

Preamble: *This poem was inspired by Sylvia Plath's "Blackberrying." I tried out new stylistic tools, particularly focusing on imagery. I would love to know what worked for you and what didn't as much!*

Creekbound

I am surrounded by green grass
Standing in the clear part
Of a mostly green creek
And the mosquitos have deemed me worthy
For my blood is sweet, so sweet
And given willingly
The water softly kisses my feet, my shins
Cooling my veins
I soften under its touch
Green eyes giving in
And letting their lids be drawn

The golden sun hugs my shoulders
Surprising me from behind,
Saying "guess who"
Like a third grader
As it covers my eyes
With its bright, bright light
The water rushes out to greet me
Flowing from a tunnel
That comes from a creek
That comes from a tunnel
In a path only the ducks know
And refuse to share with human trespassers

The sticks let go of their grip
On the sticky mud and wet grass
Ceding autonomy to the tunnel
Who will carry them across town
Before setting them in a new creek
With new ducks
That is surrounded by green grass
Among which they will start anew