



The waves in my blood

Waves are in my blood. The crashing liquid makes a tear of sadness flood through my life.

As waves flatten out on days that move slowly and crash on the quick days.

The smell of salt sifting through the air helps me savor every moment.

The waves always have a reason for crashing, just as life has many problems to conquer.

By: Kylee ^{Sept. 27,}
2019

