

# Rock Creek

**The water's writing engraves the  
rocks like the graphite from my  
pencil engraves this paper.**

Majiwe  
makuwa sana. You plot one river, you  
plot all rivers. Lonely, no one ever wants  
to talk to this one. Water that splashes  
against the rocks making an amazing  
*shhh* sound. The moose kneeling at  
the bank. The elk whistling. The many  
dobsonflies and butterflies hovering over  
the water. I see slimy fish swimming  
into the water, quiet water rushing and  
mumbling. The slimy silver rocks create  
a faint rushing sound. Green goo squishes  
under my feet. This river is the heart of my  
home. Swimming rapidly. Wave after wave.  
Silent wisps of wind. Trees jumping up  
the mountain to reach the joyful sun,  
which will hopefully always stay that  
way. Trees swaying *whoosh*. Shoulders  
now submerged in water. Fingertips  
tingle. 1, 2, 3. I like the smell of the  
pines there. Smell of the moss on the  
north side of the mountain. Dead or  
alive, everything is still beautiful. River  
is what feels most alive. Bugs, bacteria,  
beavers. That deer must be stupid  
but I don't blame him, that water looks  
tasty. The sound of the splashing of little  
children having the time of their lives. I  
see trees. Water. Space. The tall pine trees  
tower over the river. The river splashing  
against the rock as it flows into the Clark  
Fork. Sitting on a rough rock, a view  
of mountaintops, water, nice blue skies  
filled with bright white clouds. The  
red leaves floating above me and  
the slimy rock below me. Mountains  
small in the distance.

by  
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7th Period Class  
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