

# The Stream is a Snake

The smooth, velvet water slivers down the stream,  
A slow, long, luxurious tongue is mocking the water.  
Its gentle vibrant colours are reflecting from the sky,  
And its hissing noise fades.  
The wrinkly ripples drift, getting closer,  
And closer.  
It drains out onto the rough rocks,  
And glides in the groove,  
Of the shiny pebbles.  
'Hiss', slithering to catch his prey...  
It swallows it one!

By Rebecca