

Devourer of Waters

Descending from heavenly peak, ice manna enkindles a glow.

Frosty angels a home they seek,

Thus is the quest of Snow.

Tapping uninterrupted to tell a wintry tale of ether's dank bane.

Yet still brings tidings that all is well,

Thus is the tenor of Rain.

Ceaselessly sweeping, slicing two banks asunder; swimming, swirling, supplies the life to deliver.

Surrounding sites with serenity and wonder,

Thus is the resolve of the River.

More colossal than these,

More invoking of emotion,

Granting awe and unease

Is the fathomless ocean.

Recently there has appeared a behemoth that brings only fear.

Summoned by ignorance unbound, she devours life like a hellhound.

She strikes down glaciers with fiery breath and sprinkles down a promise of death.

The snow she turns to rain, and the rain she turns to mist.

The rivers flow in pain, to the ocean's fatal midst,

Where she gathers again her spoils, the composure she collected,

To cast away human toils, and vow none are unaffected.

Still, there remains a hope.

Though this tyrant lingers, humanity may cope.

All must lift a finger, one cannot deny.

Then, surely, the earth will die.