



# Sometimes Water

by Amy Louise Phillips-Losso



**For my grande subaquo, Kevin J. Losso**



**Sometimes water mists,**



**sometimes water flows.**



**Sometimes water sparkles,**



**sometimes water glows.**



**Sometimes water is indigo,**



**sometimes it is pale blue.**





**Sometimes the pale blue has a spot of red,**



**sometimes the indigo does too.**



**Sometimes water coats the landscape,**



**sometimes it falls off of a ridge.**



**Sometimes water dampens red roads,**



**sometimes it flows under a bridge.**



**Sometimes water comes with power,**



**sometimes it comes with a freeze.**





**Sometimes water calms to reflect land,**



**sometimes it is ruffled by a breeze.**



**Sometimes we sense water in the distance,**



**sometimes we dare to come real close.**



**Sometimes we approach it by boardwalk,**



**sometimes we swim toward its fast flows.**



**Sometimes water is honey, olive, berry...**



**sometimes peridot, diamond, gold.**





**Sometimes water is like amber,**



**sometimes it is quartz and cold.**



**Sometimes water takes us to a waterfall,**



**sometimes we sail by ducks that float.**



**Sometimes rowers row under a bridge,**



**sometimes kids take charge of the boat.**



**this end**