



The Water Remembers

*Before you speak,
the water already knows.*

*It read the tension
in your shoulders,
smoothed the crease
behind your knee,
nudged the thought
you hadn't said aloud.*

*It noticed
where your breath caught.*

Held it.

Let it go.

*You enter,
and the water
opens its archive:
of swims and stumbles,
first strokes,
slipped laughter,
the way a pebble sounds
underfoot in early spring.*

*You do not need
to see it.*

*The water is memory,
touch-translated.*

*Today,
it learns you again.*

*And calls you
by feel.*