

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## *The goddess who can evaporate*

By Marge Piercy

Water, water—substance of which  
I am mostly made. Always people  
complain there is too much of you  
or too little. We need you but take

you for granted like air or dirt. You  
flow downhill, even as the Romans  
understood, for miles with the slightest  
inclination rushing over aqueducts.

I immerse in you each morning, some  
times later after getting dirty, muddy,  
sweaty, smelly. You make me clean,  
sufficient to draw lips to my skin.

You freeze hard enough to walk on  
hard enough to crush a house.  
You turn into bullets of hail. You  
entice us to glide bladed over you.

You look blue, you look green, grey,  
brown, even black—but unless you  
bear debris, a glassful is transparent  
as glass. The mother of us all, we

are not precious to you but you  
should be to us. Without you in us  
we die. With you all around us, we  
die. You are the goddess who gives

and takes with many hands reaching  
up, reaching down, held straight out:  
I don't know why people worship old  
men with beards instead of you.