

A love poem to my backyard creek #MyWaterStory

By Madison Vorva (2007, 7<sup>th</sup> grade)

### Tonquish Creek

I feel the squish and release  
of mud on my feet.  
When I reach my destination  
I sit.  
Looking down upon Tonquish Creek  
the sun shines  
through branches of trees above  
like a fairy  
twirling her silver gown.  
Reaching  
my summer-tanned hand  
in the cool water  
I feel her current pull me along.  
Her voice is like a thousand  
little children  
skipping a thousand stones:  
plop.plop.kerplunk  
over and over again, never ending.  
What would she say if she could talk?  
"Why are you polluting me  
with cement and trash"  
or...  
"What has happened to the little fish  
who used to scurry about  
and make their homes here"  
  
If only she could talk

