

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **Woodland Water**

By Connemara Wadsworth

Scattered springs beneath loose leaves  
earth-chilled pure clear  
as glass I reach my hands slowly  
so as not to waken its mud basin  
to sip this given life  
as droplets slip between my fingers  
how long did it take humans  
to put words to such substance  
how long will it take to save it