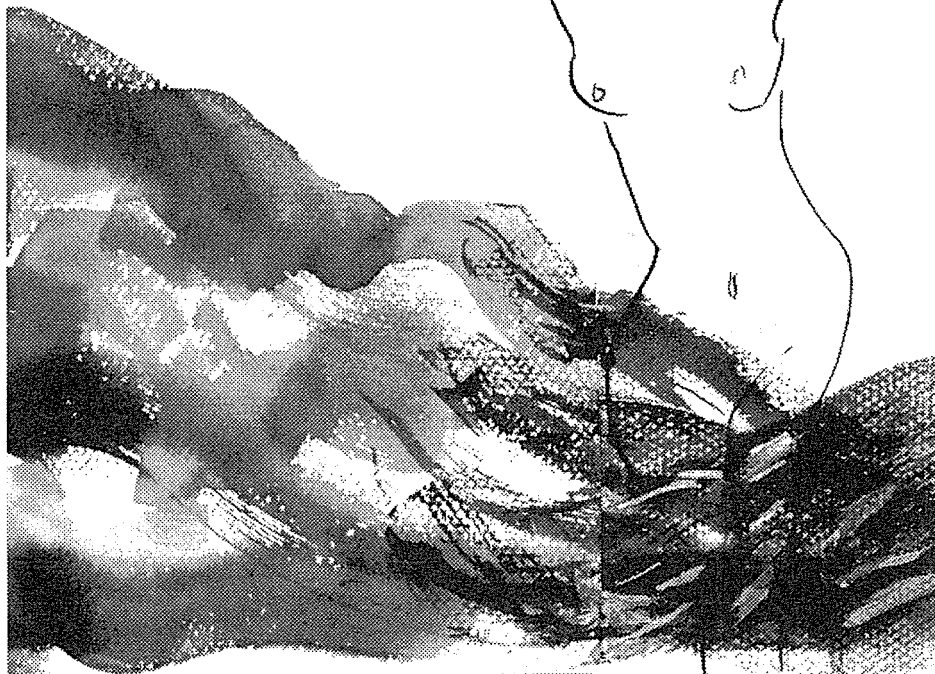


Water Breaking

The way water breaks
and is pure white
we fall and break and
here our innocence is:

we are crying like the child
we have tried to leave
who will never leave

who thank goodness is goodness
and when seen like broken water
in keen light is loved.



Poem: Dinah Hawken / Illustration: Milena Mirabella