

Water and Stone

Water and Stone told the story alternately. And the stone was me. It first glided my sight as I peered between the waves and noticed a whitish mass, glittering on the reef, not far away from where I was sitting. Water's waves poured over the stone and I could feel what the stone felt. A friend, the Water, reached toward him in uneven waves, started with a gentle sprinkle, followed by warm hugs. Her first sprinkle was in attempt to let him know she was coming. She knew his time went on much slower than hers, and she thought he was a hero, insisting, motionless, on single huge rock on the beach. Always in the same spot, waiting for her to come back.

"Hey! Hey friend," she called the Stone. He heard her weakly. "Look, I came back," and her drops awakened him, and sprang him with joy. Slowly, slowly the Water began to raise more towards the Stone that he was, and together they quietly indulged as she caressed him with her waves. The Water was rising steadily but slowly and nothing could disturb her game.

As the Stone disappeared in the waves and silence arose, Water began to speak: "I was far away friend, but I didn't forget about you." "I'm glad you came," he replied while the Water shared her softness with him. "It's very lively around you today," she said playfully, whirling around her friend. "You know what I am like, I didn't notice..." "Were you dreaming again?" "I always dream, I can't resist it. I really wish to become something ..." "Come on, snap out of it for a moment. That dream won't go anywhere! Look how nice everything is around here." "I know about the things around. I hung out with the Sun earlier," the Stone replied. "It caressed everyone here, since it showed up with the Light that came along. They are strong and powerful these days. But sometimes they come barely perceptible... I didn't figure it out just yet."

Water laughed and assured him, he once will. She also liked playing with the Sun: "I couldn't go anywhere without it. I can't move anywhere without the Sun, you know?" "Well, I don't remember what it feels like to move. And the Sun nor the Light can't help me with this. And, where is this Anywhere you are talking about all the time?" "The stone couldn't understand and whispered: "If I could only understand this Anywhere thing." A strong desire grew inside him.

Water was obviously having fun: "Come on, but who says you can't go anywhere? Yet you came from Somewhere, that could be Anywhere, obviously. And you probably know already Everything about it. I am sure you will understand soon. Just think about it. You couldn't just come out of Nowhere." "I don't remember well, where I came from. I am very old you know? It's been so long. I've been Somewhere, though. If I remember correctly, you were the one that threw me on this reef! You know, I've been angry with you for a long time. I was perfectly ok down there. It's your fault I had to get used to all these new things: the Sun, the Wind, the Voices, oh these innumerable Voices. But I got used to it, what else was left for me? I am still here. Well, I'm not angry at you anymore. But I was very afraid that you won't be able to come and talk to me again." The water hugged the moaning Stone gently: "Well. You have dreamed a long time to go Elsewhere, I just wanted to help you. Now I can no longer bring you back to where you were. You know how long I've been trying to do so." "I know, I know, it is okay, don't worry, I'm fine." The Stone tried to squeeze closer to her. He really didn't know how to move, but the thought of moving kept him going with Hope, stronger than anything he ever felt.

"I like playing with your visitors," the Water told her friend. "As soon as they come close to me, I immediately hug them, they can't resist my gentle touch," she felt proud. "I like to spray them with drops, especially the little ones. They sound so pleasant when I spray their face," the water began describing to the Stone, to him an unimaginable adventure. She liked to brag about her abilities, and everything stopped and listened when she did so: "I can fly the Clouds and it is so

fun to guess where I will drop next. You know, one time I fell on a leaf and manage to hang on, until another drop fell on the same leaf. And then we held strongly together as we started falling onto another leaf. All the way down we were jumping from one leaf to another. Other drops joined us and we grabbed some others that were hanging from the leaves below. It was such fun, I can't really explain. Well, we separated eventually. That was also funny. Most of the time, I drop right here, into the ocean, where we are right now. I like hanging out with you. Can you imagine, that Everything you see here is your family, and mine. My family of water is huge and we spend a lot of time here in these Ocean, dripping from one Sea to another. A small fraction of drops will go out today. Maybe I will arise today. I can never tell. It just happens and it could happen right now." "I know, dear Water. I am happy that when you mostly drain away, you always leave a few drops with me." "Really?" she got interested, and replied: "I didn't know that." "Yes, every time. They are like your little ones who stay behind and continue on their own when the Sun calls them. Or maybe it's the Light? I am not sure about that yet!" "Really?" she asked, even more puzzled. "Really, but I don't know where they're going, don't ask me that. I don't know, no, not yet. Maybe the Sun knows, it is the one that eventually attracts them," the Stone concluded quietly and felt a bit sad, he had no smart answer to give her. He decided he'll think about it. She was his best friend and he missed her terribly when she was gone. And when the Water traveled out there in the Nowhere, Elsewhere or Everywhere, that's when the Stone daydreamed about what he may once become. He wondered if he may once be more than just an ordinary stone. Daydreaming gave him hope for the incoming times, and he patiently measured the given time from one dream to another. In between he was mostly visited by the Sun and the Moon, which came in the company of light. Water regularly came back to caress the lonely Stone and tell the stories she lived.

She told him, she once encountered a Stone that was able to hold water very tightly in his arms for a long, long time, and the water never stopped passing by. "Oh, what a stone!" exhaled her friend and she kept going. "One stone I've met," she said, "forced himself to be knocked away from mother cliff he was hanging from. It happened in the moment I came to hug him. He rolled over and I grasped to hang on. We rolled downhill until we were stopped by a tree. I bounced off that stone and eventually I got sucked into a tiny seed and had to wake it up from his winter sleep. It was very exciting, you know!" The stone envied her, her narrated skills. He wanted to be a rock that she rolls down the cliff with. He wanted to wake up life in seeds, but didn't know how. He wished to be blown like the droplets of water, into the Light and Sun. But he was too heavy and he didn't even knew how to move. He could only daydream about those things. It made him sad, when he was thinking too much, so he would rather daydream and imagine what he could become.

"I can only wait and wait," he sometimes complained to the Water. "I am jealous of your skills," he said out loud. She just smiled and said, "Come on, you, jealous of me, my skills? You don't even know how many times I wanted to be more like you? Sitting motionless, daydreaming all the time?" "I don't understand you Water. How can you envy me? When you have so much power, more than anyone I know. You can go Everywhere, you know Everything, and there is Nothing able to thrive without You! And I think you really keep everything together." "You know, my dearest stone," she held him gently, "It's not that easy to be water. Of course I can move, but I do not control my movements. If the Sun calls me, I have to go. If a Flower needs me I have to stop. I envy you time for daydreaming, my love." "You envy me the time I have for daydreaming?" asked the Stone and tried to imagine being unable to do it. He thought that was all he actually knew and realized that he was nothing if someone would take this power away from him. "Well, I would have a hard time giving it up," he concluded. "I know," she said, "that is why you're a rock. You are built of Patience that I am not capable of. That's why I admire you, my lovely Stone." "I really learned to be patient, that is so true!" he commended, and the Water added: "I don't have much patience. I don't know how to stand still. Something inside me always drives me on and on." "Will you leave again?" the Stone trembled. "You know I will." "Will you

come back?" "You know I will." "I know, I know, and you know I'll wait patiently." "Of course I know..."

She had to go, like she always did. And, as always, she left tiny droplets behind, hanging of the Stone. He was left glittering until the Sun and the Light were in the sky. Most drops stayed over the night and hanged very gently onto him, while Dark had the power. The Stone would tell the drops all the stories that their mother, the Ocean would tell him. Baby drops held to a stone until the warmth would take them on their own adventures. The Sun would show again with certainty and allure the drops, unstoppably, to rise on its beams . While they were with the Stone, they caressed him, as he was patiently daydreaming of becoming something else.

"Maybe I can be a stone that holds water by itself. Maybe I can become a wall where I'll be with other stones, patiently and courageously keeping the soil in the garden, so Water and Wind would not carry it all away. Perhaps with a drop of water, I will majestically roll off the cliff and crash into a tree one day," he thought out loud, and the drops would listen. "Oh yes, of course I'll wait, till the end of times if I have to. I would wait even a bit longer, for something like this. Of course I would and I will because I can, because I'm an all mighty Stone! "

I left the brave Stone in his thoughts, and thought about the Water. She will come back soon, again to worship and nurse a lonely and patient Stone. She was rocking the waves gently and may not have been aware of the patience I've noticed. I saw her waiting patiently for the Moon to help her rise to kiss her friend, a Stone. Meanwhile she playfully sprayed the kids in their faces, and made them laugh. At the same time she could hold a man who was hovering on the surface of water and I saw her giving him the experience of levitation, for as long as he wished. Oh yes, she will wait patiently for the Sun to take her on a new adventure in a cloud. I know she will respond to a calling Seed and wait with him, so he can pour his life out of seed shelve, grow leaves and set her free again.

Yes, the water really connects everything to everything. And she likes telling stories to others, if they are willing to listen. If you do, listen to her, you will see how almighty she is and how there is nothing there, without her.

Before falling asleep in the evening, I walked to a secluded stone, that I shared thoughts with. I didn't want to upset him in his daydream, so I just laid another, smaller stone beside him. I drew a colorful flower on it with a chalk, and I whispered to the Stone: "Gemstone, thank you for the experience that I was able to feel through you. Thank you, now I know what patience means. Just dream and daydream, my new friend, the Gemstone. You know, the chalk I used to draw the flower with, too was once a stone. Dream on, dream on, there is much you can become. If you want it enough, so it will happen. "

I-Nat Espera Tree, March 2020