

Journal Entry 10/23/03

by Eli Nielsen

camp for the night
North Fork Blackberry Creek
a water run finds stepping stones 2 inches 'n dry
shadows lengthen
fire crackles
raindrops fly
I slump over my steaming cup
the water rises

I awake
blackness
something's wrong
pounding rain
wet sleeping bag
roaring water

daytime finds me
shivering
soaked
scared
I look to the creek
so peaceful
so soothing it was
now a catastrophe of gushing brown water

the stepping stones
gone
my pathway thwarted
my hopes discouraged
by this raging monster

what to do.
face it?
flee it?
No.

with time
sun will shine
and cool clear water

once again
will trickle past
with my path 2 inches high
and dry