

# Creek-song

by [Shari Wagner](#) in the [October 19, 2010](#) issue

It begins in a cow lane with bees  
and white clover, courses along corn,  
picks up tempo against rocks.  
It rises to a teetering pitch as I  
cross a shaky tree-bridge, syncopates  
a riff over the dissonance of trash—derelict  
ice box with a missing door, mohair  
loveseat sinking into thistle. It winds  
through green adder's mouth, faint  
as the bells of Holsteins turning home.  
Blue shadows lengthen, but the undertow  
of a harmony pulls me on through  
raspy Joe-pye-weed and staccato-barbed fence.  
The creek hums in a culvert beneath cars,  
then empties into a river that flows  
oboe-deep past Indian dance ground,  
waterwheel and town, past the bleached  
stones in the churchyard, past the darkening hill.