

# Water By Ralph Waldo Emerson

The water understands  
Civilization well;  
It wets my foot, but prettily,  
It chills my life, but wittily,  
It is not disconcerted,  
It is not broken-hearted:  
Well used, it decketh joy,  
Adorneth, doubleth joy:  
Ill used, it will destroy,  
In perfect time and measure  
With a face of golden pleasure  
Elegantly destroy.