

Beautiful water is such a picture so tranquil and silently still,

Where the mirror image reflection is the perfection that I will,

With my pen there is a story of the tale of Jack and Jill,

When in the nursery rhymes of magic there is plenty on the hill.

But beautiful water is lakes full of lovely drinking inspiration,

With ink flowing down freely like the light on concentration;

For beautiful water breeds life and heart in streams of living rain,

Where you love the look of the sun's reflection shining down on it again.

And I live in contemplation, to think and ponder it anew,

That the beautiful water of so much life giving freshness true,

Beautiful is the taste of it as clean and breath of life itself,

For to think and take a breath at a drink of this will heal you from you're death.

I'm loving the clean, clear message of beautiful water come to life,

Where all the battles victory are the conscious streams from strife;

That you would win the fighting with yourself with sharpest knife,

To look to God in repentance and be baptized and take life.

For beautiful water is holy water and the water of truth,

Where alcohols deception is clear, but punishing pen is proof;

That you have gone the wrong way and beautiful water best,

So that you can live eternal life in the eternal water test.

For the beautiful water is eternal water and eternally new life,

With the answer to the question the drink from the grail of strife,

In the reassurance that when answered the question was first right,

And now as these words go down in ink from my pen, this is what I write,

Signed,

A breath and drink