

Rootenai Creek

I smell the sinister but sweet aroma of pine. The smell of fresh river water as the breeze hits my skin. The sound of woodpeckers in the distance and the sound of two bucks fighting with their antlers. Damp needles silencing footsteps until they are covered by a crashing, thundering, rushing creek. I saw a strange man; as he turned around, he said, “Oh, you’re awake.” Water flowing, leaves blowing, fish going. The green trees moving in the wind. Water droplets jumping into my shoes. The rocks grumble and crash under the white crest of a fall. A woodpecker on a tree stands out like a sore thumb. My favorite drinking hole and place to relax. When the wind gets strong you feel it could just take you away. The distant chatter of birds. The warm sun glancing on my shoulders. I see the water crashing into the rocks like a car crash. The leaves as green as the lettuce on my burger. The jagged rocks like knives in my feet. I jump rock to rock, panting, praying I don’t fall in. If I was water, I would want to be sucked up into the clouds, riding along, looking down on the world. Prickly, rugged, new, sharp, home. Rushing water down the creek like whoosh. Rough crumble rocks down *thump bump thump*. Trees swaying in the breeze like a wave. An ant colony coming for me. I fall down down down but it does not hurt. My water flows through the land. If you help me, I will help you. Feeling the cold misty gentle breeze. The water is clearer than the air.

by
Mrs. Agostinelli’s
4th Period Class
C.S. Porter

