



One Lone Aquifer's Life
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My life is humble
As water molecules I flow tortuous paths past grains of sand
I weave my way from the uplands towards a glorious river

Along my journey, I am joined by other brethren
They trickle down from above
They started as rain or snow and braved the dryness of the vadose zone
I should be glad to commingle them
Together we can push faster to that glorious river –
where we can run free and unencumbered

But there is something wrong with this water from above
It is tainted and caustic
It reeks of toxic chemicals

These toxic hitchhikers quickly disperse throughout my family of water
Their stain spreads out like ink drops on a wet paper towel
They smear themselves on innocent water molecules –
and on every sand grain they touch

Where is this evil tide coming from?
How can you mistreat a humble aquifer so?
I am an innocent aquifer
A giver of life
I could nurture your gardens
I could quench your thirst

Stop this insult
Clean me
Heal me
I want to reach the mighty Columbia
Clean, pure, and whole
Swirling into that glorious river