

Water Stone

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A small translucent stone with water a million years old
trapped inside like a bubble, a liquid core purer, we think,
than any water now could be—rainwater, spring water,

water from the depths of lakes or seas. We hold it up
to the light, turn it, look inside as if we can see the water then,
though what we see is all but clear. Consider if this stone

were found by a man desperate with thirst, so precious
a stone he would die for lack of what it holds. Imagine
him, knowing its age, breaking it open to drink.