

## Water

The buckets will emerge from the thirsty hands,  
The valves will release from above the arid sands,  
The trucks supply begin to diminish,  
Before the dying man is able to finish,  
His family gather in sorrow and awe,  
Now he is no more,  
Such a small amount can give so much,  
But few care to give as such,  
Who are these people that reach out and touch?

Dasan Ker Y9