

*She is Water*

**Chloe Flanagan**  
Youth Poetry

She is water, quiet and easy going,  
Slips through your fingers without you ever knowing.  
Whilst there are questions to be asked,  
Answers she should find,  
She prefers her thoughts remain in her own mind.  
Jet black hair streams past her eyes,  
Plunging down deep, the perfect disguise.  
Then silently slipping to the surface, so still,  
Watching as others act of free will.  
Reluctant to talk,  
So eager to be heard,  
How much can be said without speaking a word?