

Dancing Waters

My hands grasped the gritty sand and my knees throbbed from the rocks and sand rubbing the skin away from them. I heaved heavy breaths as I half crawled, half dragged myself from the rocky cave that laid close to shore.

My thoughts circled one thought like vultures over a dead animal. Water. That's all I could think. My mind chanted it over and over each time making me more determined to find it. Lucky for me a piece of heaven was just feet away.

I was completely out of the rocky cave now and was sprawled across the grainy sand sweating from heat and from the strain of crawling out of the cave. The sweat made an evil glue and the warm sand clung to my skin fighting to stay on my dry skin.

Once I caught my breath, I stood up and tested my legs. I felt fine so I prepared for my next task of getting water. The sparkling oasis was only a few agonizing feet away. I knew I'd need a plan to catch this water because this water, was alive.

I stood there contemplating how to get to the water. Finally, when I realized no plan was formulating, I just went for it.

All my will was channeled into getting to the water before it could dance out of my reach. I was in a full out sprint, pumping my arms faster than I ever had.

My footing changed into cool water and I dove down into the water, soaking in as best I could. However, the water danced away and I sucked up a damp sand.

I spat out the moist grit with disgust. I glared at the water where it innocently lapped yards away. I knew if I wanted it, I'd have to eat more dirt first.