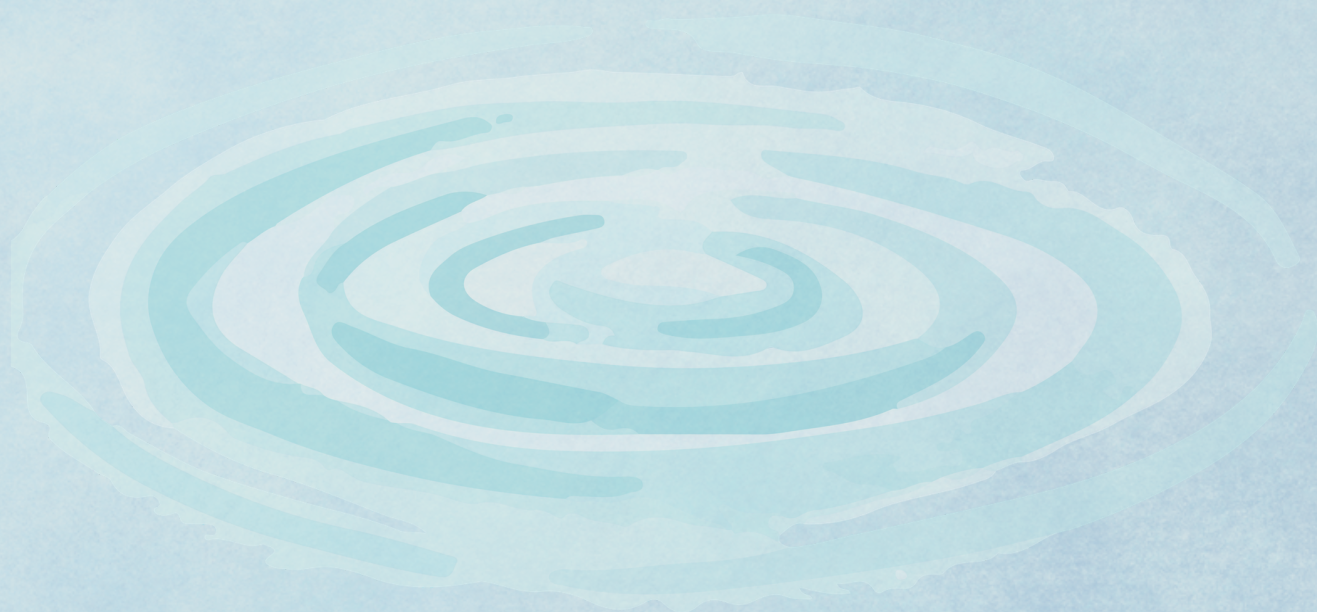


RE-ENCHANTMENT & GRATITUDE DAY

WATER

The Living Current



Flow • Kinship • Renewal



WILD NATURE HEART • JULY 2026

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*Intimacy with water
is a template for everything else.*



Wild Nature Heart

Gratitude Blessing

A Blessing for the Living Waters

Beloved Water, we love you

With this small offering
of words, breath, and attention,
may you receive our gratitude

We honor you as source,
as carrier,
as shapeshifter,
as kin

You are the condition
for the thriving of all life

You remind us that nothing lives alone,
that every body belongs
to the wider web of animacy

Beloved Water, we thank you

You hold the memories of Earth,
carry the past forward,
and teach the never-ending shapeshifting
of life

You teach us:

to soften what has gone rigid
to move with patience and persistence
to shimmer, spill, and begin again

May you be free from poison
May you be free from disrespect
May you be free to flow

May the beings, bodies, rivers, clouds, wetlands,
springs, seas, and hidden aquifers you nourish
continue to thrive

May we remember your sacredness

May we live in ways that remember

Beloved Water, thank you



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Citizens of Her Flow

This river will be here
long after the country
for which she is named
is lost to time

She is her own nation—
one for hearts
still learning the currents

In the headwaters, the pull begins

She sees the sea and commits

In the heartwaters, she finds her flow

She creates a new country
with turns and tides,
lows and wides

In the bellywaters,
she grows generous and swells

In the soulwaters, she remembers
stillness

When asked to which country
we belong

we said—

We're citizens of her flow.

—Ryan Van Lenning
from *Riverever*

"All the water that will ever be
is right now."
—National Geographic, 1993 Water Issue

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Reading the River

There is no need
to bring a book
when I visit
the Yuba River.

An abundant array
of fascinating,
lavishly illustrated
reading material
has already
been provided—

granite boulders
sculpted into
sensuous curves,

drifts of smooth,
multi-colored stones,

dragonflies glinting
green and blue
in the sun.

Some of the most
illuminating passages
are written
by the intricate,
ever-changing dance
of light and water—

endlessly engaging,
absorbing,
and intriguing.

I could read
the river for hours.

And I do!

—Kai Siedenbug,
Our Earth Connection

Flowing Water

Flowing down the riverway
I touch first one bank then the other
For nothing stays my course. I carve my way

Through hillside, valley, slowly gently moving.
Whatever shape I make in this I stay contained

But ever moving...
Moving on, restless sometimes: tumbling, cascading
In little waterfalls along the way.

Sometimes still and deep,
I settle in some cozy hollow

And rest peacefully, let other creatures live in this soft stillness.
Everywhere I appear different, everywhere
I change my shape and sound form
But never change the watery substance of my being.

All the rest is movement, flow and force.
My nature and my substance stays the same
And so my goal.

Nothing stops my flow towards the sea
Towards the great, encompassing Mother of my Being.

—Lorri Proctor



...then I recall what an elder said—
get down to the river and listen

stop your lists
your antics and bright aesthetics

open your ears
chip away

concrete is only as permanent
as we make-believe

it doesn't stand a chance
against this unstoppable flow

—Ryan Van Lenning
(From Yet the Water, in *Watershed*)

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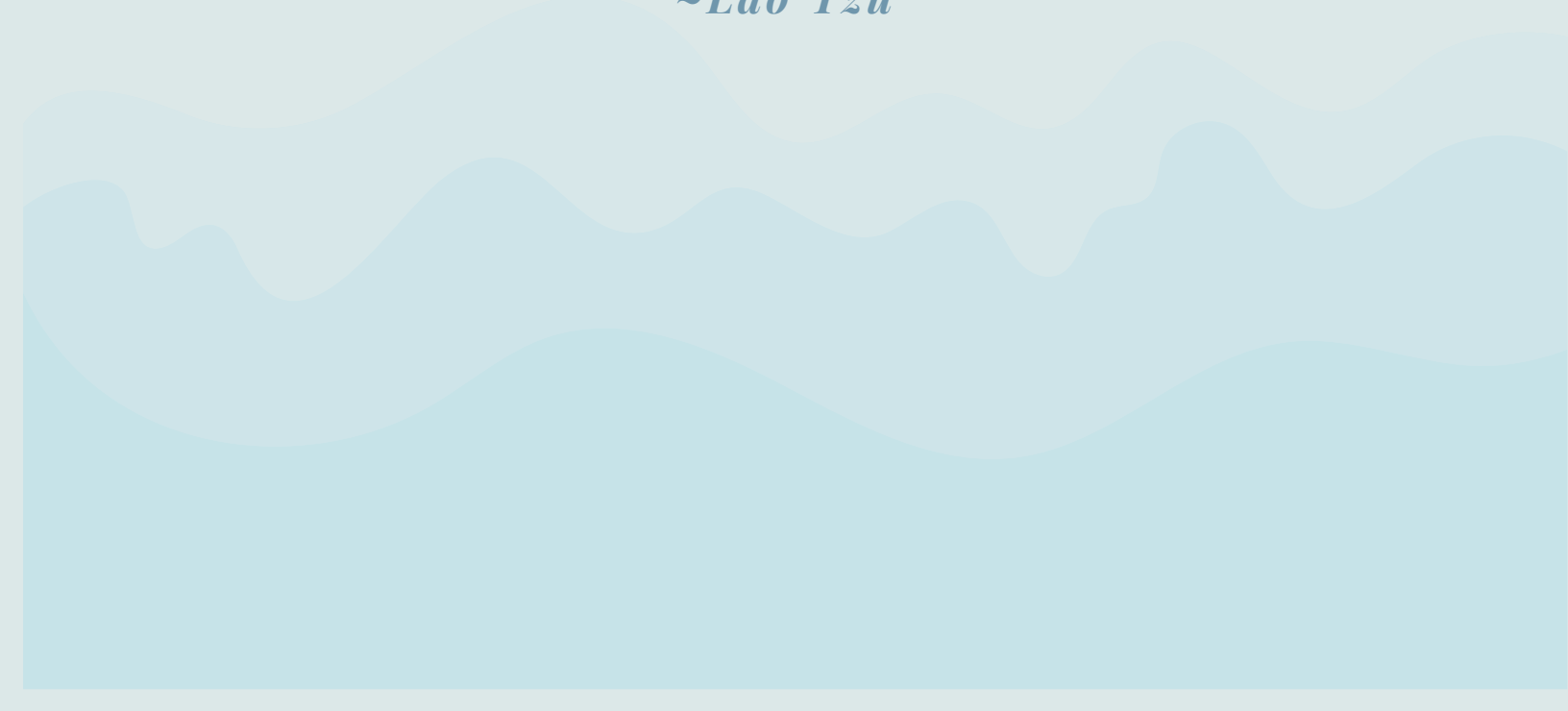
“Water is fluid, soft, and yielding.

*But water will wear away rock,
which is rigid and cannot yield.*

*As a rule, whatever is fluid, soft, and yielding
will overcome whatever is rigid and hard.*

*This is another paradox:
what is soft is strong.”*

~Lao Tzu

The bottom of the page features a series of overlapping, wavy, light blue shapes that resemble stylized waves or clouds, creating a decorative border.

Water Songs

Let Me Be Like Water

Lo Wolf

Oh, River

Mamuse

Findin' my way, findin' my way, findin' my way,

Findin' my way back home

Oh river, I feel you hear you callin' me

Oh river, who will I be when I reach the sea

I am home.

Bom-bi bits-a-bity-bita...

Read Me the River

Read me the river, my love
the part where it meets the sea

Where the heart undone seeks to be
meandered and slicked with longing, there—
let's have a great river affair

I kept my promise to start
where the crooked creek joins the flow
where herons hum their patient art
and owls chant the night so slow

The dark arrives, too dark to read
but I made a promise to my eyes
and I just may need your sight to see

So read me the river, my sweet
into the last of evening's light



Read me the riddled heart's great rage
for days like these the breeze is brave
and I can feel the coming wave
bright and strong and rolling through
that long quest released in you



Read me the name of river's root
where earth round and rich receives
the palm of sky and pulse of all
until all the tension is relieved

Read me the river, my love
the part where it meets the sea

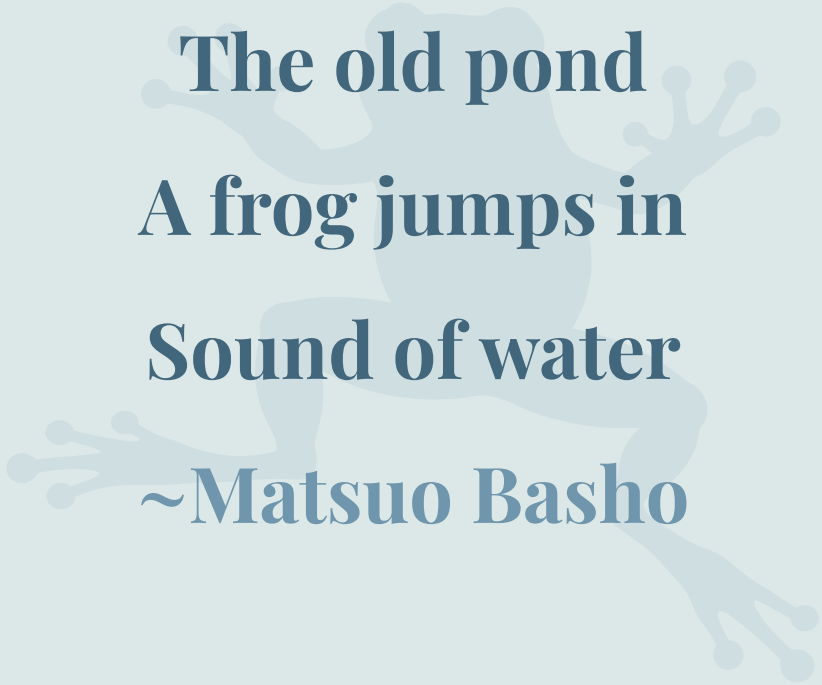
—Ryan Van Lenning

Water speaks
a thousand dialects

the bushbird hears it and hums harmony
the oak hears it and lifts a greenlit bough
the serene slug hears it and slimes its march
the newt hears it, a pilgrim by its meter

they've washed their ears clean with it
it's why they can sing along

from *Riverever*



**The old pond
A frog jumps in
Sound of water
~Matsuo Basho**

Wet

Imagine the curiosity of a raindrop
at the start of their pilgrimage
from inside a dark pregnant cloud

the ecstasy of being alive
and trying on new shapes
as acrobatic
experiments
in

wet-ness

the eagerness of growing down

but also the hidden terror

of

the

free

fall...

uncertain where
they might end up
or what their wet purpose is



Imagine them sharing
in the erotic wrestling of it

Or the play of that sweet surrender
to a trajectory of feeding life

with gratuitous beauty
a soft melody or driven rhythm

Imagine finally arriving
on a distant shore

so different than the house
they were born into

or the path they've been on
their entire life

Only to learn that the destiny
towards which gravity has flung them

is just the launching dock of a new path
among the silent, be-soiled ones

inward into textures so strange
to the touch

it draws them not just close to one other
but inside one another
encountering species of aliveness
about which
they've only heard rumors
such wild intimacies with micro-beasts
reaching out in the dark humus of it all—

What a delicious dark thriving
there must be in all this deep wet

What a delicious deep wet
there must be in all this dark thriving

—Ryan Van Lenning
from *From Inside These Wild Ones*



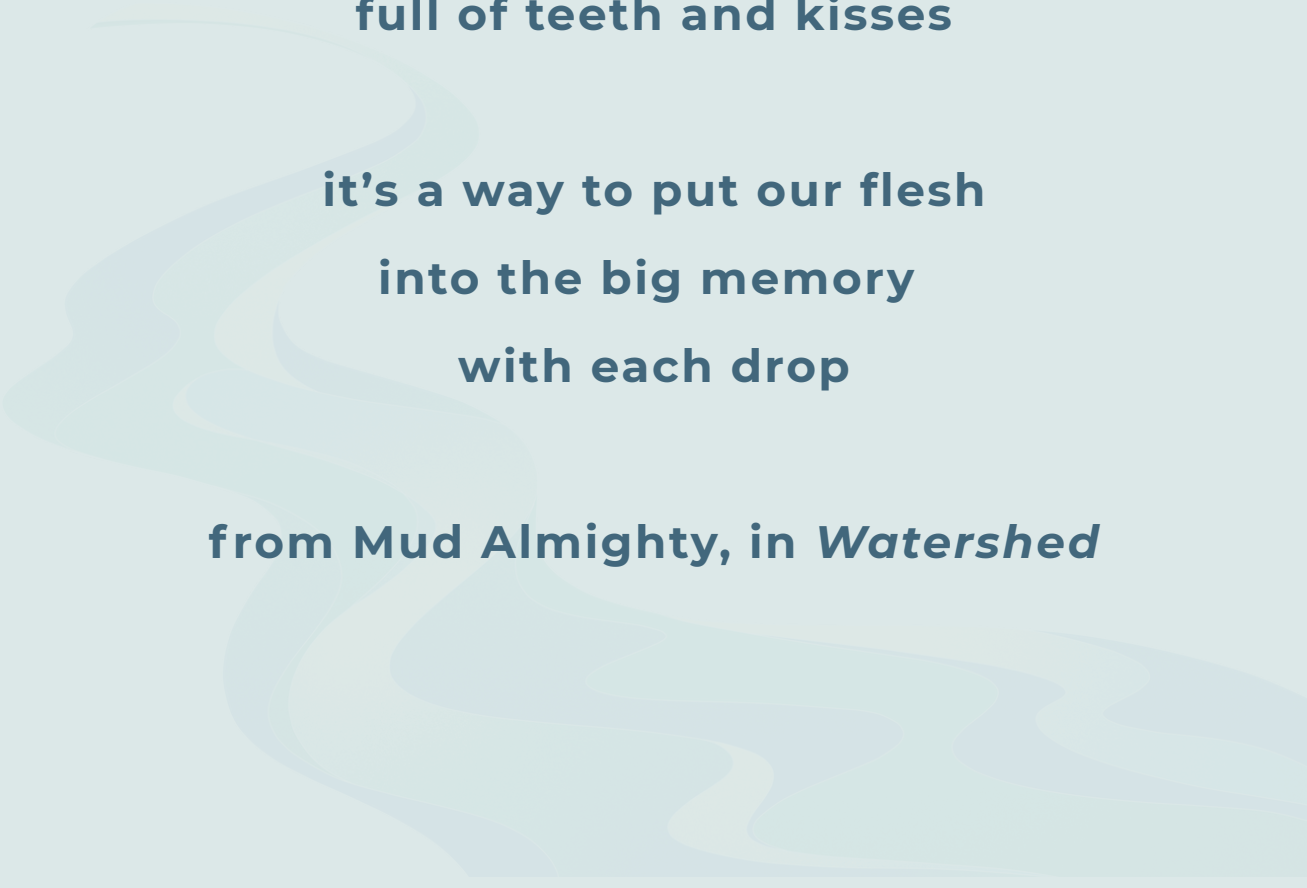
**where we're from
we walk barefoot in the rain**

**we know what water tastes like
when it's alive**

**soft rain, hard rain
even trickster rain
full of teeth and kisses**

**it's a way to put our flesh
into the big memory
with each drop**

from Mud Almighty, in *Watershed*

An abstract graphic consisting of several overlapping, wavy, horizontal bands of light blue and pale yellow-green, creating a sense of movement and depth, resembling a stylized landscape or water ripples.

She Had Me

“It’s not that cold,”
she said.

“It’ll feel so good,”
she said.

“You know you want it,”
she said.

“You won’t regret it.”

She had me
at the first “it.”

Before my mind
has time to decide,

my body
has already
said yes,

my clothes
are lying
in a happy jumble
on the stones,

and I have
entered into
her silky softness.

Her liquid embrace
envelops every inch
of my thirsty skin.

It’s not
that cold.

It does
feel good.

I do
want it.

I don’t
regret it.

Seduced again...
by the river.

—Kai Siedenburg

we stand not merely
on the shore of things
but in the flow of it

PRACTICE

Drink As Convergence

Before drinking water, pause. Remember the river-body, aquifer, cloud, snowfield, watershed, or municipal miracle that brought this sip to your mouth.

As you drink, feel the waters outside your body meeting the waters inside your body. Let one body of water join another.

Offer gratitude in your way.

Where does the water I drink come from, and where does it go after it leaves me?

(For a longer group version, see the [Water Shapeshifting Meditation here](#). Feel free to use or adapt as needed.)

PRACTICE - Water Love

These days I try not to start the day without remembering I am mostly water.

I rarely start heating mountain-spring water for my forest fresh tip tea without remembering my body is, by molecular count, nearly all H₂O.

I see morning dew drops on ponderosa pine needles through beautiful gelatinous globes of water I call eyes (98% water). The needles will begin carrying H₂O down through the mostly water trunk to the roots.

In addition, my 75%-water brain comes equipped with a miraculous mass of cells that specialize in visual processing. Which is another way to say, light and salt water playing at intimacy inside my body.

I like to keep a hundred million or so neurons (55% water) there to help my body touch the other parts of the world with light. Not only are they 55% water, but they absorb and release water when they relay electrical messages.

PRACTICE - Water Love

How they don't short-circuit in that environment I don't know. Maybe they are really micro-eels?

These days, I rarely take a sip of Water without saying 'I love you.' Sometimes silently. Sometimes vocally. Sometimes with a silly song.

Water smiles. Water in me smiles. I'm not so much 'taking' a sip, but giving a sip of one part of Water's body to another part of Water's body.

A tribute to every tributary.

I call it good manners.

I call it holy water joining holy water.

I call it altar to the tender pulse.

I call it being alive in the Mystery.

PRACTICE - Blessing & Listening

Bless the Flow

I like to do this as a first encounter, especially when I am meeting a new body of water.

Place your hands near or upon a body of water, where appropriate and respectful.

Silently or aloud, offer:

May you thrive.

May you be free from poison and disrespect.

May you flow where you need to flow

Sit and Listen

Go to water and practice not asking, naming, explaining, or taking. Simply listen. What does this water sound like? What does it stir in your body? Does it say anything? What might it be asking you to remember?

PRACTICE - Befriend Your Watershed

“The watershed is the first and last nation whose boundaries, though subtly shifting, are unarguable.”—Gary Snyder

Learn the name and shape of your watershed.

Where does your drinking water come from? Where does the rain that falls near you go? What creeks, storm drains, rivers, wetlands, and pipes are part of your daily life?

What is the feel of wild water vs treated water? What is the taste?

Spend some time both learning what you can about the flows in your bioregion. Start with finding the source of your tap water and go from there. Maybe you'll find yourself being called to learn not just *about* water, but also *from* water.

Knowing your place's flows and watershed can be a deep and meaningful way to cultivate belonging to place.

If you are in the United States, you can use this EPA resource [How's My Waterway](#), or the USGS' [Hydrological Units](#) to discover more about your watershed.



some watershed
remembering itself whole

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REFLECTIONS

Reflect or Journal:

Where have I become rigid, dammed, or over-contained?

Where is life asking me to flow?

What current am I resisting, and what current am I ready to trust?

Where am I trying to force a straight line where a meander is needed?

What offering of attention, gratitude, protection, or restraint can I give to the waters this month?

What tiny daily practice could become a creek through the stone?

FURTHER DOWNSTREAM

Carry the current forward

Name and befriend the waters that hold you.

Bless the water you drink.

Listen at the nearest edge.

Waste less. Protect more.

Let devotion become participation.

Protect the Waters

Support river protection organizations,
undamming efforts, watershed councils,
Indigenous-led #WaterBack, and campaigns to
stop destructive pipelines and mining.

Water Curiosities

Fun Facts About Water

The Incredible Water Molecule - Video

THE FLOW CONTINUES

If you feel called to stay with this current a little longer, these Wild Nature Heart spaces & creations flow from the same waters, where we continue practicing relationship with the living world and our next aligned turn.

A couple current & upcoming flows:

—Riverever, poems of river, belonging, and the living current, and Watershed, poems of grief, kinship, and return. Both available for pre-order now.

—Write Your Wild River: Part creative writing journey, part nature-connected immersion, part earth community, a 6-week invitation into poetry as presence, practice, and portal.





A Year of Enchantment

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