A love poem to my backyard creek #MyWaterStory

By Madison Vorva (2007, 7th 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