

# Gravity Water

by John Cantey Knight

*Now Jacob's well was there.*  
—John 4:6

When I was young and naïve,  
and believed the woman  
a man married should be pure,  
gravity water was new to me.  
Her pa handed me a mug,  
full from the tap. Three miles  
of creek rock road away  
from the settlement, we stood  
that morning learning  
each other's ways. Paradise  
wet my lips, and like the woman  
at the well, the drink was sweeter  
than any swallowed before  
or since. It lingered, blessing  
mouth, throat, and soul.  
I thought it was well water.  
"No," he said. "Come follow."  
Black tubing, half-buried, led  
to a block reservoir, and above,  
a quarter way up the ridge  
to the source. "When  
there were Indians, this spring  
was their favored place.  
No water tastes finer."  
I asked, "You pump it down?"  
Wondering what fool  
his daughter had wed, he labored,  
"Hit's gravity water." Walking  
the mountain back, I caught breath  
by rocks fitted into place.  
Later, I figured it out. We'd rested  
by a still's base. "A thang  
that good oughtn't be wasted."  
Yup, water runs downhill. Reckon  
I can add two and two together?