



For The Estuarians At the Millennium

**Gathering at an estuary, the ultimate
transition between worlds**

**Not long ago the everchange sea
Gave Water to the insubstantial sky**

**And sky made a cloudworld
Lifted by the wings of gulls.
Evanescent cloud gave Water
to bounded and gravitied land
confined it crooked
taught it limits
Called it "River."
Imprisoned it
With boundaries of name and
form**

**Until, dreaming that true nature
Without limitation
Water returns to sea and no eye
is quick enough to see that
moment of liberation when River
becomes again the boundless sea.**
