

## WATER: LIFE OR DEATH

*Anonymous*

Oh how the rain mocks we of humanity,  
Pelting us with the life giver,  
Drowning some, soaking all without pity

The rain with its acid mixture,  
Made by man and our anti-elixer,  
Water the source of all life,  
Thrown down by clouds as knives.

Water when dying or entering strife,  
Water on birth and beckoning life,

It brings with it thunder and jagged blades of light,  
Blotting out the sun threatening to bite,  
Scaring the small or easy to fright,  
Shaking the earth and our hearts with its might,

This maddening conundrum assaulting my head,  
How could the life giver represent the dead.