

The Water Child

Surge through the land to carry you to freedom in the soft bed of love. To thrust into mother sea's embracing arms, to love the peaceful gush when the spirits unite, of the soft melody of life taking flight, the truce and the freedom of all created love, and craft a new hand to capture the beauty of the fresh child that was born to love the greatness of the spirits above.

- Jaymine [♥]
Mattson