Meditations on a Tear Drop
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somewhere in my mind
a faucet drips on in
endless repetition,
each water drop
a bursting liquid prism
containing the entire
spectrum of light.

I hear it, and wonder at
the torment this one
small sound evokes;

the wastefulness: (my god,
how we squander this
precious elemental resource);
the corrosiveness: (will
a hole be worn in
immutable porcelain);
the invasiveness: (oh lord,
how I strain not to notice
the drop which follows this one).

And the water, itself
an encapsulated world,
destroyed and endlessly
created anew;
what becomes of its
inner-rainbow-essence
when it is tumbled to
its dissolution?

Do tiny brilliant shards
of light huddle in
sharpened bundles, clinging
in desperation
to the slimy gullet of
the drain?