

Like the arrival of the purest form of life
It sets its course to remain just that
If not for the blatant disregard for its purity
It would never uncover the anger
stormlit, aqua
The crest of the waters reveal a
Sign of friendship with the moon
Embracing each other with the
Tides and currents that flow, throughout
The spaces meant for it to be!
"reaching, to hold onto, the liquid, rain"
The perspiration on a sweating soul tells
The body what is known
The the water reveals the human effort
It tends to exceed its own demand
By taking the world by the hand
stormlit, aqua
(reaching to hold onto the liquid rain)