MY ODE TO WATER

The feeling in the back of my throat when you run down it after a long run on a hot summer day,

The way you taste is never the same even though humans think it does

Each kind of you tastes different,

The way you look when the bright summer sun hits you on a hot day

And you shine,

The noise you make when your waves crash up on shore sound like a waterfall,

Oh water,

The way you look when you are rolling off of the pebbles after a big wave,

Oh water,

How much i love water.