

Recycled

The glass of water you're about to drink
Deserves a second thought, I think.
For Avogadro, oceans and those you follow
Are all involved in every swallow.
The molecules of water in a single glass
In number, at least five times, outclass
The glasses of water in stream and sea,
Or wherever else that water can be.
The water in you is between and betwixt,
And having traversed is thoroughly mixed,
So someone quenching a future thirst
Could easily drink what you drank first!
The water you are about to taste
No doubt represents a bit of waste
From prehistoric beast and bird
A notion you may find absurd.
The fountain spraying in the park
Could well spout bits of Joan of Arc,
Or Adam, Eve, and all their kin;
You'd be ùa surprised where your drink has been!
Just think! The water you cannot retain
Will some day hence return as rain,
Or be held as the purest dew.
Though long ago it passed through you!

Written by Verne N. Rockcastle