

## The Tap and the Showerhead

the tap and the showerhead mark the end of my knowledge of water

a spigot revolves

water appears

a mechanism as intuitive as that of a gumball machine in the supermarket's breezeway

beyond that spigot is an unknowable mass of piping and hydraulics and aquifers  
(whatever they are)

and filtration and chlorination and

any number of other “-ations” over which one rarely loses sleep

by some means, the water is collected

and purified

and sent through rifled chambers older than our grandparents

until it cascades

spent

into a waiting glass of ice

or

splashes onto clasping hands,

or

slips out of existence and slithers down the drain

as a towering god

waits for the stream to cool

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three days

is how long a person can survive without water

(though frankly

the last two are unpleasant)

ancient cities map perfectly to the locations of rivers and seas

a treatise etched in ruins

on the importance of one particular resource above the others

perhaps an ancestor of yours in Sumeria cried out in thirst --

perhaps they fell to their knees and waited

for rain that never came.