

Group Poem from Silver Creek

At Silver Creek

At Silver Creek,
cool November breezes kiss my cheeks.

At Silver Creek,
the cool clear water stands sedately
with bushy tamarack and willow.

At Silver Creek,
the coolness of the sand pours into your hand,
escaping past your fingers.

At Silver creek,
the live plants soft and cool to the touch,
And the dead plants dry and crumbly.

At Silver Creek,
the winding erosion is most always true.

At Silver Creek,
the reflections cast by the Autumn sun
in the late afternoon
define the crevices of the canyon wall,
the hidden arroyos of the landscape.

At Silver Creek,
the majestic materials and structure of the dam—
a reminder of history.

At Silver Creek,
sinking in the sugary sand
envelopes my ankles,

the smell of sand and sage
floats around me
and then tumbles through my senses.

At Silver Creek, the water walks silent.
It carries me to home—
it feeds my memories as it feeds the desert—
my desert home.