

# San Pedro River Review

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## Waste Water

I wide-open the faucet in the bathroom sink—  
so much corralled wetness gurgling  
the drain, while I wait for steamy tendrils.

My dry glaucoma eyes seek that heat  
to open morning tear ducts, prepare  
for culprits— dust, pollen, glaggy breezes.

Growing up rural, I never worried a thought  
for an open facet. Water was everywhere.  
Everyone drank from well, spring, water hose,  
doused themselves in creek and lake,

occasionally the river, never a care  
or caution for chemicals, only silk  
against skin, revival of our tongues.

Occasionally my son will remind me  
he and his generation are the last  
to drink in the wild, in the next breath

god-awfuls| the day when his children  
and grandchildren will open a tap,  
and naught but silt will sludge  
itself into their thirsty cups.

I berate myself for not collecting  
the excess water from this morning's  
ablution, use it to water drought-stricken  
birds, honeybees, my death's-door garden.