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Water, The Bringer

Trinkle, drip, splash,
Water
A simple substance in life
Has brought, maintained, and
Without destroys life
As we grow so does the little creek
We change to adult
The creek turns into a river
Water can be our tutor
But only if we give it time
As a river rages down its path it doesn't flow straight
It turns flowing along its destiny
We learn that destiny isn't always what we want,
If we try and take every chance we may just succeed
But in the end we are like ponds we slowly dry-up
Only to bring wonder, hope, and joy back into the youth
With a simple rain drop