

## **A Doe Comes to Water**

In my mind are mountains  
And a lake is my soul  
And like a child I cry  
Walking the city's  
Rain-slicked streets.

She came to water,  
Drank deeply,  
And when I tried to touch her,  
She ran away.

Now the waters have turned murky—  
Pollution from the factory upstream—  
And she does not come here anymore.  
Instead there are dead fish  
Which float belly up  
Smiling at me.

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