

*Wilderness House Literary Review 3/4*

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**The Creek**

You never  
seem to  
change as  
I peer out  
from this  
point, years  
later.  
Stumps, rocks,  
sticks, dead leaves,  
mud.  
The gray sky  
bleeds into  
your water  
that crawls  
like snakeskin  
as it winds  
further into  
the woods.  
Here my shoes  
seep into  
the ground.  
My steps  
become lead.  
Turning,  
I start to run  
thinking I might  
be swallowed  
up by our anger.