

The Stream

The energetic water trickles against the rocks,
Crashing aside while slowing down.
Loosing direction a small tree frog waits,
Soon lost his playful side over him
A damp texture starts to grow stronger.
Bursting in came the bubbly sea,
As the small frog gets stronger,
He rages in the air.
Landing, such a small animal created a big wave.
The leaping frog makes a big exit,
Through a jungle of unvarying rocks.
It wasn't a frog anymore,
This small frog had metamorphosed into a whale.
The water opens into a raging pool,
After a while the raging pool was no more.
A long wet, sticky tongue lingered around,
In the gentle pool once again.

By Ella