

Morrell Creek

I like trees. Over and over and over and over and over again. I can still hear the sounds of my endless mind. There's silence. You just listen to a running creek and it's just silent. The smell makes me feel like this is the first breath of clean air I've ever had. It's a relentless beast, but you forget about that when you see the view. Trees everywhere. Can't walk can't move. I see snowy mountains. The wallowing weeping woods are sad but silent, magical but malicious, and full of secrets. The forest is so dead yet still so alive. The wide wooded area, wind whistling past my ears, the creek splashing *sssshhhh*. Foggy mountains out of reach. Large, bold mountains with never ending valleys and peaks cover the horizon line more and more the further down I fall. Wondering what could be under or over the horizon. Such mystique and mystery. Where does the creek start? Where does it end? Scorched trees, black as night with long, fallen branches that stick up like needles on a pin cushion. Trees that have known nothing but the quiet creek and vast earth their whole lives. Earth's hair brush. Far, far, far above roam the trees that make my hands as sticky as after a syrupy breakfast with their sap. Seeing all the trees on the mountain laughing, whispering, talking about the lonely trees. If Earth is a great beast, a bear, what are we, lice? Walking through the weeping woods with all of the thick dead trees. Gloomy mountains in the distance. After we got our loot, we went down to the creek. Hearing the crunch of snow with every step. They made no sound. There must be something near. An elk: maybe could be. But new plants and trees sprout and seed a new emotion. I feel relaxed here. With the mountains packing into the high fog in the air. Where I hear the songs of the spirits before me. The fog looks like clouds coming down to you. I see a small blue bird.

by
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