

Bushkill Creek Poem

Katie Weeks

At first, the serenity is dazzling.
Just 50 feet north of Route 22,
just 50 yards below the stress,
the homework, the never-ending
GroupMe notifications
that await back in
reality.

The Bushkill is momentary.
A creek that divides an already
divisible city. Life and time
seem suspended.
The car horns and LCAT shuttle rattle
feel distant despite their
proximity.

But then a car flies past
on the one-way road running parallel
to the water, snapping runners and
walkers out of their
serene daze as they pull headphones
from their ears and mentally question the
speed limit.

“Danger Dam” reads a sign
on the left. Wawa wrappers, empty
gatorade bottles, caution tape and
Milwaukee Best Ice reveal humanity in the
natural scenery. Cigarettes long smoked,
and fishing poles long used lay
broken.

The trance fragments, leaving pieces
of relaxation nestled within the
bait cans and styrofoam coffee cups.
Another car comes flying by and this
time you’re tempted to wave them down
because the walk back up is always more
daunting than the walk away.

The Banks

By Bethany Rack

Its path is reckless and fearless,
carved into the landscape
over many centuries of flow.
From the banks,
erosion exposes spaghetti roots,
like matted hairs that have been
tangled and twisted
after a restless nights slumber.
The smell of decaying earth
permeates through the air,
bringing new life to the valley.
Leaves float down the river,
like a thousand life rafts
for god's smallest creatures.
A pool of shark fins make for rough water,
foaming at the mouth like a rabid hound.
Sediments race down the riverbed,
eventually to kiss the sea.