

Well it is hot and dry and sultry, just like it's humidity,

Which comes wet and damp and sweats for a hot humanity;

It's like it becomes the human identity in each city,

To determine who you are and how you take and know humility.

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So the idea is identifying yourself with the surrounding of humidity,

When you are part and parcel with the environment you identify humanely;

So the humanness of humility is determined by identification,

As we move and we travel and our whereabouts is information.

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The intelligence of humidity is the temperature of the atmosphere,

With air just above earth and the condensation is in perspiration;

As it precipitates and evaporates through the stratosphere,

It secretes it's secret seaman to the human being of the humidity.

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Like seepage is rock hard to know and pick off a cliff,

Or on a roadside or dug out of the earth with all the work and the sniff;

As the water goes down the side of the edges into the gutter,

The humidity is preaching to us and teaching us both as one another.

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And when it comes to rivers and streams that trickle down the creek,

It's like sleeping with humidity and instead having dreams that are bleek;

It's beautiful to wake up next to her on marriage bedding,

After all of the humidity is steamy hot weather betting.

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And the humidity is like and incubator or humid crib bed,

Where chickens are like babies and mean new life to be not dead,

For the human race of human beings is suffering humidity read,

Where humbleness and humility and heaven are hopelessly ahead.

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Signed,

Hope with Faith.