Poems and Prose for Waters Breathe, Too: An Anthology

Echoes of Water: An Anthology - Audacy/Caden

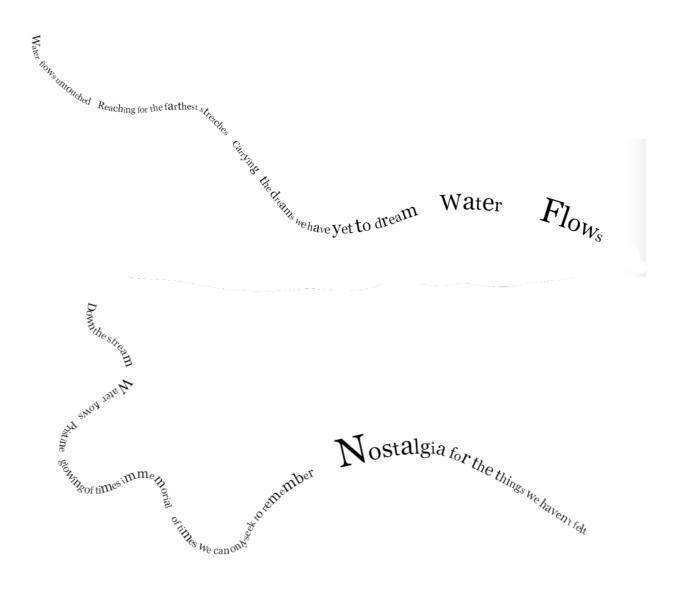
She's dreamt of the Yellow River's purity longing for its unsullied grace (AM) Amidst Glasgow's shipyard, tales unfold Of water's industry & cultural embrace (BC) The Ocean baptizes Liberia's daughter Rivers tracing her childhood years (AS) Jamaican waves inspire independence A story of swimming & overcoming fears (CD) The mural protest's water's plight A plea to safeguard nature's might (ER) Indian waters speak tales divine Blending faith & reverence in each sacred line (EB) Santa Monica's hues fade from sight Urging for a future of unpolluted delight (EZ) Dr. Alex reveals water's scarcity A seamless continuum, uniting past present & future in its clarity (GF)

Unreliable tunnels in Afghanistan, less water for drinking, bathing, and irrigation (TS) Standing on the edge of a cliff looking for hope (SL) The lake and the mountains of the Kinneret, forever contrasted (ST)

The Past - Gustavo

Down the stream Water flows Pristine glowing of times immemorial of times we can only seek to remember Nostalgia for the things we haven't felt Water flows untouched Reaching for the farthest stretches Carrying the dreams we have yet to dream Water Flows

Visual Poetry - Gustavo



The Present - Maytal

Once there was only a fish Once there was only a fish in the sea he decided to swim off and see what lies ahead as he swam he felt a fin and another and another and another till he was swimming with a school of fish Terry Larry Allie Sally and many more he met the farther he swam. One day on his way to Terry he bumped into a glass bottle confused and hurt he asked for its name but got nothing what a shame he thought and continued but couldn't find Terry wanted to swim to Larry but only found a plastic bag so he looked for Allie but only found some old rag Sally! he called out no one answered. Once there was only a fish in a pile of trash he once called home

The Future - Triona

Standing on the precipice of hope you ask me if I dare to jump and trust in the water below to catch my fall.

I do not need to trust, I say, for I have seen the water there, cleansed it with my own two hands alongside all the others whose labor has together brought the river's return.

I jump not in faith that the water will always flow unaided, but in the knowledge that we will carry on the work that keeps it flowing.

Blackout poetry by Triona

https://abcnews.go.com/US/map-ongoing-water-crises-happening-us-now/story?id=89454219

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https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC8191619/

Regarding water	impacts	
could be classified in the	category	
birth	mortality	health
life	लिए	