

Waterfalls so heavenly in crystal clear falling water of life,

When gravity drains the mountain streams to fall off again in strife;

In turmoil is the transaction as the eight of water takes the drop,

And you can fill a bottle at the base or buy one from the shop.

Â

But take a step back and look at it this beautiful thing of creation,

Where a waterfall oozes constant water in force to stop a nation;

Like Niagara or Victoria Falls there is simply tones going over,

Of water who comes from God knows where like a forgotten loves.

Â

And as they go off to do their thing and drift and flow downstream,

To join a river in rapid torrents to crucify your dreams,

But so peaceful and relaxing they are to watch as they take their drop,

That you really don't know where they end of whether they will stop,

Â

Now the beauty in the constant creation of diving dashing falls,

With books that make you grin and smile ear to ear along the walls;

And these words which are so meaningful seem to waste away to nothing,

As if in which the flow of it the water washes them clean for something.

Â

But as if it's endless constant flow dropping miles and miles,

Of furious overflowing flooding tears that turns you're pain to smiles,

And this is in relationship to what happened from start to finish,

That the constant flowing waterfall is in rapidly returning diminish.

Â

But watch it and be mesmerised by the every flowing water,

Flowing in and out of your life to wash you clean like a shower of mortar.

For heavy is the heart of it that continually never seems to stop,

But in the meaning and the reason there is brilliance to finally flop.

Â

Signed,

Â

To hit rock bottom