There is a fall
in South Ontario.

It's just this fall, man,
And it's cool.

we walk around in bone suits
a little flesh, a whole lotta water

and this life is too short
to not be chasing waterfalls.

> It's like the Wisconsin glaciation left an ice sheet of meltwater, filled up the Great Lakes, swallowing beneath its waves St David's Buried Gorge, the hungry glacial drift ate it by the Welland canal, and then the ice melted, and a cosmic fall trickled, into the river, rested in the shades of trees like Stonewall Jackson's final uttering, *became the ocean* like the Khalil Gibran poem, crossed well into the Escarpment, cut a gorge through the cliffs through thorough persistence, three major rocks tugging, chugging, eating it evenly and then the rock-hard limestone, the solid dolomite, the Lockport Formation during Middle Siluran, eroding more slowly but at a steady pace, ever the understreaming of underlying materials, kind of how like dreams are the underlying material to human lifespans… and then the caprock, shielding the weakness, the softness, the sloppiness och the Rochester Formation (Lower Silurian).

Shale, shale, and limestone layers
Bride's Veil, and plains, and fossils ancient
Great chunks carving out the falls, like hail, rain
Submerged and hidden from view the patience

find out a dream or several
bigger than a waterfall
more ancient than Silurian
let dreams be the undercurrent

> All three formations were laid down in an ancient sea, their differences of character deriving from changing conditions within that sea, the shape of the Horseshoe falls through the process of erosion, small arches bent to make the Horseshoe (again the patience, the patience!) and then Goat Island splitting the east and the west, the American, the Canadian, and although engineering progresses halts erosion and recession, the teeth of time sharp as rocks will chew up these masses of waters, devour its surroundings, and the falls will cease to exist…

… as will we all.

And that's what I mean, man, be the waterfall. Carve the edges of your existence's canyon with the undercurrents of dreams, because it will give way to new frontiers, new levels of water and until we are devoured by the greedy sea of…

There is a life
in all the hemispheres.

It's just one life man, and it's yours.