

If it comes in waves
I reside in the lake
where it's steady and still

Tide is always low where I float
A boat may pass by
rising like my mood
I always chase the wake

I reside in a low still lake
Jealous of the ocean
more so of the fountains
for they are always high
Shot up every time
they are never still

The ocean is surrounded
sometimes rough, never alone
Everyone plays in the oceans waves
The muddy lake? Not so much

They pass by on the way to better waters.