

Rattlesnake Creek

Birds singing in unison. A sound like Kool-Aid Man breaking through a wall. Just like the pounding rain during a storm. I smell fresh fish-filled water. I taste the sound of the smell of dead birds chirping with the dead. The cold dark shade giving me goosebumps. Wood damped with water. I hear birds chirping and water hitting rocks on the side of the creek. Smells like fierce pine. I see trees that grow like fingernails. The feeling of the rocky, unbalanced terrain makes me wobble when I step. Rays of light shine through the pine trees, illuminating the area around me.

I feel the water splashing. I put my hand out to feel the water. Smelling like fish and grass. Reckless rushing water roars through the bright summer day. Tossing and turning and frothing and foaming. Flipping and diving like a boat caught out at sea. To keep nature in time. Moss covering every rock, if given the chance, would suffocate a human. The breeze flowing through me. Gold-green leaves shining in my eye. A dead tree forms a bridge across the river. Lies still and hopeless with nothing to do but die. The river sounds of fierce rushing like a hissing snake, angry at something else. *Glug glug glug.* I hear the sounds of the drowning fish. Fishing rod in hand. Quiet as a mouse. The water is sparkling, smooth glass. The river is angry. Green divided by white rapids.

by
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