

The Water Carrier

Ian Anderson

Crystal fountain springing from the hill.
It irrigates your soul. You may drink your fill.
Water of life, carried high.
One hand upon the gallon jar. Feel her fix my eye.

Every good traveller's for the taking.
All good money for the making.
Seller's market: wet appeal.
Water carrier - let's make the deal.

Covered face and black pool eyes.
Between us, no words spoken: no words to the wise.
Here's to another time and a drink somewhere.
Plush on a Nain carpet; on a café chair.