

# Water

## Atheist

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)

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