The Creek

Laurel Lamperd

Follow this and additional works at: https://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Retrieved from https://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes/vol4/iss1/8

This Poetry is posted at Research Online.
https://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes/vol4/iss1/8
The Creek by Laurel Lamperd

There was a creek across the road where we lived. After the first rains it emerged from the high country rushing through the bush to vanish into flat land which became a swamp in winter.

In summer a chorus of frogs filled the air. Our parents cursed the mosquitoes lit insect coils and slept under nets.

We children made boats from the flat leaves of the eucalypt. The little bits of flotsam racing each other until caught in a protruding root the water had eroded. The sand drifts covered them next summer.

Once in those days when I played by the creek too far away for anyone to hear my cries. a man came out of the bush. He paused a moment to watch my boating tricks. Don’t fall in, kid, he said and whistled to his dog who dug for rabbits nearby.

Today the creek is a storm drain fenced in from the housing estate encircled by a high fence. At night a guard patrols the boundary against intruders.